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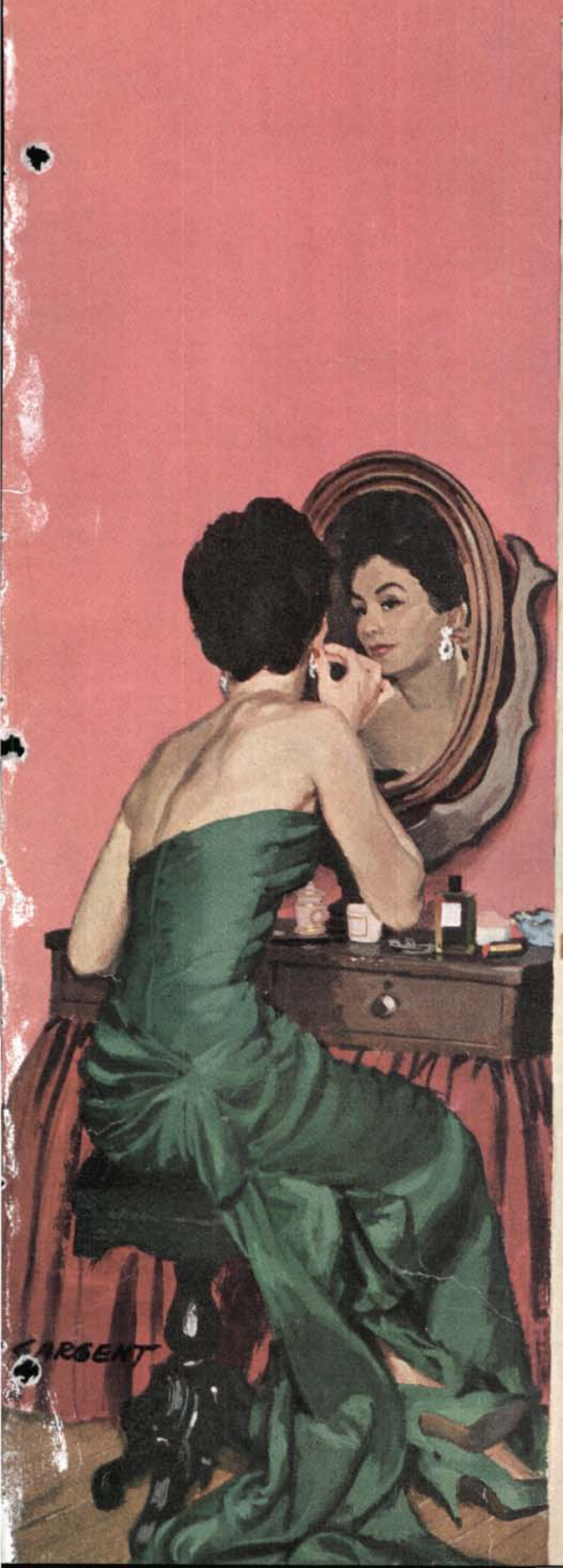
Kennedy's Grand Strategy

POST

The Saturday Evening

Mar. 31, 1962

20¢



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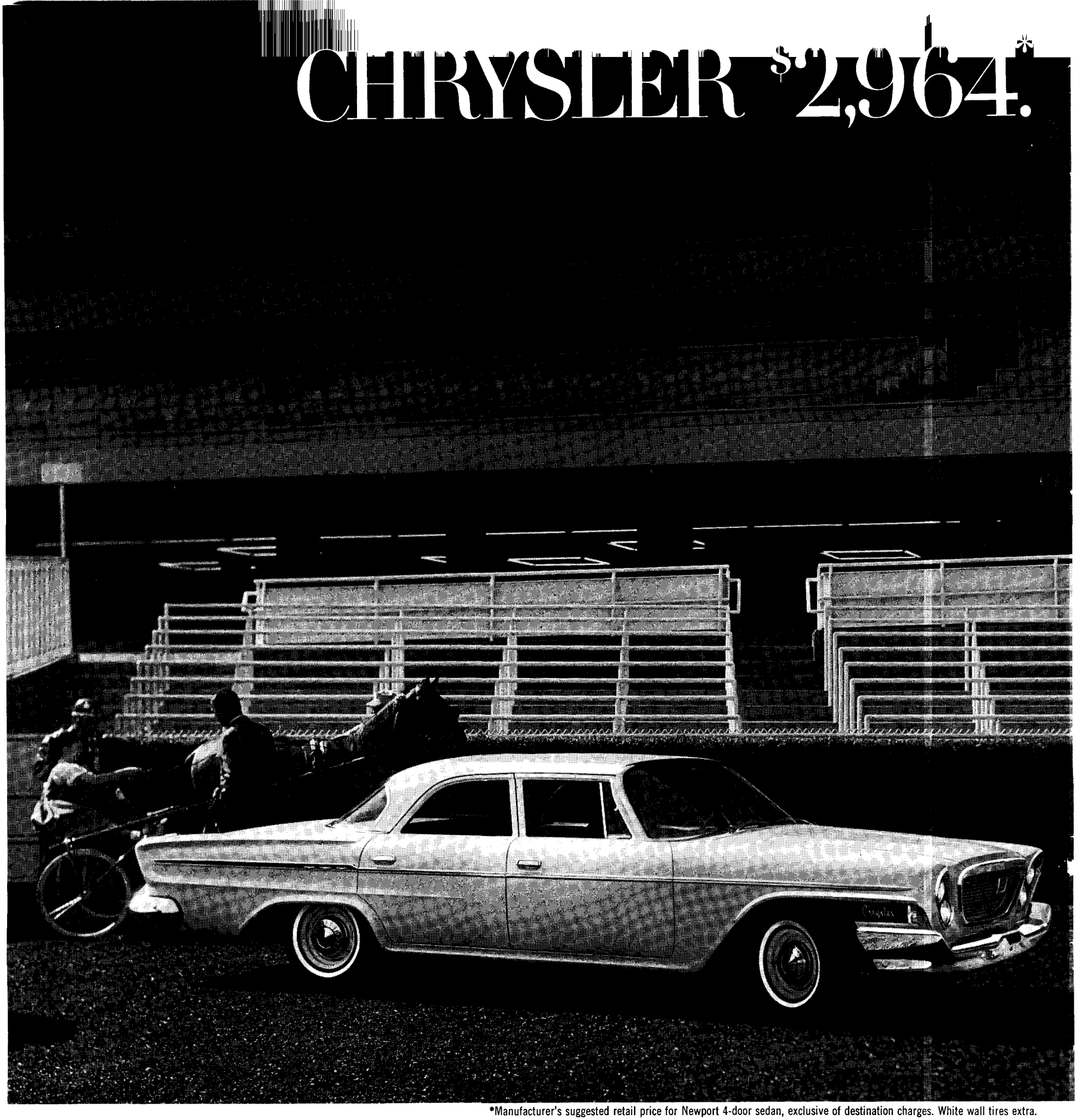

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Deckhands Max Frobe and Kathleen Collins. The work is not demanding.

"Friendships do spring up on the romantic cruise," notes photographer **Larry Fried,** describing his picture (above) of Max C. Frobe of Pittsburgh, Pa., and Kathleen Collins of Beechhurst, L.I., N.Y., on the schooner *Polynesia*. You, too, can run away to sea by signing on as a crew member of one of Capt. Mike Burke's windjammers—but if you do, you must pay for the privilege. See page 40.

Our roster of fiction writers this week is headed by the name of this country's most distinguished living novelist: **William Faulkner,** winner of the Nobel Prize and many other awards. HELL CREEK CROSSING (page 22) is Faulkner's twentieth *Post* story; we first published his work in 1930, when he was little known. Moviegoers with long memories will recall 1933's *Today We Live*, with Joan Crawford and Gary Cooper, based on his *Post* story TURN ABOUT. . . . Another movie that originated in *The Post* is THE MOUSE THAT ROARED (with Peter Sellers—playing three roles—and Jean Seberg), taken from **Leonard Wibberley**'s serial THE DAY NEW YORK WAS INVADED. Last summer Wibberley set out for Australia. When the boat stopped at Suva in the Fiji Islands he liked it so much he debarked, cabled his wife to park their six children somewhere and join him, which she did. (He never got to Australia.) During his stay he repeatedly heard the legend that inspired his story on page 30. . . . Remember the British film *Wee Geordie?* In *The Post* you last met Geordie in SUMMERTIME ADVENTURE (April 2, 1955), when he won his Jean. (Author **David Walker** can write about Geordie's Scotland with authority, for he grew up there. Now he lives in Canada.) LOOKING THE OTHER WAY continues Geordie's history: He has to judge a beauty contest. Are any of the contestants as bonny as his Jean? See page 46. . . . And speaking of bonny lasses, see the picture below of author **Dick Pearce**'s two daughters with their father. (The third part of Pearce's serial EDEN 1962 begins on page 60.) "My last two *Post* serials," he says, "had in them fictional children who bore a striking resemblance to my daughters. Such character copying was safe when they were small. But now Sally is a senior at Vassar and Betsy is a high-school senior. So I didn't dare put them into EDEN 1962. Yet now that the story is done, I find two spirited sisters in it."

David Walker and his ten-year-old son, Julian.

The Wibberley family. The children's ages range from two to twelve.

Pearce and his daughters Betsy (left) and Sally.

The Cover. At this point, the brave fellow on Dick Sargent's cover must be thinking unkind thoughts about formal dinners, and maybe even about golf. The worst of it is that he doesn't know he'll have to go back into the mess to get the trousers he thinks are on the same hanger.

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LETTERS

DEPRIVING CHILDREN

Dear Sirs:

After reading THE VOICE OF DISSENT by Katharine Britton Mishler [SPEAKING OUT: WHY I DEPRIVE MY CHILDREN, Feb. 24] I can come to only one conclusion—she is jealous of her children. . . . She grew up during the depression; she never had a bike. Therefore, no son of hers will have one.

I have no children yet—by any of my wives—but when I do, I won't dress them in rags as your sadistic author does. Before their clothes are tattered, I will provide new ones. I have at least a *little* pride.

MILT WEAVER
Bronx, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

Since Mrs. Mishler's kids have too much, I suggest that she quit her job so they won't have so much. That way she would be able to deprive them honestly, instead of in this synthetic, silly, artificial manner. . . . What she

is doing is *frustrating* them—forcing horses on them when they want a bike.

DEDE SMITH
Harrison, Ark.

Dear Sirs:

Isn't artificial poverty as phony as false prosperity? This is the first time I have read of anyone "keeping down to the Joneses." Let's hope it doesn't become a national trend. Why don't the Mishlers relax and enjoy their good fortune and their kids while they have them? . . . I certainly cannot figure out the point of their not having bikes because the neighbors' kids do not have horses. . . . I certainly side with the boys in their desire for bikes. Cycling is good exercise and doesn't bow the legs. A boy can get a lot of practical experience in mechanical upkeep and in the maintenance of his machine.

EVELYN BESSETTE
Springfield, Mass.

● *The Mishlers are not antibike. They recently OK'd the idea of letting their sons have bicycles—if the boys themselves earn the price.—ED.*

Dear Sirs:

Hurrah for Katharine Britton Mishler! I am so thankful that my parents had this philosophy, and I am now trying it on my 4½-year-old son. Thank you for this encouragement. It isn't easy to be firm and say "no," even on principle, but then nothing is easy that really has value.

JEAN LERSCH
Ashland, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

If deprivation were so great a character builder, there would be no delinquency from the low-income groups. Also, all our leaders would come from their ranks. Not so. The Kennedys, Fords and Rockefellers are doing all right in spite of their handicap—money.

MRS. C. N. DAVIDSON
Lakewood, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

Please do not print any more articles of WHY I DEPRIVE MY CHILDREN. My mother and father agree with the article.

NANCY SPRATT (age 10)
Decatur, Ga.

Dear Sirs:

From the title, I expected to find that she had taken something away from her children. Instead, I found that the love in her family, shared an ocean away, gave them the greatest gift of all. I intend filing this idea away until my children are old enough for its use. Thank you so much for sharing it.

MRS. OTTO ZUKOSKY
Collinsville, Ill.

NUCLEAR SURVIVAL

Dear Sirs:

It is grimly ironic to have Dr. Edward Teller, who has done so much to bring about this dreadful nuclear age, give us advice on how to survive it [PLAN FOR SURVIVAL, Feb. 3–17]. The time and effort he has spent and spends to press for more and more nuclear tests and in thwarting efforts toward a slowdown in the atomic arms race would be better utilized in getting mankind out of the box into which he helped put it.

ALLEN KLEIN
Mount Vernon, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

Doctor Teller reminds one of the schoolboy at his cellar workbench: "Please, ma, just ONE MORE teensy-weensy experiment."

RALPH E. BOOTH
Toronto, Ont.

Dear Sirs:

The introduction to the series of articles by Doctor Teller mentions the fact that many scientists disagree with him but he should have a chance to be heard. My impression is that we hear nothing but Teller. I think it would be nice to hear from some of those who disagree with him for a change.

PRISCILLA CHAPMAN
Everett, Wash.

● *The other side of this controversial subject will be discussed in an article we plan to publish in an early issue.—ED.*

Dear Sirs:

It is surprising that a little straight thinking and truth might need an apology at its beginning.

C. D. KELLENBERGER
Greensboro, N.C.

Dear Sirs:

Doctor Teller advocates a system of civil defense and, of course, fallout shelters. Your readers would do well to study recent articles in other journals in which the "fallout-shelter folly" is exposed for what it is.

DONALD BAILEY
Manville, N.J.

● *An opposing view to Doctor Teller's on shelters appears on Page 8.—ED.*

Dear Sirs:

Like many other theorists on the advantages of survival from nuclear war, Doctor Teller proceeds on the basis that such war is inevitable "un-

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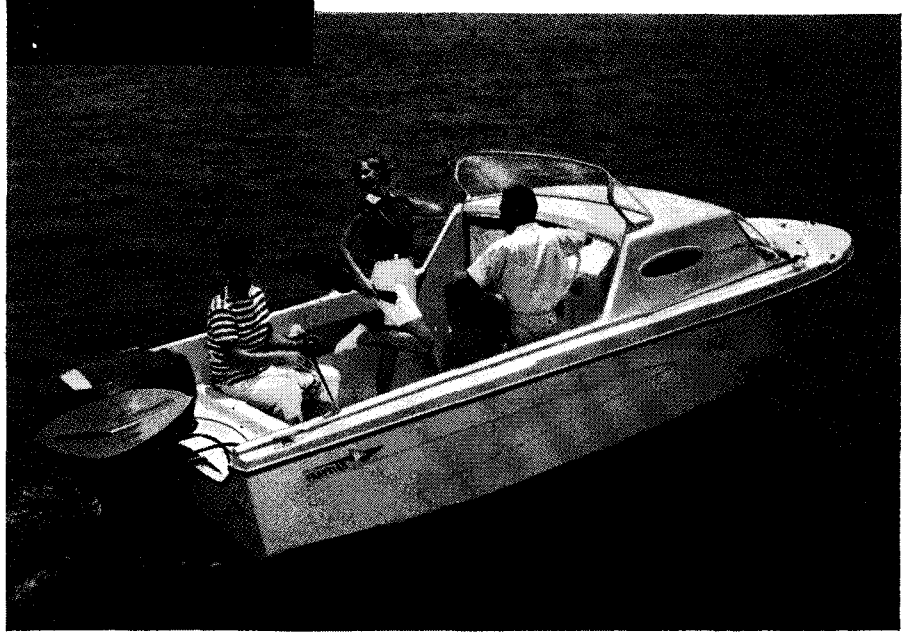

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LETTERS

less." More revolting to a courageous, loyal U. S. citizen than "unless" we prepare to hide like rats in fallout shelters is, "unless" we enter into a "democratic world government."

JOHN MC NAIR
Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

Doctor Teller's articles seem less like "a plan for survival in this nuclear age" than propaganda for spending vastly greater sums of money for more nuclear weapons.

E. S. FICHTER
Providence, R.I.

Dear Sirs:

Hooray for Doctor Teller! . . . I know you'll be swamped with a letter-writing campaign on the other side, which is tragic. Many of us nonletter-writing Americans agree that the "peace" marchers are naïve, to say the least, but we are not heard because we have no letter-writing offensive planned. It's about time we did.

MRS. D. L. NELSON
Haywood, Calif.

CROOKED COPS

Dear Sirs:

Bobbie G. Whaley's story [I WAS A BURGLAR WITH A BADGE, Feb. 10] is a sickening, self-serving attempt to justify his actions. He puts the blame everywhere except where it belongs—right on his shoulders.

E. T. JOHNSTON
Glendale, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

Your article points up the exception to our generally fine law-enforcement system. Most police officers are good examples of honesty and integrity, and I believe too much attention to the few

rotten apples in the barrel does the others a great disservice.

MRS. RAD H. DANIEL
Memphis, Tenn.

Dear Sirs:

This deterioration of morals must have a start somewhere. But the fact remains; this cancer of moral and subversive leadership among the patrolmen could not infect other police officers if the top-echelon group would not "look the other way."

R. E. MC ALISTER
Houston, Tex.

Dear Sirs:

As a member of Denver's Police Department, I, along with nearly 700 officers who are *not* burglars, thieves, cheap chiselers or moochers . . . will never again spend our dimes for your magazine, until you publish a story of the honest and hard-working officers, and their opinions of Bobbie Whaley [and the others] who formed the nucleus of all the corruption that spread through the department. We who have lived through the jeers, taunts and insults to ourselves and our families think the people are entitled to know about the honest officers as well as the burglars.

IRA L. MAROTTE, *Patrolman*
Denver Police Department
Denver, Colo.

FAMILY OF TWENTY

Dear Sirs:

The beauty, charm and inspiration of ONE AND ONE ARE TWENTY [by Art Seidenbaum, Feb. 17] are beyond description. However, I feel sure that *one* and *one* are as convinced as I that their success is due in greatest measure to intercessions before the Throne of Heaven by the father of the North children and the mother of the Beardsleys. May God continue to bless them!

REV. AUSTIN PARK, S.J.
Guadalupe Church
San Antonio, Tex.

Dear Sirs:

Your article would seem to indicate: (1) The reason why the Catholic Church is opposed to birth control. With a few more like these two it would only be a question of time until the church would predominate. (2) That if our present [Social Security] law permits the payment for dependent children after the mother is no longer a widow, the law should be changed. (3) That if the income-tax laws were changed to allow a maximum of four exemptions for dependent children it might tend to cause some of those "unabashedly devoted couples" to exercise some restraint.

J. A. MC KIM
Fort Wayne, Ind.

THE BEARDSLEYS, GOD LOVE THEM. WOULD BE INTERESTED TO KNOW HOW MANY MEMBERS OF PLANNED PARENTHOOD COMMITTEE HAD NERVOUS BREAKDOWNS AFTER READING YOUR ARTICLE

SHIRLEY BROOKS
DETROIT, MICH.

● *We are unable to come up with any such statistic, but the reaction below is an example of more than a dozen letters advocating planned parenthood.—ED.*

Dear Sirs:

This article is an atrocity and an open insult to those of us who have planned our families so that we could care for them and educate them in a manner that will inspire them to become worthwhile and responsible citizens. . . . We pay taxes to support a clan like this . . . yes, $1227.00 per month and it is all tax free since there are twenty exemptions. This is a most revolting and unfair situation.

ETHELWYNNE CADWALADER DICKSON
Colorado Springs, Colo.

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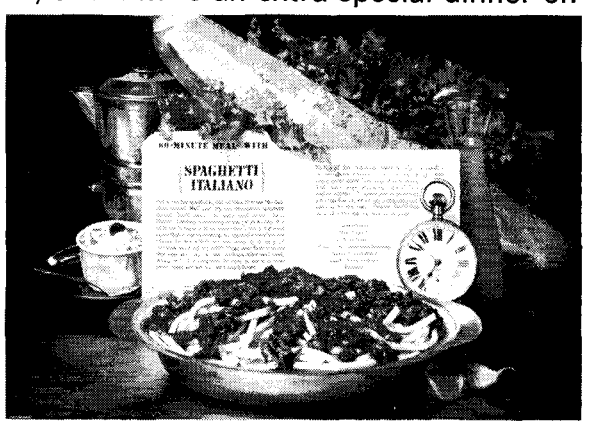
"60 MINUTE MEAL": an important new food feature now in American Home. Poor mother! In an hour the "troops" will be howling for dinner—and she hasn't even started. With American Home's help, however, she'll have an extra-special dinner on the table in 60 minutes flat from the time she comes in with the groceries—an extraordinary meal made with ordinary ingredients at really low cost! Recipes, cooking instructions, shopping lists are included in this monthly feature. But say the occasion calls for something different, a touch of the unusual. Or a quick and easy-to-do dinner that will more than satisfy the family's appetite. American Home's pages and pages on meal planning cover Festive and Convenience Foods too. No other multi-million circulation magazine devotes more pages to food, building and remodeling, decorating, appliances and gardening. That's why 3,750,000 families rely on American Home to plan their meals and their homes. And why advertisers are reaching the most selective market in the country—active prospects for products used in the home—with **AMERICAN HOME**



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SPEAKING OUT THE VOICE OF DISSENT

THE CASE AGAINST FALLOUT SHELTERS

BY HANSON W. BALDWIN

For a year a great debate has raged across the land: To dig or not to dig?

Governor Rockefeller's insistent efforts to force, persuade or chivvy New York's citizens to burrow into the earth have been trumped by the Kennedy Administration, which let it be known early on the New Frontier that fallout shelters were now *de rigueur*.

The welkin has rung with claims and contradictions.

"Shelters *will* save us!"

"Shelters will *not* save us!"

"Shelters *might* save a few thousand!"

There has been a Babel in the land, and the confusion and cross purposes do little credit to a government which has appeared as mixed up as its citizens.

But I have made up my mind; count me in the negative. The mole psychology doesn't appeal to me. I realize that a lot of good men and true—many of them far more knowledgeable than I—favor the shelter program. I have read, I think, most of their facts and opinions, and yet I find myself cold to the whole concept.

Let's take a look at the problem. Will shelters save lives?

This seems at best an open question; you can get the answer you want depending on the assumption you make. First of all, you can postulate all you want, but you cannot produce a reasoned actuarial table which will tell you just how much your chance of survival will be increased by construction of a certain type of shelter in a certain spot. Shelters are a gamble and a poor one at that. If a rocket aimed at Philadelphia hits nearby Haverford, you have had it if you live in Haverford—shelter or not. If there's a strong westerly wind over Los Angeles on D-day, Pasadena may well be out of luck from both fire and fallout. Nobody—but nobody—can make allowances for all of the variables and fill in all the unknowns in the equation: Size and number of weapons used; accuracy of the weapons; targets selected; height of burst; the winds and weather; sunshine or mist; the intentions of the enemy, and so on.

This is why all estimates of lives saved and casualties caused in a nuclear attack vary so greatly; they are postulated on different assumptions. Many of the most optimistic estimates are based on a partial blow, or minimum weight of attack, or are predicated on the assumption that the United States knocks out, in a preemptive attack, some of Russia's nuclear-delivery capability before the bombs start dropping over here.

I find the notion of a "small" atomic war—one in which the obliteration of Washington and Boston, say, were exchanged for the liquidation of Moscow and Kiev—nonsensical. If the big bombs start to fall on the United States or Russia, we are, I think, in for it. There is no sense postulating a civil-defense program on the most optimistic assumptions—only on the worst. And the worst could be very bad indeed—with or without shelters—so bad that a shelter program doesn't seem to offer much hope of saving "millions." It is utter hokum to claim, as some have done, that more than 90 percent of the population could be saved by a national shelter program designed to protect against radioactivity alone. Rather, postulating the worst, the percentages are more likely to be the other way around. The variables and the unknown factors are so numerous as to defy any rational attempt to fill them in or limit them. That fact is one of three perplexing considerations in trying to determine the worth of shelters.

The second consideration is the ascendancy of the offensive over the defensive. We live in an age when the tremendous power, speed and range of modern weapons make anything like 100 percent defense impossible. The technological revolution—still in its infancy as we pioneer outer space—seems to offer no hope for an effective passive defense, so long as man's habitat remains anywhere near the earth's surface. For every passive defensive move you make, such as building shelters, the enemy can put you in check by increasing the power of his weapon.

A 20,000-ton bomb wiped out Hiroshima and killed 70,000 people. Today, some sixteen years later, the Russians claim to have a 100,000,000-ton weapon. And a 100-megaton weapon is by no means the ultimate; there's an open-end progression possible and no perceptible limit to the power that can be produced by a thermonuclear explosion.

The 100-megaton weapon already has invalidated the civil-defense concepts of yesterday. Its explosion and the resulting fire storm would probably ignite anything flammable out to thirty-five to sixty miles from the center and incinerate or asphyxiate the occupants of shelters. Thus, the concept of shelters against radioactivity in great cities or in their surrounding suburbs has little technical validity—unless you assume, as so many supporters of the shelter program do—that cities will not be targets.

All of this means that civil-defense planners are confronted with the nearly insoluble problem of technical obsolescence. The programs of yesterday are of limited usefulness today; today's shelters may not be worth the cost of tearing them down tomorrow. In an age when the offensive has such a great advantage over the defensive, the enemy can easily nullify all except the most elaborate and expensive attempts to provide passive protection.

Another baffling consideration is the problem of complexity. Fallout shelters have been advertised as the answer to nuclear attack, yet protection against fallout is one—and only one—of the multitudinous hazards that man must surmount if he is to survive a nuclear attack. The terrific blast of a nuclear explosion, the intense heat and the burst of radioactivity released at the instant of the detonation, as well as the later fallout, make it almost impossible to provide shelters against big bombs near ground zero. The ground burst of a 100-megaton weapon would scoop out a crater 350 feet deep and a mile in diameter—in solid granite. And if nice, solidly built shelters hundreds of feet deep saved one from blast, the searing heat and exhaustion of oxygen caused by the fire storm would trap most of the survivors within a radius of twenty to sixty miles.

As Dexter Masters, director of Consumers Union, put it in an article in January, 1962, *Consumer Reports:* ". . . fallout shelters of the type widely proposed to date are . . . costly and complex in their requirements" [oxygen supply, water, power, heat, food, sanitary arrangements, etc.] ". . . limited and unreliable in usefulness, and . . . generally dependent on variables and unknowns. . . ."

Shelters, no matter what kind and how good, are only a part of the problem. The problem is survival—not for two weeks or two months, or even two years—but for a normal life span. Dr. John N. Wolfe, Chief, Environmental Sciences Branch of the Biology and Medicine Division of the Atomic Energy Commission, put it in a nutshell in a recent speech:

"Fallout shelters in many areas

Hanson W. Baldwin, distinguished military editor of The New York Times, *is a 1924 graduate of the U.S. Naval Academy, a 1942 Pulitzer-prize-winning correspondent and author of numerous books and articles on military subjects.*

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seem only a means of delaying death and represent only a part of a survival plan. With an environment so completely modified, the question is, where does man go after his sojourn in shelters? What does he do upon emergence?"

That problem has not really been tackled in all the hoopla about shelters. What *does* the survivor do?

With communications and distribution systems damaged or destroyed, much food destroyed or contaminated, water impure and much of the land still dangerously radioactive, how can he survive? There are only two answers: luck, pure luck, or a national program so immense, expensive, detailed and secure as to appear impossible. The survivor may emerge into an area uninhabitable for days, weeks, months, years, or a lifetime. His immediate need is to know where to go to reach an area relatively uncontaminated by radioactivity. His ancillary need is transportation to get there. If he has to walk, he may receive a lethal dose of radioactivity before he reaches safety. To surmount all these hazards presupposes nationwide reporting, communications, transportation and control systems relatively intact—and people to operate them.

And it presupposes, if the survivor reaches a safe area, the existence of prestocked foods, pure water, uncontaminated farmlands, and a muscle instead of a gasoline economy.

Dr. James Van Allen and fellow physicists at the State University of Iowa rightly emphasized in a recent statement that "it is extremely dangerous to give the impression to the public that the building of fallout shelters will enable the average citizen to survive a nuclear war."

A fallout-shelter program, viewed in perspective, offers at best only a fractional safety factor—if that—and initiates an open-end program of purely *passive* defense which, in the terms of the problem, can have no definite goal.

These considerations seem to be convincing evidence of the futility of a national fallout-shelter program. The problem is survival, not shelters. Therefore, before we undertake such a program, we need to know what kind of an organization is proposed to provide for *survival* after emergence from the shelters, and whether so complex and Gargantuan an organization is within the capabilities of any nation.

The lack of technical effectiveness of any fallout-shelter program is only one of its drawbacks. There are major political and psychological, strategic and economic disadvantages.

Politically and psychologically such a program could have a two-edged effect. It might, on the one hand, create a false sense of security, distracting us from carrying out projects which offer greater promise of real security. This Maginot Line psychology could cost us dearly, as it did France. On the other hand, such a program, with its insistent emphasis upon radioactivity, would certainly add to the national psychosis—fear of the invisible killer—which already handicaps our diplomacy.

From a strategic point of view a nationwide shelter program, according to Dr. J. David Singer, writing in the October, 1961, *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists*, "has almost nothing to offer as a device for *reducing* the probability of nuclear attack." It could actually make a nuclear interchange more likely by increasing world tensions and by leading the enemy to believe we were preparing a first strike.

We shall get far more security and run far less risk of atomization if we make—as we can—our nuclear-delivery capability relatively invulnerable. Let's face it; we cannot protect our cities or the bulk of our population. But we can protect our weapons and thus force any aggressor to face certain devastation.

There remain, moreover, the economic and social costs of a shelter program. The costs start modestly by today's standards: about $700,000,000 (for all Federal civil defense) for the next fiscal year, according to present plans. But they expand with the years, enormously and unendingly. Government fallout shelters, if built for every person, will ultimately price out at a roughly calculated $40 per capita to at least $7,200,000,000—probably twice that. Food, water, accessories—all perishable and requiring periodic replacement—will add more billions. The possibilities of political chicanery and graft are legion. Even at best such a program could be a gigantic boondoggle. And what it would do to our society and to our moral and ethical standards no man can say; perhaps this step would blaze the trail to the much-feared garrison state.

Even so, say some, if you save just one life, it's all worthwhile. But such a program, even when we are dealing with so precious a thing as human life, requires careful value judgments. Perhaps we can save more lives by reducing auto accidents, by finding a cure for cancer. And what wouldn't $7,000,000,000 do for our schools?

A shelter program cannot be justified on the basis of individual life-saving, but solely on the basis of national security. And that is precisely where the present program seems to fail. It is not worth the cost or effort without more—far, far more—to follow. Let's see where we are going before starting out on a road that has no turning.

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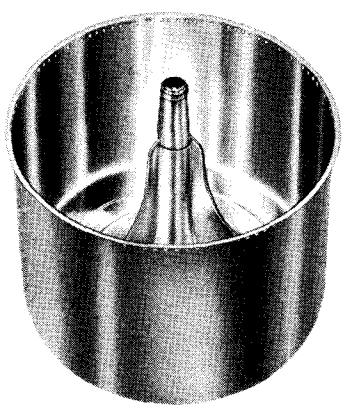

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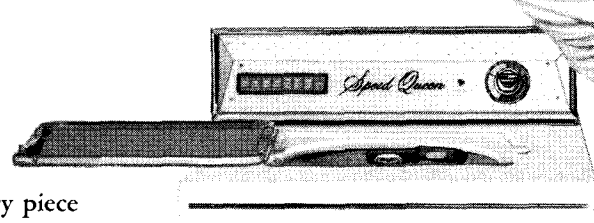

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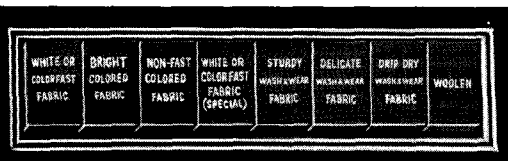
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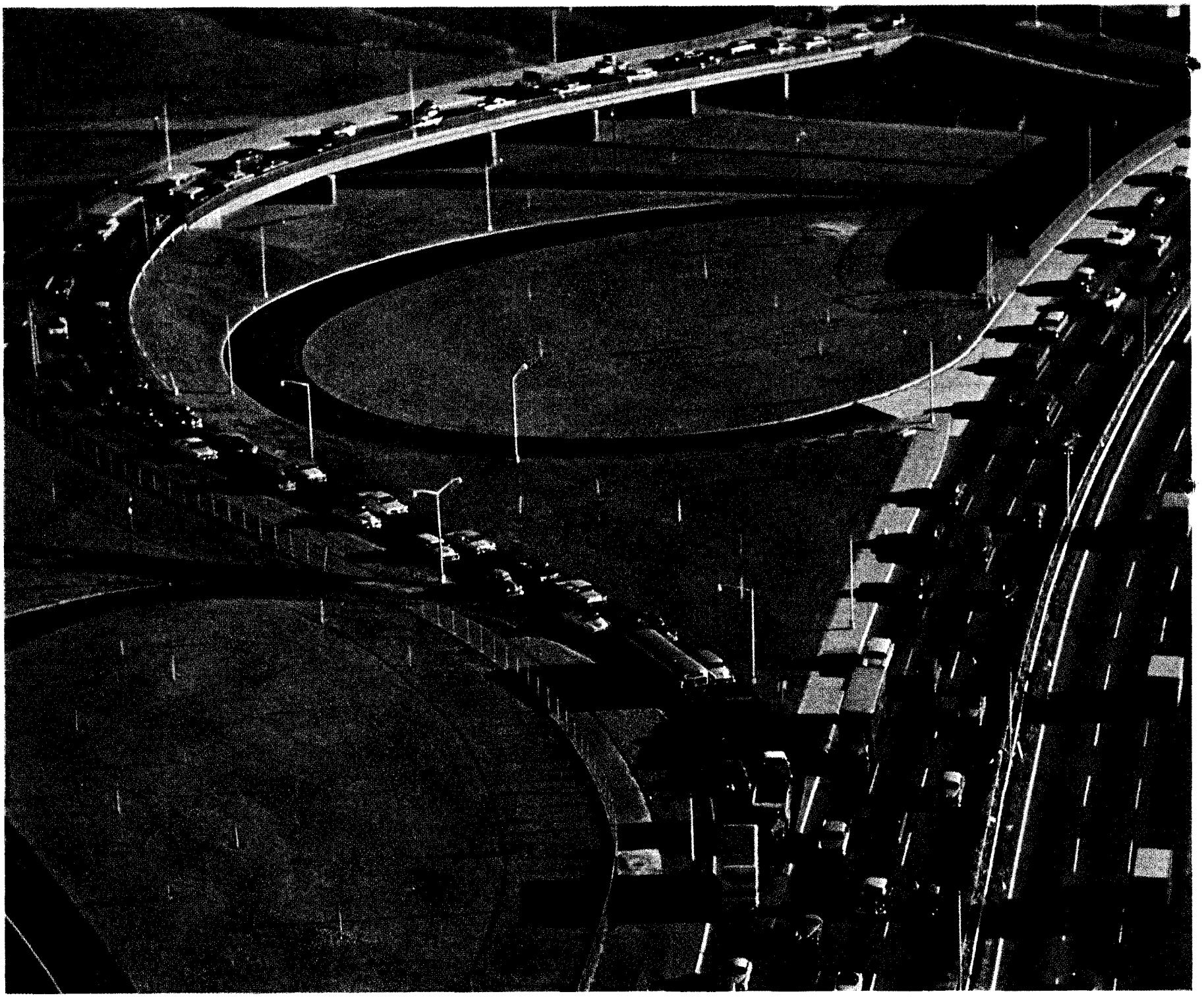

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The Saturday Evening POST
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Stewart Alsop talks with the President and his chief advisers about how we can counter Russian aggression, yet avoid nuclear war.

KENNEDY'S GRAND STRATEGY

BY STEWART ALSOP

"I don't think most Americans realize the way the situation has changed," the President said to me. He sat back, relaxed, in his rocking chair, leaning forward occasionally to flick the ash off a small cigar. He still looked amazingly young, but there were lines about his eyes. He had had a rough day, culminating in a press conference that afternoon.

"I don't think many people really understand the change," he said. "As late as 1954 the balance in air power, in the nuclear weapons, was all on our side. The change began about 1958 or 1959, with the missiles. Now we have got to realize that *both* sides have these annihilating weapons, and that changes the problem. Of course in some circumstances we must be prepared to use the nuclear weapon at the start, come what may—a clear attack on Western Europe, for example. But what is important is that if you use these weapons you have to control their use. What you need is control, flexibility, a choice. . . ."

Unlike most politicians, President Kennedy does not like to bloviate. The useful verb, "to bloviate," was invented by President Warren Gamaliel Harding. It means to theorize, to generalize, to talk in large and imprecise terms. Most politicians love to bloviate. President Kennedy does not.

He does not like to be bloviated at, either. When people begin to talk to him in generalities, he is apt to tap his front teeth with his right index finger. Those close to him recognize this small gesture as a sign of impatience, and when they see him tapping his teeth they quickly abandon generalities and get down to facts. Facts are what the President likes.

He collects facts, as others collect dead butterflies or Louis Quinze furniture. In a recent talk with the President at the White House, I find from my notes, he referred to twenty-four nations, mentioned twenty people (some wholly obscure) by name and discussed subjects ranging from the precise percentage of the Canadian gross national product devoted to foreign aid, to the quality of the training at Fort Bragg. But the words quoted above were the closest the President came to those large and sweeping generalizations in which most politicians love to indulge.

Yet those words, while they are not particularly eloquent, are nevertheless deeply significant. Among them, the key word is the word "choice." The basic purpose of the Kennedy grand strategy, which is now visibly emerging, can be summed up in one sentence. It is this: Kennedy's purpose is to achieve a "choice" in the "changed situation" which now confronts the United States.

There are those who would deny that there is any such thing as a Kennedy grand strategy. Among his friendliest critics the chief criticism is that he is an empiricist, an operator, a manipulator, lacking any underlying purpose or goal. For example, James Reston of *The New York Times*, a very able journalist who is also very friendly to the Kennedy Administration, wrote a column about Kennedy which did not please its subject. Kennedy, Reston wrote, is "a tactician, more interested in political manipulation than in public education, and this leaves him without a goal to which his day-to-day decisions can be related."

Although what Reston wrote irritated Kennedy, it is quite true that Kennedy is by nature and instinct a "tactician." "What are the facts?" he will say, or "Let's get specific," or "Well, what do you *do*?" Those are the phrases of a born tactician. The President's private manner, moreover, his personal style, is coolly casual, interlarded with the special Kennedy brand of kidding. Add this manner to the President's disinclination to generalize, and it is easy to see why those who wish to discuss with him such large matters as "the goal to which his day-to-day decisions can be related" are likely to come away disappointed.

Yet Kennedy does have a goal. He has a "shore dimly seen," and a coherent strategy for reaching that shore. Of that I am convinced after talking at length with the President and his chief advisers. Kennedy is the least

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OF HIS MEETING WITH KHRUSHCHEV IN VIENNA, MR. KENNEDY SAYS, "I KEPT INSISTING... BUT HE NEVER GAVE WAY, NEVER GAVE AN INCH."

doctrinaire of men. He came to the White House with certain basic convictions, but without any preconceived doctrine for dealing with his situation. The process of facing up to that situation, through a whole series of crises, has shaped his grand strategy, rather than the other way about.

Take one example—the long-drawn-out crisis in Laos which Kennedy inherited from President Eisenhower. "When I first got here," the President told me, "there was this Laos problem—the Pathet Lao guerrillas were supported by the Communists, and there seemed no way to stop them unless we intervened. If we intervened with a few thousand troops, and the Chinese Communists then intervened in mass, then you have the choice between backing down and using nuclear weapons, and nobody can say where that would end. But if we hadn't been ready to intervene, there would have been no chance at all of a settlement in Laos. You've got to try to think these things through, and then make the best judgment you can."

As these words imply, the long Laos crisis has suggested to the President certain conclusions: about the limitations of a defense policy based almost wholly on nuclear power, about the need for more ground forces on our side, about the effectiveness of guerrilla warfare as an instrument of Communist expansion. Other experiences—the Cuban disaster, the war in Vietnam, Kennedy's meeting with Khrushchev in Vienna, the Berlin crisis, the failure to reach a nuclear-test-ban agreement with the Soviets, which Kennedy calls his "greatest disappointment"—have also had lessons to teach.

Out of such experiences—and out of the first-class brains of such subordinates as Defense Secretary Robert McNamara and Secretary of State Dean Rusk—the Kennedy grand strategy has been shaped. The strategy, in other words, has grown naturally out of tactician Kennedy's reactions to a series of specific situations.

But the place to start, in order to grasp what the Kennedy grand strategy is all about, is with the grand strategy of his Soviet opposite number, Nikita Khrushchev. On January 6, 1961, a few days before Kennedy took his oath of office, Khrushchev made a long speech in Moscow before a convocation of the world's Communist leaders. Kennedy read Khrushchev's speech at the time, and it impressed him then. Since then he has become convinced that in the "January speech," as it is known in the White House, Khrushchev was explicitly outlining his strategy for the global victory of Communism. In February of this year Kennedy ordered prepared a detailed analysis of Khrushchev's January speech. Speech and analysis were circulated among the fifty chief officials of the Kennedy Administration, with instructions to "read, mark, learn and inwardly digest."

In his January speech Khrushchev stated his own "goal" to which his own "day-to-day decisions can be related." It is, not unexpectedly, what Khrushchev calls "the great goal of Communism on earth." What is more interesting is Khrushchev's detailed blueprint for achieving that goal.

It is *not* to be achieved by nuclear war. On the contrary, "the problem of preventing a global thermonuclear war is the most vital and burning problem" for all Communists. (This doctrine is, of course, at the heart of Khrushchev's ideological battles with the Chinese Communists.) In order to prevent such a war, it is necessary to "do everything in order to enhance the military might of our country."

This in turn will ensure that in case of nuclear war "capitalism would be wiped out and annihilated." Khrushchev cites statistics to prove that in a nuclear war the British would lose "at least 20,000,000 people," and the Americans "50,000,000–75,000,000." But he also implicitly acknowledges that "the workers' state" would be destroyed too; and thus global thermonuclear war must be averted.

Yet other kinds of war—"national uprisings" and "national liberation wars"—must by all means be promoted. As examples of such desirable wars Khrushchev cites the Vietnam guerrilla war and Castro's uprising in Cuba. This kind of war, Khrushchev says, "is a sacred war. . . . The Communists fully support such just wars and march in the front rank with the peoples waging liberation struggles."

On the military side, Khrushchev's strategy is thus a formula for spreading Communism through Communist-supported limited guerrilla warfare, under the umbrella of a nuclear stalemate. Such "national liberation wars" are the chief military instrument of Khrushchev's double-barreled grand strategy. The other barrel is economic. Here, in Khrushchev's words, is the guts of it:

"The time is approaching when, in its share of world production, socialism will take first place. . . . The victory of the U.S.S.R. in economic competition with the United States, the victory of the whole socialist system over the capitalist system, will be the greatest turning point in history. Then even the greatest skeptics . . . will make their choice in favor of socialism."

This, then, is what Khrushchev means by "peaceful coexistence," which he calls "the high road of international relations." Through a series of Communist-supported "liberation wars" the raw-materials-producing underdeveloped areas of the world are to be brought under Communist control, and thus the soft underbelly of the Western world is to be ripped open. This will lead in turn to a sharp shift in the world power balance in favor of the Soviet bloc, and thus to the "isolation and ultimate liquidation" of "military-political alignments like NATO." The economic victory of "the whole socialist system" will then lead on, *without* "global thermonuclear war," to the "great goal of Communism on earth."

There are certain points to note about this double-barreled Khrushchev grand strategy. The first is that Khrushchev and his followers are not going to be deflected from it by charm or sweet reason. This Kennedy himself discovered in Vienna, where he had what he described at the time as a "somber" meeting with Khrushchev last spring. Nowadays Kennedy often refers back to that meeting, which obviously made a deep impression on him. "He never gave way at all," he says. "I kept insisting that there could be no agreement between us as long as he supported Communist subversion all over the world, but he never gave way, never gave an inch." What made the meeting "somber" was Kennedy's realization that Khrushchev really meant what he said in his January speech.

The second point to note is that Khrushchev is not in a hurry; that he genuinely intends, for very good reasons, to avoid that "global thermonuclear war." West Berlin is free today for one essential reason—because Kennedy has succeeded in convincing Khrushchev that a grab for Berlin might well result in that global war which Khrushchev is determined to avoid. Thus convinced, Khrushchev drew back, despite all his threats and boasts of last summer.

The third point to note is that Khrushchev's grand strategy is not a stupid strategy at all; that it is shrewdly aimed at the weak points in the West's armor; and that it might ultimately succeed. The umbrella of Soviet nuclear might, under which the process of nibbling away at the non-Communist world is to proceed, is already very formidable, and growing more so. The formula for nibbling away by means of Communist-supported guerrilla wars is not a new formula, and it does not always work. It has failed, for example, in the Philippines, Malaya, Burma, Greece. But it has succeeded elsewhere, notably in Cuba and in China itself, and it has all too good a chance to succeed in Laos and Vietnam. It is an extraordinarily difficult formula to counter by military means.

Finally it is quite true that the rate of economic growth in the Communist world has been higher than in the West, including the United States. And if the time ever comes when the Communist system is more productive than the mixed economy of the West, that will indeed be a "turning point in history."

So much, then, for the Khrushchev grand strategy. How about the Kennedy grand strategy, which is beginning to take on firm outlines? In a sense it is the other side of Khrushchev's coin. But it is also more than that.

When Kennedy became President he inherited a 1956 policy paper which ruled that nuclear weapons would be used immediately in any war bigger than a "brush-fire war." In line with this policy the American Army, which provides the bulk of nonnuclear power, had been sliced in half. The attempt to achieve a real nonnuclear counter-

The President is convinced Mr. K. has detailed a plan for achieving "the great goal of Communism on earth."

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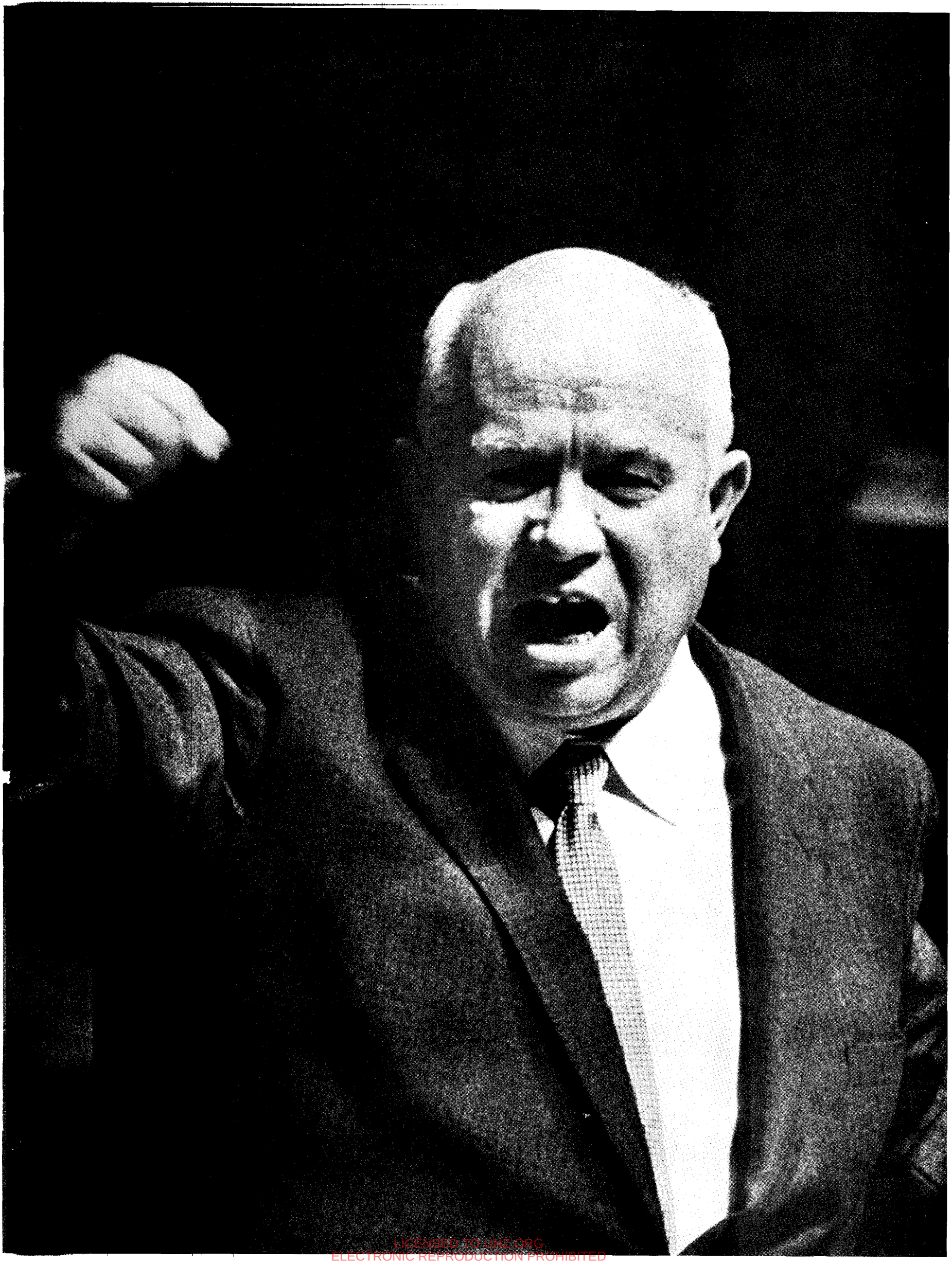

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"WHAT THEY'RE DOING AT FORT BRAGG IS REALLY GOOD," SAYS THE PRESIDENT, BUT "IN THE FINAL ANALYSIS WHAT IS NEEDED IS A POLITICAL EFFORT."

weight to the power of the Red Army in Europe had been abandoned, and the NATO forces were prepared to fight one kind of war only—a nuclear war. In short, almost all the West's eggs were in one nuclear basket.

Even before he became President, Kennedy expressed strong doubts about this total reliance of the West on the terrible nuclear weapon. Every single one of the crises which Kennedy has faced as President has served to remind him grimly of "the way the situation has changed"—and served also to harden his conviction that the West must have means other than the nuclear weapon of making its power felt.

First, there was the Cuban disaster. The tragic failure in Cuba, the first total failure Kennedy had known in his astonishing career, gave him furiously to think. And one thought was obvious. This country's great stock of nuclear weapons had no direct bearing on the Cuban situation at all. Not a single Kennedy adviser ever suggested at any time that nuclear weapons could or should be used to deal with the Castro menace.

Using American conventional forces to deal with the Castro menace *was* suggested and considered. But one argument against direct intervention—though of course not the only one—was that it might tie down far too great a proportion of our then available conventional forces. Estimates of the number of divisions needed to take and hold Cuba against determined guerrilla resistance ran as high as six—and higher. Thus between a third and a half of the available American ground forces might have been tied down in one insignificant island.

Intervention in Laos would also have tied down in that tiny country a ludicrously high proportion of the nonnuclear chips the President had to play with in his global poker game with Khrushchev. Yet we came very close to intervention all the same—much closer than most people realize. It must be acknowledged that it took political guts of a high order even seriously to consider sending American troops to the Laotian jungles in the wake of the Cuban disaster. But that is the only reason why there is any "chance at all of a settlement in Laos." For Khrushchev was just as aware as Kennedy that American intervention in Laos might lead to "using nuclear weapons."

The President's clear determination to risk nuclear war rather than tamely surrender Berlin has saved Berlin so far. But the Berlin crisis has also deeply impressed on the President's mind the dangers inherent in a policy which rests the defense of Western Europe wholly on the nuclear weapon.

As the Soviet thermonuclear test series in the autumn grimly underlined, Khrushchev's power to devastate the United States as well as Western Europe is growing rapidly. The day could come when, in some future test of nerves, given allies less stanch than Adenauer and de Gaulle, the West would choose a concealed surrender rather than risk the ultimate terror of thermonuclear war.

The experience of both Laos and Vietnam also served to underline in the President's mind the extraordinary effectiveness of Khrushchev's formula for using Communist-supported guerrilla warfare to nibble away at the Western positions. The Pathet Lao guerrillas in Laos and the Viet Cong guerrillas in Vietnam are not, mind you, fighting decayed colonial regimes. They are fighting the duly constituted governments of their own countries. Yet with Communist material support and Communist ideological indoctrination they threaten to topple both governments. And again, as in the case of Cuba, not one of Kennedy's advisers has ever suggested that the way to deal with the Pathet Lao or the Viet Cong is to begin dropping nuclear weapons in the jungle.

All these experiences pointed inexorably to the same conclusions. The West's near-total reliance on the nuclear weapon could be fatal in the end. The West must have other means of exerting its power with limited means for limited ends. As a result, Kennedy in recent months has returned again and again to the same theme.

Although he much dislikes private rhetoric, Kennedy has a penchant for rhetoric in his public pronouncements. ("He dislikes everybody's rhetoric but his own," one White House intimate has wisecracked.) He particularly likes the contrapuntal, or dingdong, phrase, and he (or his speech-writing alter ego Theodore Sorensen) has invented a whole series of such phrases to express the basic Kennedy theme—a "choice between humiliation and a holocaust," a "choice between surrender and all-out nuclear war," a "choice (between) inglorious retreat or unlimited retaliation."

A "choice"—that is the key word. "The President," says one who knows him well, "is a man who hates to be tied down." The essential purpose of the Kennedy grand strategy is that *we* should choose how to respond to Khrushchev's challenges, rather than have the choice forced upon us. The underlying principles of the strategy are all designed to this end.

Kennedy inherited two basic doctrines on nuclear warfare. One, as we have seen, was that any war bigger than a brush-fire war would be a nuclear war from the outset. The other was that the United States would never strike first with the nuclear weapon. Under the Kennedy grand strategy, both doctrines have been quietly discarded.

The aim now is to convince Khrushchev on one point, and leave him uncertain on another. This country must maintain a sufficient margin of superiority in nuclear striking power so that Khrushchev will be certain that, if he strikes first, he will receive a devastating counterblow. But Khrushchev must *not* be certain that, where its vital interests are threatened, the United States will never strike first. As Kennedy says, "in some circumstances we might have to take the initiative." In these ways Khrushchev is to continue to be convinced that "global thermonuclear war" is something to avoid.

It was for this reason that Kennedy decided that he had no alternative to resuming nuclear tests in the atmosphere. It was for the same reason that more than a third of the Kennedy Administration's $9,000,000,000 increase in defense spending has been allocated to nuclear striking power. The rest of the money has been used to give the President that "choice" upon which he insists—the choice *not* to initiate a nuclear holocaust, if he so wills. The Army, for example, has been increased from eleven combat-ready divisions to sixteen, and nonnuclear fighting power has been beefed up all along the line.

One purpose is to convince Khrushchev that he cannot extend his empire by proxy, by the oblique thrust, as Stalin tried to do in Korea. Khrushchev must be convinced that any military thrust, in Europe or elsewhere, will mean the direct confrontation of Soviet and American troops, and will thus involve the risk of "global thermonuclear war."

A further purpose is to give the United States the means of dealing directly, if essential in the national interest, with those Communist-supported guerrilla wars which are the main military means of Communist expansion under the Khrushchev grand strategy. The United States must have sufficient forces to prevent a Communist take-over in a country like Laos or Vietnam. And if such intervention is decided upon, the President must have left enough nonnuclear chips—enough conventional power—to continue to play the global poker game.

But direct intervention is a sanction to be applied only when there is no other way of dealing with the Communist-guerrilla threat. In Vienna Khrushchev complacently told Kennedy that outside intervention to deal with internal uprisings is always ineffective. Kennedy was too tactful to mention Hungary, but he is quite aware that the use of foreign troops against an internal resistance movement is by no means the ideal way of dealing with such a movement.

If a Communist-supported guerrilla movement is to be resisted effectively, there must be a solid base of resistance *within* the threatened country. But the weapons and the military expertise can be provided from outside. This is the chief reason why Kennedy has insisted on a greatly expanded guerrilla and antiguerrilla training program. At first he met the sullen opposition of the conventionally trained military men in the Pentagon, and this irritated him. But the Kennedy message is beginning to get through. "They're beginning to recognize the nature of the problem," Kennedy says. "And what they're doing at Fort Bragg is really good."

Fort Bragg, N.C.: U. S. troops training as "specialists to deal with Communist-sponsored guerrilla warfare."

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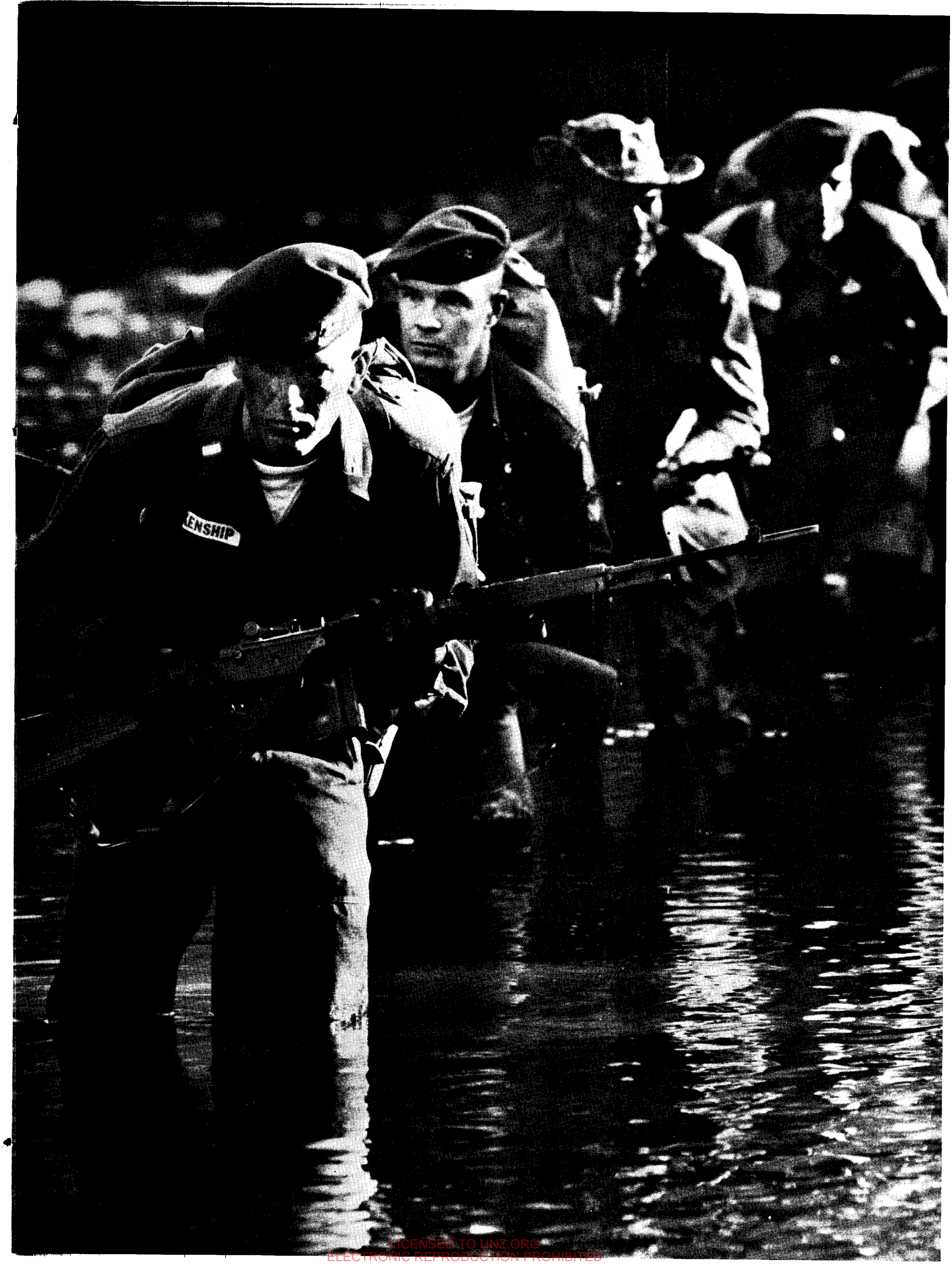

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"IN SOME CIRCUMSTANCES WE MIGHT HAVE TO TAKE THE INITIATIVE," SAYS MR. KENNEDY OF U.S. PREPAREDNESS FOR NUCLEAR WAR.

It is Kennedy's intention to create an elite corps of specialists who can provide the military expertise to deal with Communist-sponsored guerrilla warfare. But he realizes that is only an essential first step. "In the final analysis," he told me, "what is needed is a *political* effort."

Kennedy has something approaching an obsession about guerrilla warfare, and he has studied closely the extensive literature of the subject. He knows by heart Mao Tse-tung's dictum: "Guerrillas are like fish, and the people are the water in which the fish swim. If the temperature of the water is right, the fish will thrive and multiply."

The best way—perhaps in the long run the only way—to deal with the internal Communist-guerrilla threat, is to "control the temperature of the water" in the threatened country, so that the guerrilla-fish do not thrive and multiply. And in the final analysis, as Kennedy says, this requires a political effort. This is why the United States must use all its instruments of power and persuasion to control "the temperature of the water" by strengthening the political as well as the military base of the anti-Communist regimes in a threatened country like Vietnam.

A major instrument of power and persuasion is the foreign-aid program headed by Fowler Hamilton. "Hamilton is the first foreign-aid chief," one Kennedy subordinate has remarked, "to realize that Southeast Asia is a battleground and that foreign aid is a weapon in the battle, not a charitable enterprise."

As Kennedy is well aware, there is no magic formula for dealing with Communist-supported guerrilla wars. And guerrilla warfare is a two-edged sword. There are many areas in the Communist world where "the temperature of the water is right." Unless the guerrilla weapon can be turned against the Communists, the West will be like a man wearing boxing gloves fighting a man with a shiv. Kennedy is aware that this is so, but it is a subject which, for obvious reasons, he is unwilling to discuss in detail.

But one fact at least is certain. Kennedy has recognized—and has forced the Pentagon to recognize—the deadly danger inherent in Khrushchev's threat to support guerrilla uprisings, under the umbrella of the nuclear stalemate. The power and the ingenuity of the United States are at last being brought to bear on that danger.

Other great difficulties stand in the way of Kennedy's new defense design for dealing with the "changed situation" which confronts the West. Our European allies—notably the British—are deeply reluctant to make the great effort needed to provide in Europe the "choice" which Kennedy seeks. And there is the ancient problem of getting a better return in combat power on the money and manpower invested in our own armed forces, especially the Army. Kennedy and McNamara are wrestling manfully with this problem, but they have by no means got it licked. Until it is licked it will be difficult—perhaps impossible—to provide Kennedy's "choice."

Yet when these caveats are entered, the fact remains that the Kennedy-McNamara defense design represents a radically changed way of dealing with that "changed situation" of which Kennedy speaks; and that the new design is intelligently tailored to meet the military-political challenges implicit in Khrushchev's "January speech."

The purpose of the new defense design is to keep Khrushchev convinced that global thermonuclear war must be avoided, while finding the means to halt the nibbling-away process which Khrushchev has initiated under the nuclear umbrella. The new design is, by its very nature, defensive—it is a holding operation. If it succeeds there remains the second threat in Khrushchev's doubly threatening grand strategy—his predicted economic "victory of the whole socialist system over the capitalist system," which is to be the "greatest turning point in history."

On this score the President displays a quiet confidence more convincing than Khrushchev's boasts. "You know," he says, "I'm not so much impressed by the challenge of their system. The most impressive thing they've done is their achievement in space. But there is a lot that is not so impressive—East Germany in bad shape, famine in China, the farm shortages in Russia itself. They've poured millions into Cuba, and the people there are still miserable. They can exploit all the misery in the world, but I don't think their system is so impressive."

When he discusses his plan to form a trading partnership with the European Common Market, he shies away as always from hyperbole and gassy generalizations, like a balky horse. And as always with Kennedy, the grand concept of an economically unified Atlantic Community sprang not from some preconceived doctrine, but from the facts of the situation he faced.

Britain's decision to seek entry into the Common Market confronted Kennedy with a hard choice. Either the Atlantic Community would be split into two furiously competing and mutually exclusive economic blocs. Or the President could meet the problem head on, and by seeking radically to revise America's trading relationship to Europe—with real hurt to certain powerful American economic interests—make possible a unified economic Atlantic Community. He chose the latter course.

"If we can get a trading partnership with the Common Market," he says, "and a special relationship with Japan and some other countries, then you will have an awfully strong base, economically, from which to defend, to work on the exterior lines. . . ."

"An awfully strong base, economically." Walter Lippmann, in a recent speech, was more eloquent when he spoke of an "Atlantic Community . . . a great and secure center of power and wealth, of light and of leading . . . one liberal and progressive economic community. . . ." Although he eschews eloquence in private, that is certainly what Kennedy sees on the dimly seen shore. He sees that "awfully strong base" tying the great trading nations of the West together, politically as well as economically; acting like a magnet on the underdeveloped countries on the "exterior lines" and on the Communist countries, too; and making nonsense of Khrushchev's boasts about the coming economic victory of Communism.

The future is clouded, to be sure, to Kennedy as to all men. The President is no superman, ready to solve all the world's problems, nor are those around him—as some of them have belatedly discovered. There are many high hurdles to be overleapt at home and abroad, from the United States Congress to Berlin and Vietnam. Many of the problems that confront President Kennedy also faced President Eisenhower and President Truman and even his more distant predecessors. The problems are still there, and they won't go away. There will never be a time when poverty and war and the attendant miseries of both are wholly banished from the earth.

The President and the men around him seek no final solutions, because there are none. When he took office the President and certain of his advisers hoped that some way might be found to reach a live-and-let-live agreement with the Soviets—above all, that ways might be found to control the hideous weapon which might yet write finis to man's history. This was why the President's "greatest disappointment" was the Soviet refusal to take the first small step of banning nuclear tests. But the hope is not yet quite dead, which is why the President insists on keeping open his lines of communication to Khrushchev.

Meanwhile there are no illusions left in the White House that Communists will cease to be Communists, that Khrushchev will cease to press on towards his "great goal of Communism on earth." As the President said to me, the other side has "the advantage of a dictatorship, an authoritarian system. They can say do this, do that and it's done. We are a free society, and we have a long, long struggle ahead, a tough competition. And we here in America have to bear the main weight of the burden."

It will be a long struggle certainly, a tough competition, a heavy burden. But of one thing I am convinced after talking to him—the President is beginning to see a shore, if only dimly, and he and the men around him are beginning to see how we all might reach that distant shore, without a global war. I am also now convinced of one other thing—the President has, on the whole, a better chance of reaching his goal than Khrushchev has of reaching his.

THE END

"I don't think most Americans realize the way the situation has changed," the President told Alsop.

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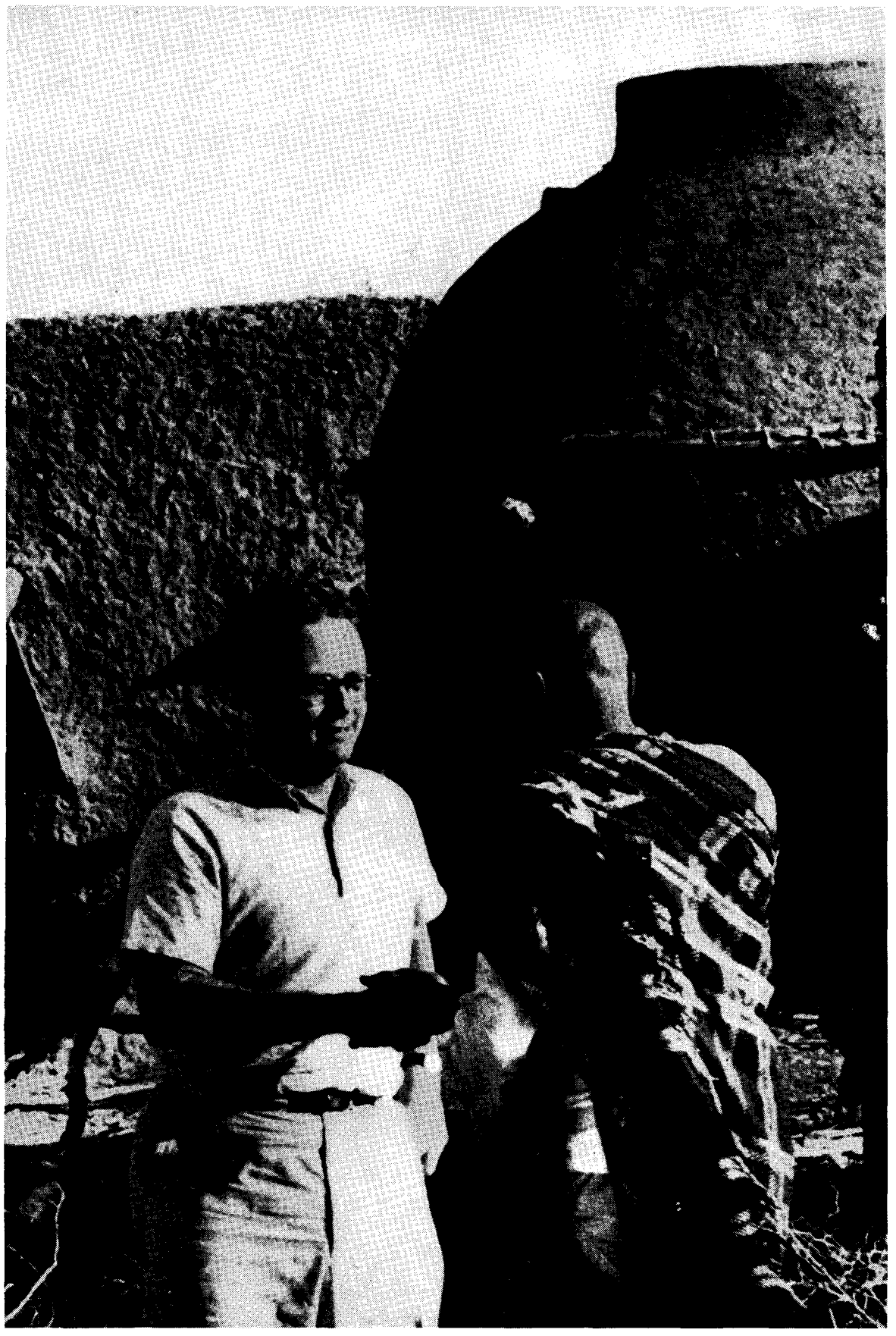
PEOPLE ON THE WAY UP



High-Stepping Scholar: On her toes in the classroom and on the stage, Barbara Dodd, 20, keeps her balance in two careers. Majoring in religion at Smith College, Barbara works as a nightclub dancer on weekends and during vacation periods. This regimen crimps her free time ("I don't play bridge and I don't knit") but not her grades (two A's and three B's last semester). Barbara's father is principal of an East Northport, Long Island, elementary school; her mother is a junior-high guidance counselor. At thirteen Barbara herself was a teacher, giving dance instruction to three neighborhood children at a dollar a lesson. By the time she finished high school, as valedictorian, she had converted the playroom of the family home into a studio, was tutoring forty pupils. At Smith College she first majored in theater arts, switched to religion last semester. "I get a kick," explains Barbara, "out of following the thought processes of men such as Niebuhr and Nietzsche." As a freshman Barbara yearned "to do something professionally," put together some of her routines and found a booking agent. In June, 1960, she debuted in a Bridgeport, Connecticut, nightclub. "I was terrible," she says. But her stage presence improved—by leaps and bounds—and last May she went to work as a featured dancer at New York's Copacabana, commuting to the Smith campus in Northampton, Massachusetts, for her final exams. Barbara hopes to get into musical comedy after her graduation in June of next year. But choreographer Doug Coudy, who directed her at the Copacabana, feels her future lies west of Broadway. "She has looks, acting ability and a wonderful, elegant style. She's a sure-fire hit for the movies." PHOTOGRAPH BY CARROLL SEGHERS II.

Front-Line Diplomat: In an African village American envoy Frederic Chapin, 32, makes friends for the U.S. Chapin, a ten-year veteran of the Foreign Service, was handpicked from a field of bright young diplomats to establish the American embassy in Chad, a new republic in north-central Africa. Appointed chargé d'affaires in February, 1961, he moved to Fort Lamy, Chad's capital, and set up quarters for his wife and three children. For the first few weeks his home was his office. "After our meals," he recalls, "the dishes were removed, and our dining room became the United States Embassy in Chad." The U.S. appointed an ambassador three months later, and Chapin became First Secretary, one of the youngest of his rank in the State Department. Born in New York City while his parents were en route from Peking to Rome, Chapin began training for his job at age three, when he learned to converse in three languages. His father, a career diplomat who retired as an ambassador last year, was then stationed in Ecuador. There young Fred learned to speak with his older sister in Spanish, with his French governess in French and his parents in English. Graduating from Harvard in 1950, he joined the Foreign Service the following year. He served first in Vienna, then Washington, then Managua. (While in Nicaragua he was victimized by a band of burglars who broke into his home. Shouting and brandishing an old naval sword given him by his grandfather, he charged the burglars and sent them fleeing.) Volunteering for duty in Africa, he then won the Chad assignment. Chapin insists that there is nothing mysterious about being a diplomat. "Some people serve with dedication in the Armed Forces, others are building up our economic and scientific resources, others are making contributions to our intellectual and religious life," says Chapin. "I am one of those who are serving as best they can in the front lines of the world scene, explaining who we Americans are and what we are trying to achieve, and hopefully influencing others to cast their lot with us." PHOTOGRAPH BY KAY LAWSON.

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PEOPLE ON THE WAY UP

Cattle Raiser: Hefting one of his own prize Holsteins, James Messler, 21, stands officially as the Star Farmer of America, a title given him by the Future Farmers of America. James's accomplishment: He bought and paid for his own 193-acre farm and made it thrive, all before his twentieth birthday. His formula for farming success: hard work. "I think anybody's got a future in farming," says James, "if he's willing to work." James (not, he insists, "Jim") gets up at five A.M., works on his Greenback, Tennessee, farm until nightfall. A six-footer, weighing 165, he quit the Greenback High football squad because practice left him too bushed for farm work afterward. Since his childhood, farming has always come first. When he was five his grandfather gave him a sickly calf; James nursed it to health, sold it and saved the money to buy more calves. By the time he entered high school he owned 14 milk cows, and as a senior, 43, all pastured on his father's 200-acre farm. In 1959, the year he finished high school, James bought his own spread with the help of a bank loan. He is now out of debt and boss of one of the finest dairy herds in Tennessee. With the Star Farmer citation came an award of $1000 which, added to the agricultural estate James has saved and slaved to create, boosted his net worth to about $50,000. James dates a neighboring farmer's daughter, but hasn't decided on a wife yet. When he does, he will be a tough man for a girl to turn down. "About the only thing that really makes me mad," he says, "is for somebody to tell me that I can't do something I've set out to do." PHOTOGRAPH BY BILL SHROUT.

Old-Timers' Aide: With warmth and respect, Geraldine Pearson, 31, brightens prospects for the aged. At Mount Angel College, near Portland, Oregon, she has set up the nation's first undergraduate program in gerontology—the science dealing with the problems of aging—for youngsters who want professional training as nursing-home administrators. Graduates of the program, she hopes, will bring "the human touch to those nursing homes which consider older, infirm persons as less than human." Geraldine's concern began, she thinks, when as a 12-year-old she visited her grandmother in a drab, overcrowded nursing home, foul with odors. She has never forgotten the way the old woman was treated—"like a vegetable"—or the sight of her, listlessly awaiting death. Years later, as an English teacher at Mount Angel, Geraldine happened to visit a nursing home associated with the college, shortly afterward got her idea for a school for nursing-home administrators. "Like most of my brainstorms," she says, "it came as I was driving home from work. I do my deepest thinking behind the wheel." Geraldine rallied support for her Institute of Gerontology, buttonholed congressmen and eventually won a five-year grant of $144,675 from the United States Department of Health, Education and Welfare. Classes begin this fall. Geraldine, a graduate of the University of Oregon with a master's degree from the University of Portland, first came to the small Roman Catholic college of Mount Angel as a newspaper reporter on assignment. She fell in love with the place, later applied for a job as English instructor. "I got my story," she says, "but my newspaper lost a reporter." Now an assistant professor as well as director of public relations and assistant to the president, she works nearly 18 hours a day, heads for her 100-acre farm near Oregon City "whenever I can skip school." She raises her own horses, breaks most of them herself. Geraldine, an Episcopalian, serves on a faculty composed largely of Roman Catholic Benedictine nuns. To patients who advise her to slow down lest she burn herself out, she answers, "Tell it to the sisters. No matter how hard I work, I still can't keep up with them." PHOTOGRAPH BY STEVEN C. WILSON.

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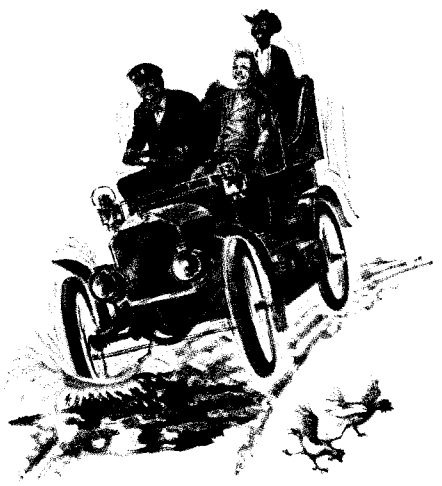
HELL CREEK CROSSING



A story excerpted from the newest work of America's most famous living novelist.

By

WILLIAM FAULKNER

ILLUSTRATION BY JAMES LEWICKI

So I LEARNED at the tender age of eleven that a man is not the victim of his fate or destiny at all, nor even of circumstances, but simply of his appetites. And not just his own appetites, but those of his friends too if he is not careful.

Of course there was circumstance in it too: That a year ago (this was 1905) my grandfather had bought the second automobile in Jefferson, and two days ago my mother's father had died suddenly in Bay St. Louis, 300 miles away, and that thirty-odd years ago Boon Hogganbeck had been born and had been a member (retainer, man Friday) of our family or us ever since—a big man, whose grandmother had been a Chickasaw squaw, over six feet tall with a face like a gigantic walnut, of whom my grandfather was already saying that at any moment now I would outgrow. Nor do I forget Ned either, who was older than Boon and should certainly have known better, who had been born a slave in my great-grandfather's backyard and had never let any of us forget or evade it. The fact that when my grandfather and grandmother and father and mother left by train that Saturday morning to attend Grandfather Lessep's funeral, to be gone at least four days, and my grandfather left the key to the garage door where Boon could get his hand on it was merely coincidental too. The fact remains that what started Ned and Boon and me for Memphis in grandfather's automobile that Saturday afternoon was simply our appetites: I, an eleven-year-old boy who for four days would be free of check of father and mother and vulnerable to the seduction of a cross-country motor trip to anywhere, even by Boon Hogganbeck; and Boon Hogganbeck, who loved—found a year ago that he did—automobiles as other people love symphonies or gambling or making money; and Ned, who, as he told Boon himself when we found him stowed away in the back of the car with the spare gasoline can and ax and lantern and shovel, would like a trip too and deserved one in grandfather's automobile as much or even more than either of us, since I was merely grandfather's grandson and Boon wasn't any kin to him at all.

That was about sundown. I mean, when we—Boon and I—discovered that Ned too, already dressed in his black Sunday suit and hat and the boiled white collarless shirt held at the neck by a brass stud shaped like the head of a small venomous snake, and the small worn handbag which had belonged to my great-grandfather and which contained a Bible and a pint flask containing about two tablespoonfuls of whisky, was hidden beneath the tarpaulin in the back of the car, where he had lain concealed all the time Boon (me steering) was manhandling the automobile by simple brute force through the mudholes at Hurricane Creek five miles from Jefferson. But we were ten miles farther on now, within a mile or so of Ballenbaugh's, where we would spend the night—too far now for Boon to make him get out and walk back to town, which Ned knew.

So it was full dark when we reached Ballenbaugh's; Boon had long since stopped and got out and lit the coal-oil headlights. In the old Chickasaw days it was known as Wyott's Crossing. Then Ballenbaugh, a deserter from the Confederate Army, came and dispossessed it and turned it into a clearinghouse for horse and cattle thieves (some said murderers too), a place of unsavory repute which honest people, and even people who merely wanted to keep what they had, avoided; this until the summer of 1886, when a Baptist minister named Hiram Hightower—also a giant of a man, evidently as tall and almost as big as Ballenbaugh himself, who on Sunday from 1861 to 1865 had been one of Forrest's company chaplains and on the other six days one of his hardest and most outrageous troopers—rode into the settlement armed with a Bible and his bare hands and converted the whole place with his fists, one at a time when he could, two or three at a time when he had to. So when Boon and Ned and I approached it in this May dusk of 1905, Ballenbaugh was accomplishing his present avatar in the person of a fifty-year-old maiden: his only child—a prim fleshless severe iron-gray woman who farmed a quarter section of good bottom cotton and corn land and conducted a small store with a loft above it containing a row of shuck mattresses, each with its neat, perfectly clean sheets and pillowcases and blankets for the accommodation of fox and coon hunters and fishermen, who (it was said) returned the second time not for the hunting and fishing but for the table Miss Ballenbaugh set.

She heard us approaching too. Nor were we the first; she told us that we were the thirteenth automobile to pass there in the last two years, five of them in the last forty days; she had already lost two hens and would probably have to begin keeping everything penned up, even the hounds. She and the cook and a Negro man were already on the front gallery, shading their eyes against the ghostly flicker of our headlights as we drove up. She not only knew Boon of old, she recognized the automobile first; already, even after only thirteen of them, her eye for individual cars was that good.

"So you really did make it to Jefferson, after all," she said.

"In a year?" Boon said. "Lord, Miss Ballenbaugh, this automobile has been a hundred times farther than Jefferson since then. A thousand times. You might as well give up; you got to get used to automobiles like everybody else." That was when she told us about the thirteen cars in two years, and the two hens.

"At least they got a ride on an automobile for a little piece anyway," she said. "Which is more than I can say."

"You mean to say you ain't never rode in one?" Boon said. "Here,

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Ned," he said, "jump out of there and get them grips out too. Loosh, let Miss Ballenbaugh set up in front where she can see out."

"Wait," Miss Ballenbaugh said. "I must tell Alice about supper."

"Supper can wait," Boon said. "I bet Alice ain't never had a car ride neither. Come on, Alice. Who's that with you? Your husband?"

"I ain't studying no husband," the cook said. "And I wouldn't be studying Ephum even if I was."

"Bring him on anyway," Boon said. The cook and the man came and got in too, into the back seat with the gasoline can and the folded tarpaulin. Ned and I stood in the lamplight from the open door and watched the automobile, the red tail lamp, move on up the road, then stop and back and turn and come back past us, Boon blowing the horn now, Miss Ballenbaugh sitting erect and a little tense in the front seat, Alice and Ephum in the back seat waving to us as they passed.

"Whooee, boy," Ephum shouted at Ned. "Git a horse!"

"Showing off," Ned said; he meant Boon. "He better be sho proud Boss Priest ain't standing here too. He'd show him off."

The car stopped and backed and turned again and came back to us and stopped. After a moment Miss Ballenbaugh said, "Well." Then she moved; she said briskly: "All right, Alice." So we had supper. And I knew why the hunters and fishermen came back. Then Ned went off with Ephum and I made my manners to Miss Ballenbaugh and, Boon carrying the lamp, we went upstairs to the loft above the store.

"Didn't you bring nothing?" Boon said. "Not even a clean handkerchief?"

"I won't need anything," I said.

"Well, you can't sleep like that. Look at them sheets. At least take off your shoes and pants. And your maw would make you brush your teeth too."

"No, she wouldn't," I said. "She couldn't. I ain't got anything to brush them with."

"That wouldn't stop her, and you know it. If you couldn't find something, you'd make something to do it with or know the reason why."

"All right," I said. I was already on my mattress. "Good night." He stood with his hand up to blow out the lamp.

"You all right?" he said.

"Shut up," I said.

"Say the word. We'll go back home. Not now, but in the morning."

"Did you wait this long to get scared?" I said.

"Good night," he said. He blew out the lamp and got on his mattress. Then there was all the spring darkness: the big bass-talking frogs from the sloughs, the sound that the woods make, the big woods, the wilderness with the wild things: coons and rabbits and mink and muskrats and the big owls and the big snakes—moccasins and rattlers—and maybe even the trees breathing and the river itself breathing, not to mention the ghosts—the old Chickasaws who named the land before the white men ever saw it, and the white men afterward—Wyott and old Sutpen and Major de Spain's hunters and the flatboats full of cotton and then the wagon trains and the brawling teamsters and the line of brigands and murderers which produced Miss Ballenbaugh; suddenly I realized what the noise was that Boon was making.

"What are you laughing at?" I said.

"I'm thinking about Hell Creek bottom. We'll hit it about eleven o'clock tomorrow morning."

"I thought you said we'll have trouble there."

"You damn right we will," Boon said. "It'll take that ax and shovel and bob wire and block and tackle and all the fence rails and me and you and Ned all three. That's who I'm laughing at: Ned. By the time we are through Hell Creek tomorrow, he's going to wish he hadn't busted what he calls his manners nor et nor done nothing else under that tarpollyon until he felt Memphis itself under them wheels."

Then he waked me early. And everybody else within a half mile, though it still took some time to get Ned up from where he had slept in Ephum's house to the kitchen to eat his breakfast (and even longer than that to get him out of the kitchen again with a woman in it). We ate breakfast—and after that breakfast if I had been a hunter or a fisherman I wouldn't have felt like walking anywhere for a while—and Boon gave Miss Ballenbaugh another ride in the automobile, but without Alice and Ephum this time, though Ephum was on hand. Then we—Boon—filled the gasoline tank and the radiator, not because they needed it but I think because Miss Ballenbaugh and Ephum were there watching, and started. The sun was just rising as we crossed the iron bridge over the river (and the ghost of that steamboat too; I had forgot that last night) into foreign country, another county; by night it would even be another state, and Memphis.

"Providing we get through Hell Creek," Boon said.

"Maybe if you'd just stop talking about it," I said.

"Sure," Boon said. "Hell Creek bottom don't care whether you talk about it or not. It don't have to give a durn. You'll see." Then he said, "Well, there it is." It was only a little after ten; we had made excellent time following the ridges, the roads dry and dusty between the sprouting fields, the land vacant and peaceful with Sunday, the people already in their Sunday clothes idle on the front galleries, the children and dogs already running toward the fence or road to watch us pass; then in the surreys and buggies and wagons and on horse and muleback, anywhere from one to three on the

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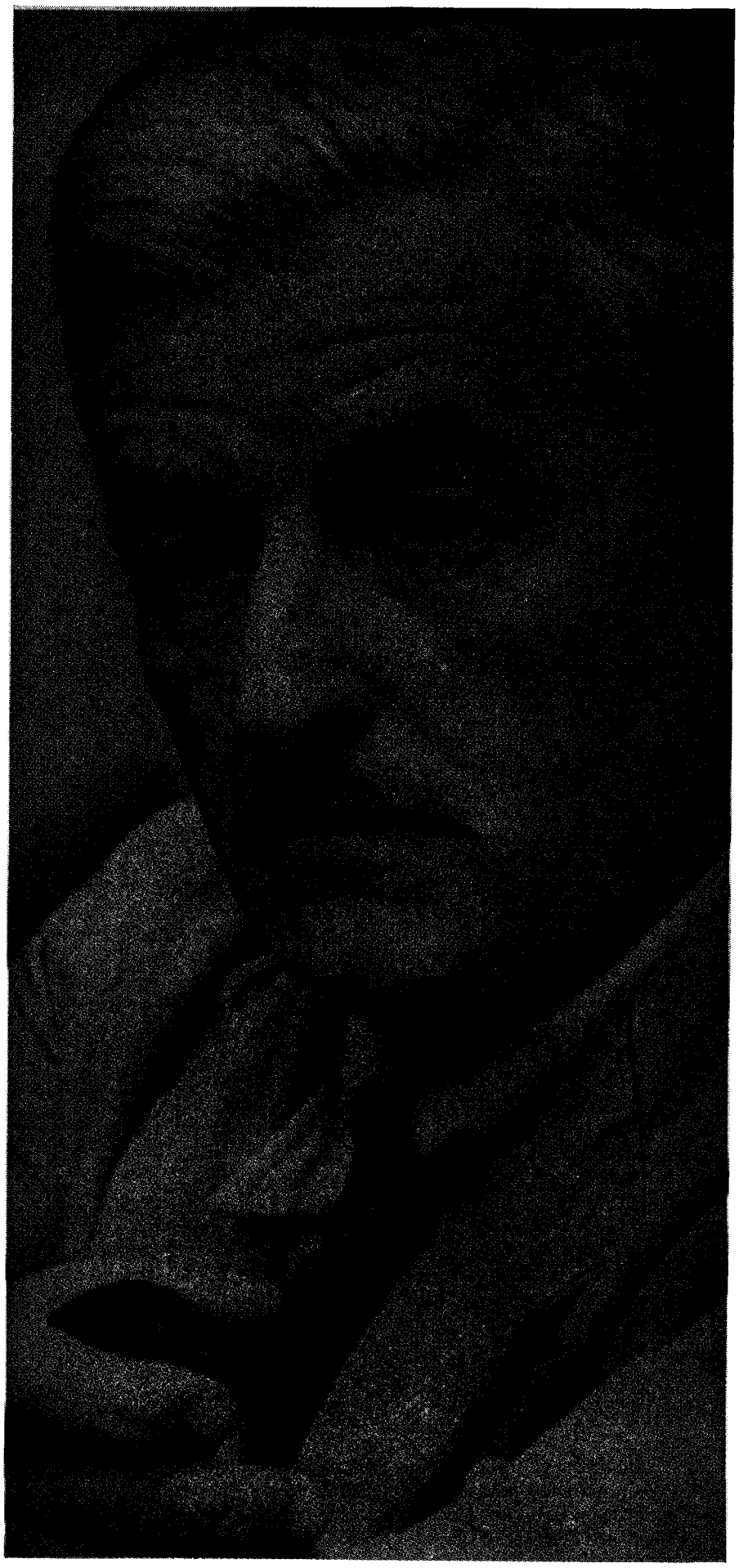

In the course of a distinguished career, Nobel Prize-winner William Faulkner has contributed to American literature some of its richest prose. The citizens of fictional Yoknapatawpha County, in the author's native Mississippi, have become familiar to millions of his readers, just as their names—Sartoris, Compson, Snopes—have passed into the language.

Mr. Faulkner, who is now living near Charlottesville, Virginia, again has made Mississippi the scene of his most recent novel, The Reivers, of which the story appearing here is a part. The book will be published in June by Random House and will be the Book-of-the-Month Club selection for July.

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HELL CREEK CROSSING

Continued from Preceding Page

horse but not on the mule (A little after nine we had passed another automobile, Boon said it was a Ford; he had an eye for automobiles like Miss Ballenbaugh's.) on the way to the small white church in the spring groves.

A wide valley lay before us, the road descending from the plateau toward a band of willow and cypress which marked the creek. It didn't look very bad to me, nowhere near as wide as the river bottom we had already crossed, and we could even see the dusty gash of the road mounting to the opposite plateau beyond it. But Boon had already started to curse, driving even faster down the hill almost as if he were eager, anxious to reach and join battle with it, as if it were something sentient, not merely inimical but unredeemable, like a human enemy, another man. "Look at it," he said. "Innocent as a new-laid egg. You can even see the road beyond it like it was laughing at us, like it was saying, 'If you could just get here you could durn near see Memphis; except just see if you can get here.'"

"If it's all that bad, why don't we go around it?" Ned said. "That's what I would do if it was me setting there where you is."

"Because Hell Creek bottom ain't got no around," Boon said violently. "Go one way and you'd wind up in Alabama; go the other way and you'll fall off in the Missippi River."

"I seen the Missippi River at Memphis once," Ned said. "Now you mention it, I done already seen Memphis too. But I ain't never seen Alabama. Maybe I'd like a trip there."

"You ain't never visited Hell Creek bottom before neither," Boon said. "Providing what you hid under that tarpollyon for yesterday is education. Why do you reckon the only two automobiles we have seen between now and Jefferson was this one and that Ford? Because there ain't no other automobiles in Missippi below Hell Creek, that's why."

"Miss Ballenbaugh counted thirteen passed her house in the last two years," I said.

"Two of them was this one," Boon said. "And even them other eleven she never counted crossing Hell Creek, did she?"

"Maybe it depends on who's doing the driving," Ned said. "Hee hee hee."

Boon stopped the car quickly. He turned his head. "All right. Jump out. You want to visit Alabama. You done already made yourself fifteen minutes late running your mouth."

"Why you got to snatch a man up just for passing the day with you?" Ned said. But Boon wasn't listening to him. I don't think he was really speaking to Ned. He was already out of the car; he opened the toolbox grandfather had had made on the running board to hold the block and tackle and ax and spade and the lantern, taking everything out but the lantern and tumbling them into the back seat with Ned.

"So we won't waste any time," he said, speaking rapidly, but quite composed, calm, without hysteria or even urgency, closing the box and getting back under the wheel. "Let's hit it. What're we waiting for?"

Still it didn't look bad to me—just another country road crossing another swampy creek, the road no longer dry but not really wet yet, the holes and boggy places already filled for our convenience by previous pioneers with brush tops and limbs, and sections of it even corduroyed with poles laid crossways in the mud (oh yes, I realized suddenly that the road—for lack of any closer term—had stopped being not really wet yet too), so perhaps Boon himself was responsible; he himself had populated the stagnant cypress- and willow-arched mosquito-whined gloom with the wraiths of stuck automobiles and sweating and cursing people. Then I thought we had struck it, except for that fact that I not only couldn't see any rise of drier ground which would indicate we were reaching, approaching the other side of the swamp, I couldn't even see the creek itself ahead yet, let alone a bridge. Again the automobile lurched, canted and hung as it did yesterday at Hurricane Creek; again Boon was already removing his shoes and socks and rolling up his pants. "All right," he said to Ned over his shoulder, "get out."

"I don't know how," Ned said. "I ain't learned about automobiles yet. I'd be in your way. I'll set here with Lucius so you can have plenty of room."

"Hee hee hee," Boon said in savage and vicious mimicry. "You wanted a trip. Now you got one. Get out."

"I got my Sunday clothes on," Ned said.

"So have I," Boon said. "If I ain't scared of a pair of britches, you needn't be."

"You can talk," Ned said. "You got Mr. Maury. I has to work for my money. When my clothes gets ruint or wore out, I has to buy new ones myself."

"You never bought a garment of clothes or shoes or a hat neither in your life," Boon said. "You got one pigeon-tailed coat I know of that old Lucius McCaslin himself wore, let alone General Compson's and Major de Spain's and Boss's too. You can roll your britches up and take off your shoes or not—that's your business. But you're going to get out of this automobile."

"Let Lucius get out," Ned said. "He's younger than me and stouter too for his size."

"He's got to steer it," Boon said.

"I'll steer it, if that's all you needs," Ned said. "I been what you calls steering horses and mules and oxen all my life and I reckon gee and haw with that steering wheel ain't no different from gee and haw with a pair of lines or a goad." Then to me: "Jump out, boy, and help Mr. Boon. Better take your shoes and stockings ——"

"Are you going to get out, or do I pick you up with one hand and snatch this automobile out from under you with the other?" Boon said. Ned moved then, fast enough when he finally accepted the fact that he had to, only grunting a little as he took off his shoes and rolled up his pants and removed his coat. When I looked back at Boon, he was already dragging two poles, sapling-sized tree trunks, out of the weeds and briers.

"Ain't you going to use the block and tackle yet?" I said.

"Hell no," Boon said. "When the time comes for that, you won't need to ask nobody's permission about it. You'll already know it." *So it's the bridge*, I thought. *Maybe there's not even a bridge at all and that's what's wrong*. And Boon read my mind there too. "Don't worry about the bridge. We ain't even come to the bridge yet."

I would learn what he meant by that too, but not now. Ned lowered one foot gingerly into the water. "This water got dirt in it," he said. "If there's one thing I hates, it's dirt betwixt my nekkid toes."

"That's because your circulation ain't warmed up yet," Boon said. "Take a holt of this pole. You said you ain't acquainted with automobiles yet. That's one complaint you won't never have to make again for the rest of your life. All right"—to me—"ease her ahead now, and whenever she bites, keep her going." Which we did, Boon and Ned levering their poles forward under the back axle, pinching us forward for another lurch of two or three or sometimes five feet, until the car hung spinning again, the whirling back wheels coating them both from knee to crown as if they had been swung at with one of the spray nozzles which house painters use now.

"See what I mean," Boon said, spitting, giving another terrific wrench and heave which sent us lurching forward, "about getting acquainted with automobiles? Exactly like horses and mules: Don't never stand directly behind one that's got one hind foot already lifted."

Then I saw the bridge. We had come up onto a patch of earth so (comparatively) dry that Boon and Ned, almost indistinguishable now with mud, had to trot with their poles and even then couldn't keep up, Boon hollering, panting, "Go on! Keep going!" until I saw the bridge a hundred yards ahead and then saw what was still between us and the bridge, and I knew what he meant. I stopped the car. The road (the passage, whatever you would call it now) in front of us had not altered so much as it had transmogrified, exchanged mediums, elements. It now resembled a big receptacle of milk-infused coffee from which protruded here and there a few forlorn, impotent, hopeless odds and ends of sticks and brush and logs and an occasional hump of actual earth which looked startlingly like it had been deliberately thrown up by a plow. Then I saw something else and understood what Boon had been telling me by indirection about Hell Creek bottom for over a year now, and what he had been reiterating wth a kind of haunted, bemused obsession ever since we left Jefferson yesterday. Standing hitched to a tree just off the road (canal) were two mules in plow gear—that is, in bridles and collars and hames, the trace chains looped over the hames and the plowlines coiled into neat hanks and hanging from the hames also; leaning against another tree nearby was a heavy double-winged plow—a middlebuster—caked (wings, shank and the beam itself) with more of the same mud which was rapidly encasing Boon and Ned, a doubletree, likewise mud-caked, leaning against the plow; and, in the immediate background, a new two-room paintless shotgun cabin on the gallery of which a man sat tilted in a splint chair, barefoot, his galluses down about his waist and his (likewise muddy) brogan shoes against the wall beside the chair. And I knew that this, and not Hurricane Creek, was where (Boon said) he and Mr. Wordwin had had to borrow the shovel last year, which (Boon said) Mr. Wordwin had forgot to return, and which (the shovel) Mr. Wordwin might as well have forgot to borrow also for all the good it did them.

Ned had seen it too. He had already had one hard look at the mudhole. Now he looked at the already geared-up mules standing there swishing and slapping at mosquitoes while they waited for us. "Now, that's what I calls convenient," he said.

"Shut up," Boon said in a fierce murmur. "Not a word. Don't make a sound." He spoke in a tense, controlled fury, propping his muddy pole against the car and hauling out the block and tackle and the barbed wire and the ax and spade. He said "son of a bitch" three times. Then he said to me: "You too."

"Me?" I said.

"But look at them mules," Ned said. "He even got a log chain already hooked to that doubletree ——"

"Didn't you hear me say shut up?" Boon said in that fierce, quite

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courteous murmur. "If I didn't speak plain enough, excuse me. What I'm trying to say is, shut up."

"Only, what in the world do he want with the middlebuster?" Ned said. "And it muddy clean up to the handles too. Like he been—you mean to say he gets in here with that team and works this place like a patch just to keep it boggy?"

Boon had the spade, ax and block and tackle all three in his hands. For a second I thought he would strike Ned with any or maybe all three of them.

I said quickly: "What do you want me ——"

"Yes," Boon said. "It will take all of us. I—me and Mr. Wordwin had a little trouble with him here last year; we got to get through this time."

"How much did you have to pay him last year to get drug out?" Ned said.

"Two dollars," Boon said. "So you better take off your whole pants. Take off your shirt too; it'll be all right here."

"Two dollars?" Ned said. "This sho beats cotton. He can farm right here setting in the shade without even moving. What I wants boss to get me is a well-traveled mudhole."

"Fine," Boon said. "You can learn how on this one." He gave Ned the block and tackle and the piece of barbed wire. "Take it yonder to that willow, the big one, and get a good holt with it." Ned payed out the rope and carried the head block to the tree. I took off my pants and shoes and stepped down into the mud. It felt good, cool. Maybe it felt that way to Boon too. Or maybe his—Ned's too—was just release, freedom from having to waste any time now trying not to get muddy. Anyway, from now on he simply ignored the mud, squatting in it, saying son of a bitch quietly and steadily while he fumbled the other piece of barbed wire into a loop on the front of the car to hook the block in. "Here," he told me, "you be dragging up some of that brush over yonder"—reading my mind again too—"I don't know where it came from neither. Maybe he stacks it up there himself to keep handy for folks so they can find out good how bad they owe him two dollars."

So I dragged up the brush—branches, tops—into the mud in front of the car, while Boon and Ned took up the slack in the tackle and got ready, Ned and I on the take-up rope of the tackle, Boon at the back of the car with his prize pole again. "You got the easy job," he told us. "All you got to do is grab and hold when I heave. All right," he said, "let's go."

There was something dreamlike about it. Not nightmarish, just dreamlike—the peaceful, quiet, remote, sylvan, almost primeval setting of ooze and slime and jungle growth and heat in which the very mules themselves, peacefully swishing and stamping at the teeming, infinitesimal, invisible myriad life which was the actual air we moved and breathed in, were not only unalien but in fact curiously appropriate, being themselves biological dead ends and hence already obsolete before they were born; the automobile: the expensive useless mechanical toy rated in power and strength by the dozens of horses, yet held helpless and impotent in the almost infantile clutch of a few inches of the temporary confederation of two mild and pacific elements—earth and water—which the frailest integers and units of motion as produced by the ancient unmechanical methods had coped with for countless generations without really having noticed it; the three of us, three forked identical and now unrecognizable mud-colored creatures engaged in a life-and-death struggle with it, the progress—if any—of which had to be computed in dreadful and glacierlike inches. And all the while the man sat in his tilted chair on the gallery watching us while Ned and I strained for every inch we could get on the rope, which by now was too slippery with mud to grip with the hands; and at the rear of the car Boon strove like a demon, titanic, ramming his pole beneath the automobile and lifting and heaving it forward; at one time he dropped, flung away the pole and, stooping, grasped the car with his hands and actually ran it forward for a foot or two as though it were a wheelbarrow. No man could stand it. No man should ever have to. I said so at last. I stopped pulling; I said, panted: "No, We can't do it. We just can't."

And Boon, in an expiring voice as faint and gentle as the whisper of love: "Then get out of the way or I'll run it over you."

"No," I said. I stumbled, slipping and plunging, back to him. "No," I said. "You'll kill yourself."

"I ain't tired," Boon said in that light dry voice. "I'm just getting started good. But you and Ned can take a rest. While you're getting your breath, suppose you drag up some more of that brush ——"

"No," I said, "no! Here he comes! Do you want him to see it?" Because we could see him as well as hear—the suck and plop of the mules' feet as they picked their delicate way along the edge of the mudhole, the almost musical jangle of the looped chains, the man riding one and leading the other, his shoes tied together by the laces looped over one of the hames, the doubletree balanced in front of him as the old buffalo hunters in the pictures carried their guns, a gaunt man, older than we—I, anyway—had assumed.

"Morning, boys," he said. "Looks like you're about ready for me now. Howdy, Jefferson," he said to Boon. "Looks like you did get through last summer after all."

"Looks like it," Boon said. He had changed, instantaneous and complete, like a turned page: the poker player who has just seen the second deuce fall to a hand across the table. "We might 'a' got through this time too if you folks didn't raise such heavy mud up here."

"Don't hold that against us," the man said. "Mud's one of our best crops up thisaway."

"At two dollars a mudhole, it ought to be your best," Ned said. The man blinked at Ned a moment.

"I don't know but what you're right," he said. "Here. You take this doubletree; you look like a boy that knows which end of a mule to hook to."

"Get down and do it yourself," Boon said. "Why else are we paying you two dollars to be the hired expert? You done it last year."

"That was last year," the man said. "Dabbling around in this water hooking log chains to them things undermined my system to where I come down with rheumatism if I so much as spit on myself." So he didn't stir. He just brought the mules up and turned them side by side while Boon and Ned hooked the trace chains to the singletrees, and then Boon squatted in the mud to make the log chain fast to the car.

"What do you want me to hook it to?" he said.

"I don't care myself," the man said. "Hook up to any part of it you want out of this mudhole. If you want all of it to come out at the same time, I'd say hook to the axle. But first I'd put all them spades and ropes back in the automobile. You won't need them no more, at least here." So Ned and I did that, and Boon hooked up, and we all three stood clear and watched. He was an expert, of course, but by now the mules were experts, too, breaking the automobile free of the mud, keeping the strain balanced on the doubletree as delicately as wire walkers, getting the automobile into motion and keeping it there with no more guidance than a word now and then from the man who rode the near mule and an occasional touch from the peeled switch he carried; on to where the ground was more earth than water.

"All right, Ned," Boon said. "Unhook him."

"Not yet," the man said. "There's another hole just this side of the bridge that I'm throwing in free. You ain't been acquainted here for a year now." He said to Ned: "What we call the reserve patch up thisaway."

"You means the Christmas middle," Ned said.

"Maybe I do," the man said. "What is it?"

Ned told him: "It's how we done at McCaslin back before the Surrender when old L.Q.C. was alive, and how the Edmonds boys still does. Every spring a middle is streaked off in the best ground on the place, and every stalk of cotton betwixt that middle and the edge of the field belongs to the Christmas fund, not for the boss but for every McCaslin nigger to have a Christmas share of it. That's what a Christmas middle is. Like you mud-farming folks up here never heard of it."

The man looked at Ned awhile. After a while Ned said, "Hee hee hee."

"That's better," the man said. "I thought for a minute me and you was about to misunderstand one another." He said to Boon: "Maybe somebody better guide it."

"Yes," Boon said. "All right," he told me. So I got under the wheel, mud and all. But we didn't move yet. The man said, "I forgot to mention it, so maybe I better. Prices have doubled around here since last year."

"Why?" Boon said. "It's the same car, the same mudhole; be damned if I don't believe it's even the same mud."

"That was last year. There's more business now. So much more that I can't afford not to go up."

"All right, Goddammit," Boon said. "Go on." So we moved, ignominious, at the pace of the mules, on into the next mudhole without stopping, on and out again. The bridge was just ahead now; beyond it we could see the road all the way to the edge of the bottom and safety.

"You're all right now," the man said. "Until you come back." Boon was unhooking the log chain while Ned freed the traces and handed the doubletree back up to the man on the mule.

"We ain't coming back this way," Boon said.

"I wouldn't neither," the man said. Boon went back to the last puddle and washed some of the mud from his hands and came back and took four dollars from his wallet. The man didn't move.

"It's six dollars," he said.

"Last year it was two dollars," Boon said. "You said it's double now. Double two is four. All right. Here's four dollars."

"I charge a dollar a passenger," the man said. "There was two of you last year. That was two dollars. The price is doubled now. There's three of you. That's six dollars. Maybe you'd rather walk back to Jefferson than pay two dollars, but maybe that boy and that nigger wouldn't."

"And maybe I ain't gone up neither," Boon said. "Suppose I don't pay you six dollars. Suppose in fact I don't pay you nothing."

"You can do that too," the man said. "These mules has had a hard day, but I reckon there's still enough git in them to drag that thing back where they got it from."

But Boon had already quit, given up, surrendered. "Goddammit," he said, "this boy ain't nothing but a child! Sholy for just a little child ——"

"Walking back to Jefferson might be lighter for him," the man said, "but it won't be no shorter."

"All right," Boon said, "but look at the other one! When he gets that mud washed off, he ain't even white!"

The man looked at distance awhile, then he looked at Boon. "Son," he said, "both these mules is color-blind."

THE END

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PHYLLIS DILLER:

THE UNLIKELIEST STAR

By ALEX HALEY

With little experience and less glamour this middle-aged housewife has become a top comedienne by spoofing her own domestic foibles.

At a San Francisco nightclub, the hungry i, the madcap comedienne convulses her audience with her favorite prop, a ratty fur piece. "My stole! Isn't that pitiful? How un*successful can a girl look? People think I'm wearing anchovies!"*

In San Francisco's busy cellar night spot, the hungry i, the dressing-room buzzer signaled stage time for the nation's top nightclub comedienne, Phyllis Diller. Thin, freckled and forty-four, Phyllis answered the buzzer with a vibrant Bronx cheer and gave her hair, peroxided a glaring white, a few last licks with a brush. She pushed a pastel-pink cigarette into a long, fake-jeweled holder and then flipped a ratty fur piece over her forearm. Briefly she held still, grimacing and cawing as if she were being garroted, while her husband Sherwood clasped a glittering, bib-sized rhinestone choker around her neck. In the dressing-table mirror, above the photograph of her five children, she looked like someone's raffish grandmother caricaturing Cinderella.

Phyllis reached the stage with a rubbery lurch, and the packed audience burst into laughter. "A woman hits forty," she drawled, "going ninety miles an hour. It's very embarrassing—you and your mother approaching the same age from opposite directions." She staggered slightly and curled an arm over her head. "You're looking at a Slenderella reject!" she announced. "Honey, I went from baby fat to middle-age spread so fast I didn't have a good five minutes. If I had, I would have given a party."

For the next twenty-five minutes Phyllis had the women in the audience shrieking. The zany comedienne was their gal, satirizing in herself their own familiar frustrations and harassments as women and housewives. "Everything I tell you about me has *happened*, honey," she declared, dangling high her tacky fur piece. "My stole! Isn't that pitiful? How *un*successful can a girl look? People think I'm wearing anchovies! The worst of it is, I trapped these under my own sink!"

The women howled as Phyllis lit into the loutish, make-believe husband she calls "Old Fangface." "This creature—everything that goes wrong is *his* fault! Last night he put the car in the garage *backwards!* That shot the hell out of my map. This morning I drove out of the wrong end, going the wrong way on a one-way street. When I finally got home, you should have *seen* Fangface! He wanted to know how I had driven into the kitchen. I'd made a left turn from the dining room, of course!"

With her audience warmed up, Phyllis proceeded to murder the notion that women are made of sugar and spice. Smacking her overflow midriff, she cracked: "Middle-age fallout, kid! It's a human blouse." A beauty-shop receptionist had told her: "Lady, we do repairs, not reclamations!" "That ugly, insulting broad!" snarled Phyllis. "She's had so many face-liftings there's nothing left in her shoes."

Eleven years ago Phyllis Diller was a housewife, penniless and demoralized. Today audiences pack nightclubs to hear her, and millions have seen her on television—on the *Jack Paar Show* alone over thirty times. Her strongest appeal is to women, but men appreciate her too. Her cult of admirers is swelling steadily. They throng her shows, buy thousands of her LP record album, *Phyllis Diller Laughs*, and send her fan mail. She now earns as much as $5000 weekly.

Phyllis plunged into show business in 1955, a thirty-seven-year-old Alameda, California, mother of five with no professional experience. She swept to success as a comedienne because early in her career she had the perception to satirize her own domestic experiences as a woman facing middle age, and struck a theme which many modern American women respond to in an extraordinary way. "When I open my mouth, they know I'm one of them," Phyllis says, "and from that second we both can feel that two-way radar going between us. We girls are compatriots with ten thousand things in common. I'm just the one onstage talking for us."

Phyllis's yen to entertain began as a girl in Lima, Ohio, where she grew up the only child of an insurance sales manager and his wife. As an adolescent coloratura, she won praise for school and church concerts, balancing any frustrations she had because she was not, as she puts it, "the type that boys had to lash themselves to masts to stay away from." After high school Phyllis attended both Northwestern University and an advanced school of music in Chicago. Secretly she practiced a popular repertoire, hoping to sing for nightclubs. But impresarios never let the plain-looking co-ed even finish asking to audition. Disgusted with singing, Phyllis returned home, intending to go to a business school; but her parents insisted that she get a music-teaching degree at Bluffton College in Bluffton, Ohio.

Late in Phyllis's senior year, a fellow student who lived in Bluffton introduced her to his brother, Sherwood Diller. "I took just one look at Sherry and started planning a large family," Phyllis says frankly. In November, 1939, they eloped, then settled in Bluffton. Phyllis returned to her studies for two more months in order to get her degree.

A son Peter was born three months before Pearl Harbor. The Dillers moved to Alameda, California, and Sherwood became an inspector at the Alameda Naval Air Station. In their small apartment in a jerry-built housing project, Phyllis embarked upon a decade of "working as hard as I think it is possible for a woman to work. I scrubbed, washed, ironed, mended, cooked and had babies. There was never enough money."

When Phyllis's father died, her mother came to Alameda and invested her modest inheritance in a big, old house. The first floor was turned over to the Dillers, the second floor to four retired boarders, and two third-floor rooms to Phyllis's mother. The Dillers' financial pressures were eased, but Phyllis's burdens were quadrupled by the added task of playing cleaning woman and nursemaid to the aged, crochety tenants. "They wanted the kids kept quiet. I'd be scrubbing their halls and toilets and have to dash downstairs to answer our phone for their calls."

When, in March, 1949, Phyllis's mother died, Phyllis inherited the big house and the family's place back in Ohio. A local real-estate woman

The Diller style—zany satire with self-effacing asides: "You know what keeps me humble? Mirrors!"

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"It's fun for me... really just being myself."

Photographs by Jack Fields

The Dillers form an aquatic conga line in the pool of their Kentfield, California, house. From the top: husband Sherwood, Phyllis, Sally, 17; Suzy, 15; Stephanie, 13, and Perry, 12. Not pictured: the Dillers' eldest, twenty-year-old Peter.

suggested selling both properties to buy a small house plus a second for rental income. Phyllis and Sherwood trustingly let the agent trick them into signing away everything they owned. In the ensuing mess, the woman was imprisoned and the Dillers moved into a house with a small down payment and a heavy mortgage.

"It was a nightmare," Phyllis recalls. "Sherwood took a second job as a night watchman and a third job, driving a taxi on weekends." Soon, though, exhaustion caught up with Sherwood. He was found asleep on his night watchman's job and lost it. The mortgage company dunned them for late payments, the grocer finally refused credit, and the utilities companies threatened. "I just hurt worrying about getting enough food and clothes for our five kids," says Phyllis. "But there was something worse. Sherry and I fought constantly. We were giving the kids a negative start in life. I even thought of divorce."

Incongruously, during this bleak time Phyllis created the style of comedy that makes her so successful today. "To hide our awful mess from the neighborhood, I acted as if I didn't have a care. I think I began being funny almost unconsciously." In the corner Laundromat Phyllis began cracking jokes and satirizing the housewife's life for the women waiting for their clothes to wash. They found Phyllis so hilarious that, encouraged, she would burst into the Laundromat with roses taped to her ears, yards of frothy tulle around her neck and battered cooking utensils as props for spontaneous takeoffs on her sad lot.

The tension inside Phyllis exploded early one Sunday evening. Neither she nor Sherwood can remember what trivial incident made her scream at him, slam out of the house and walk, she thinks, for miles. Passing a strange church, she turned back. "Something forced me," she says. As she slid down in the last pew she heard the minister reading: "Whatsoever things are true . . . whatsoever things are pure . . . think on these things."

"The words seemed to be addressed directly to me, as if God Himself were giving me a message," Phyllis says. To the dismay of her Laundromat audiences, she did not entertain for the next several weeks. "I stayed home," she says, "having skull-and-soul sessions with myself and reading self-help books. Before, I had always scoffed at claims that anyone could change his life for the better by positive thinking. But considering the shape we were in, I was willing to try anything.

"I didn't change my life overnight, but at least I glimpsed what I had to do. I had to stop wallowing in negative thoughts about what a hard time we were having. I knew I had to think and work in positive ways with the good things I had—my healthy, obedient children and my hardworking husband. As a start, since we so desperately needed money, I had to go out and get a job."

Phyllis hired a friendly Negro woman who loved children. "Mabel Bess took right over while I got dressed to see the editor of the San Leandro *News-Observer*." Phyllis convinced him that the paper needed a shopping column and that she could write it. Soon Phyllis won a better-paying job writing advertising for a department store. Later she became a continuity writer for Oakland radio station KROW, then went on to station KSFO in San Francisco as head of merchandising and press relations.

During the workday Phyllis entertained her coworkers with the old Laundromat routines and new ones she had developed. "It was fun for me now that I wasn't hiding something. I was really just being myself."

Phyllis clowned often for her family as well. "When I quit nagging at life, our home burst with real living." Time and again, after a spontaneous performance, Sherwood would say, "You ought to turn pro, Phyllis."

Phyllis insisted that a chasm lay between her homemade acts and professional comedy. "But Sherwood was kindling my old dreams far more than he ever suspected. I kept thinking how positive thinking had helped me succeed in jobs I'd never have dared try previously, and I began asking myself why it couldn't work in show business." One lunch hour, while window-shopping, she astonished herself by making a down payment on a silver-sequined sheath. "It just struck me as the kind of dress I'd wear in show business."

Phyllis argued with herself for weeks before making up her mind. Then one evening she said, "Sherry, I've been thinking—we've got to talk." After sixteen years of marriage, he knew her pattern. "You're ready," Sherwood said.

A drama coach helped Phyllis develop skits. He concentrated on her own natural delivery and style. Each night she locked herself in her room with a full-length mirror and a tape recorder. After nearly a year Phyllis gave KSFO her notice. She requested an audition at the Purple Onion, a small, popular San Francisco basement club noted for hearing new talent. Luckily her audition came just before the club's comedian went to New York for a TV show. She was hired as a substitute.

The evening of March 7, 1955, fighting fright with prayers for strength, Phyllis walked out under her first nightclub spotlight. Slithering around a piano, she spoofed Eartha Kitt's song *Monotonous* with her own version, called *Ridiculous*. She lampooned soprano Yma Sumac, clowned with a zither and cracked topical jokes based on newspaper items. The Purple Onion audiences applauded politely, but offstage, in the sour glances of bartenders and waiters, Phyllis saw the real verdict, which she knew she deserved. "I'm just not good enough, Sherry," she said. "I've got a thousand things to learn."

But she had only two weeks in which to learn them—until the regular comedian returned. Each night she tested new bits of patter, new gestures and preposterous rubbery expressions, to see which made audiences laugh most. When the regular comedian came back, the Purple Onion's manager, Barry Drew, said, "Phyllis, you've got something. We're going to recall you soon."

Appreciative audiences soon moved Phyllis to top billing. The Purple Onion loved her, and newspapers, calling her "San Francisco's own Phyllis Diller," began to quote her cracks. "You know what keeps me humble? Mirrors! I considered changing my name when I entered show business—but with a face like this, who cares?"

During this time, I dropped by the Onion and met Phyllis between shows. It was astonishing to hear the outlandish funnywoman credit "positive thinking" and her family's cooperation for making her a comedienne. I asked what she predicted for herself, and she looked at me levelly. "In five years, I'll headline for the i."

The hungry i was named for the original "hungry intellectual" clientele from which colorful Enrico Banducci built his famous cellar club. Only a block from the Purple Onion, it was miles away in terms of its comic headliners, such as Mort Sahl, Bob Newhart and Jonathan Winters.

But Phyllis erred in her prediction. She played the i less than three years later.

After a record eighty-nine weeks at the Purple Onion, Phyllis signed with a booking agent who

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seasoned her in small bistros across the United States. She rapidly grew more poised and polished. Dropping the songs and impersonations from her act—"they sagged the pace"—she replaced them with new, slicker versions of her one-time Laundromat humor. Beaming toothy greetings, for example, she would open an imaginary door. "Honey, talk about an upset Fuller Brush man! He didn't even come back for his car!"

Phyllis's fervent housewife following had swelled her drawing power; in late 1958 her agent brought her to the Bon Soir in New York. With eye-rolling shrugs, scowls, staggers and a rooster-crow laugh, Phyllis worked full time, poking fun at the trials she and her compatriots encountered: "Nowadays, if your kids dynamite the house, they're insecure! It's all muzzie's and dadsie's fault. Honey, let me tell you about a childhood shakeup. When I was three, my folks sent me out for bubble gum, and while I was out, they moved!"

Nightclubs across the nation were offering Phyllis top fees when in the summer of 1961 she received her bid from the hungry i.

I visited her just after she returned to the West Coast for her hungry i debut. We sat by the pool of the house she had rented near San Francisco, and she looked on happily as her youngsters swam and played. Though every day she had called them long-distance from wherever she was, she had not actually seen them for months.

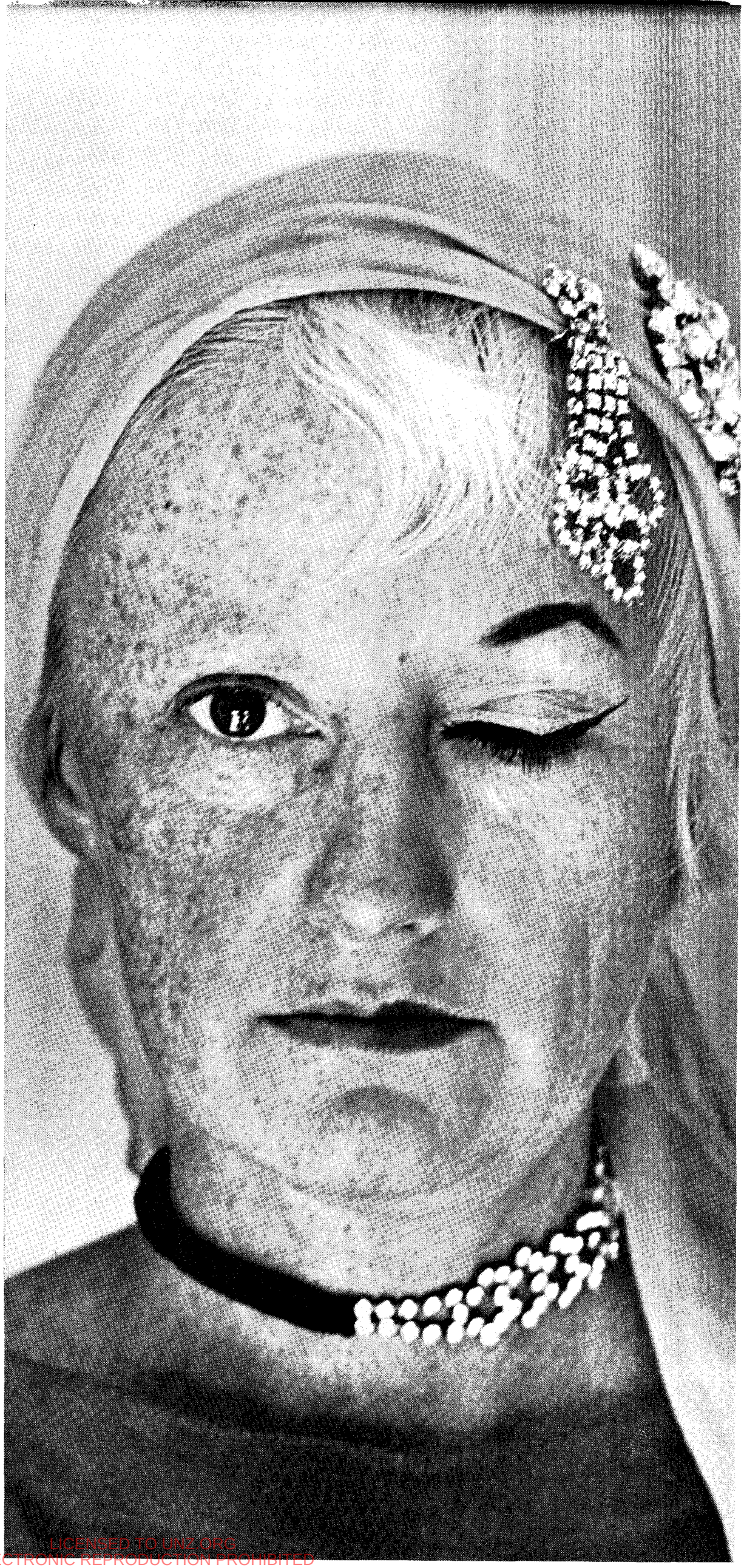
"They're fantastic kids," she once said to me suddenly. "God's been good. You know, on the road different women will say to me, 'What a pity you can't spend more time with your children.' You know what I tell them? I say that with my kids it hasn't been how much *time*, it's how much *love!* People who see me clowning never would believe I breast-fed all five of my babies. You can't find a more old-fashioned modern mother than I am! We worried when I had to have Sherry with me as manager, and the kids went to live with his sister in St. Louis. Those kids helped make my career, and it's proved just great for them too."

Phyllis continues to write all her own material, jotting down whatever she sees, hears or thinks her audiences might find "pleasantly hysterical." In a limousine, whizzing past a roadside sign, NO LITTERING—$50 FINE, she scribbled the words on a card, adding "How much can a poor, pregnant cat *make?*" Onstage Phyllis ad-libs easily. Once when a loose underarm shield slid down inside her sleeve, she blithely extracted it and tossed it on the piano, crowing, "I'm stripping from the inside!" Women in the audience, fully aware how undependable underwear can be, were convulsed.

Phyllis has had her share of failures. "Honey, I've been smashed!" After one night, the Fontainebleau Hotel in Miami fired her. She flubbed a Hollywood screen test and once, after three rehearsals, the *Steve Allen Show* dropped her. But Phyllis never once considered giving up. "I've had fear thoughts—I'm only human. But every fear thought and I battled it out eyeball to eyeball, and I won." In Phyllis's next try at Hollywood, she got the bit part of Texas Guinan in Elia Kazan's *Splendor in the Grass.*

To laugh at Phyllis is really to admire the courage of all "we girls" who cope every day with the problems of being a woman and raising a family. During her triumphant San Francisco homecoming, the Purple Onion astonishingly displayed large signs, PHYLLIS DILLER ACROSS STREET AT HUNGRY I. The Purple Onion's manager, Barry Drew, shrugged when asked to explain. "It's just the Onion's attitude about Phyllis. If you know her, she's therapeutic." THE END

"I considered changing my name when I entered show business—but with a face like this, who cares?"



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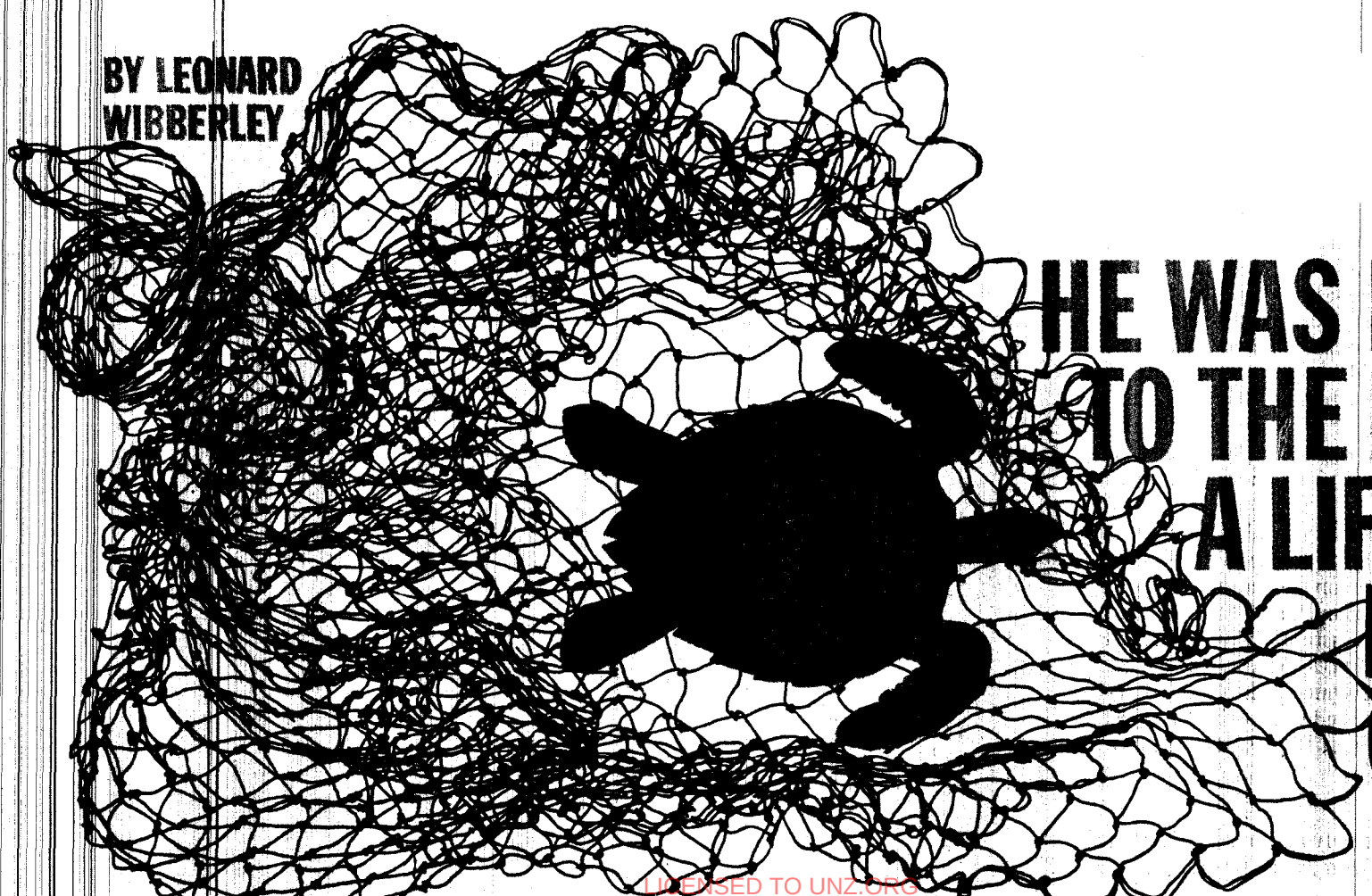
BY LEONARD WIBBERLEY



HE WAS BOUND TO THE SEA BY A LIFELONG ISLAND CURSE!

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Whenever I am feeling dull with the kind of sickness that a city brings on a man—which is the sickness of the loss of wonder—I go down to the harbor and look at the water and the fishing boats and the big sky above them going on out into eternity. It is a medicine of mine that I have used for the greater part of my life, and it works better if I go to the harbor about dawn. There is a special quietness about the place then, with the only sound the soft lapping of the water against the pilings and the sides of the fishing boats. With this there is a little groaning of cordage and masts, but other than these there are no sounds, for even the sea gulls are quiet in expectancy of the day. Sometimes down by the harbor I have caught myself holding my breath while the shadows lighten and the light flows into the sky like a big tide. This is the time when the day begins and wonder begins and the disbeliefs of city living are washed away. It is the time of miracles.

The part of the harbor I like best is not the place where the big yachts lie in their slips, as sleek as women of fashion, all looks and no heart, but the berths where the fishing boats lie. I like their bulky timbers and sturdy samson posts and ugly but workmanlike cabins. They are the real people of the sea, and those others are like visitors doing a little slumming. The rubbing strakes and gunwales of the fishing boats are all battered, and the paint on their hulls has been picked for endurance rather than looks. It is white or brown, though among the Portuguese you will always find some blue or a touch of red, like flowers. The Portuguese are the only fishermen I know who take flowers to sea, as it were. It is a special touch that they have and I love them for it.

One morning I was standing by the wharf, watching the tide of light flowing in over the quietness of the harbor, when I saw a little fishing boat gliding toward me on the dark water which had not yet quite separated itself from the darkness of the night. That the fishing boat materialized out of the ocean is the best way to put it, for one moment it was not there and the next it was a presence—small and very weather-worn and slipping along without any noise.

The boat came alongside in a vacant berth where I was standing, and I took her stern line when the fisherman threw it to me and made it fast to a ring in the dock. The boat nestled along the side of the wharf gently, almost with a sigh as if very weary but also very content. She was a queer little boat, all right—not one of the pretty little Montereys with their clipper bows and rounded sterns. She had a real sea bow of the kind that was in fashion at the turn of the century—straight up and down out of the water.

In a heavy sea she would put that bow without flinching into a wave, shudder for a moment and then lift slowly and bravely up and brace herself for the descent into the trough on the other side. She wasn't a boat that was afraid of the ocean at all and that's rare in boat design these days.

When I belayed the stern line, and the fisherman had himself attended to the bow, he went back on board into a little cabin that looked as if it had seen the weather of all the seven seas and come through the worst of it. I stayed on the wharf because you don't step into a man's boat without an invitation any more than you'd step into his house. His gill net was stacked up in a brown mound—like a cock of seaweed—on the starboard side by the cabin, so I knew he had been fishing and had to go through the net to take out the fish that were caught in it, and to look for holes made by sharks. There are a lot of sharks off the California coast in midsummer—blues mostly, though there are a few hammerheads as well.

After a little while the man came out of the cabin. There was much more light now and I could see him better. He was a big man and an old man. He wasn't old in that he was feeble but in that he was worn—as if, like his boat, he had been in all the weather of the seven seas and indeed of life itself and it had taken the zest out of him but replaced it with endurance. He looked as if he could endure forever. He wore several jerseys all tattered and his trousers were those curious brown shapeless articles you can find in any slopshop on any waterfront in the world. I don't think these garments are ever new. Even when they are just made they are old and baggy and have the sheen of fish on them. The man's face was big and broad and brown. The nose was flattened and the lips thick. His hair was gray and woolly like a Negro's, and I thought that maybe he was a Negro, though they are not deep-sea fishermen as a rule.

"Come aboard," he said and, leaning through the door of the cabin, came out with a mug of hot coffee. I took the coffee, parked myself on the gunwale, which like the deck was wet with night dew, and tried to think of something to say about the boat. Usually all you have to say is, "Good, handy boat," and you have made a friend. But "handy" wasn't the word for this boat, this little sturdy relic of the 1890's; so, remembering the bow, I said, "Good sea bow. You don't see many like them these days."

"Yes," said the fisherman. "She's old. Had her since I was a boy," he added.

I wanted to ask about the old-fashioned rig, the patched mainsail and long topmast above the gaff, rigged for a topsail. Nobody had used such a rig, even for fishing, for fifty years. But men are as touchy about their boats as about their wives, and so I remained silent.

For a while I said nothing. The old man, having drunk his coffee, got a fishbox out of the cabin, put it on the deck, sat on it and started going through his net, facing me all the while. He worked away in silence, his big, gray, woolly head bent over his tattered jersey. He had a wooden net needle in his hand, and whenever he came to a place where the net was torn he mended it very deftly, weaving the net needle which was like a shuttle around the tear until it was repaired. I've seen a lot of fishermen mending nets, but he was the best of them all. His movements were so fast that I couldn't see the knots he was tying. There wasn't a wasted motion anywhere. When he came to a big hole made by a shark he pulled that portion of the net out from the rest to be attended to later.

There weren't many fish in the net, mostly bonito and long, snakelike barracuda. As he worked through it, yard by yard, the pile on his right-hand side by the cabin grew smaller while the pile on his left, representing the part he had gone through, increased in size. He kept looking at the part of the net he had still to go through with anxiety as if he were hoping to find something of great value in it. In truth the bonito and barracuda wouldn't fetch much. Bonito are sold in California by the ton for cat food, and the barracuda wouldn't get twenty cents a pound. I began to watch the unsorted pile of net, too, hoping also there would be something of value in it, though I couldn't imagine what it would be.

When there was only about forty yards more of the net to be sorted the fisherman stopped his work. The day was on the edge of dawning and the water around was pearly in color with here and there a suffusion of pale blue, and a touch of lavender. The water stays like that only about fifteen minutes and then the full flood of the day is on it, and in the harbor the water becomes a sullen green. But when it is all pearly with a touch of blue and lavender and nothing around seems to have any edge but all is soft, it is a time of enchantment. Any miracles that happen in the world happen at that time. I had the feeling that the old fisherman was in desperate need of a miracle.

He looked at the water and at his old boat and then turned to the net again and began talking. I really don't think he was talking to me but to the boat and the net and his hands.

"If I don't find it today then there is no hope," he said. "No hope at all."

"Find what?" I asked, my voice very quiet.

"The turtle," he said. "The turtle of Kandavu. Maybe you have heard of Kandavu?"

"No," I replied, "I haven't."

"It's in the Fijis," he said. "I'm a Fijian, and Kandavu is my island. It is the island where the women sing to the turtles and enchant them out of the sea. The turtles are their sisters," he added simply.

DESIGN BY HERB LUBALIN

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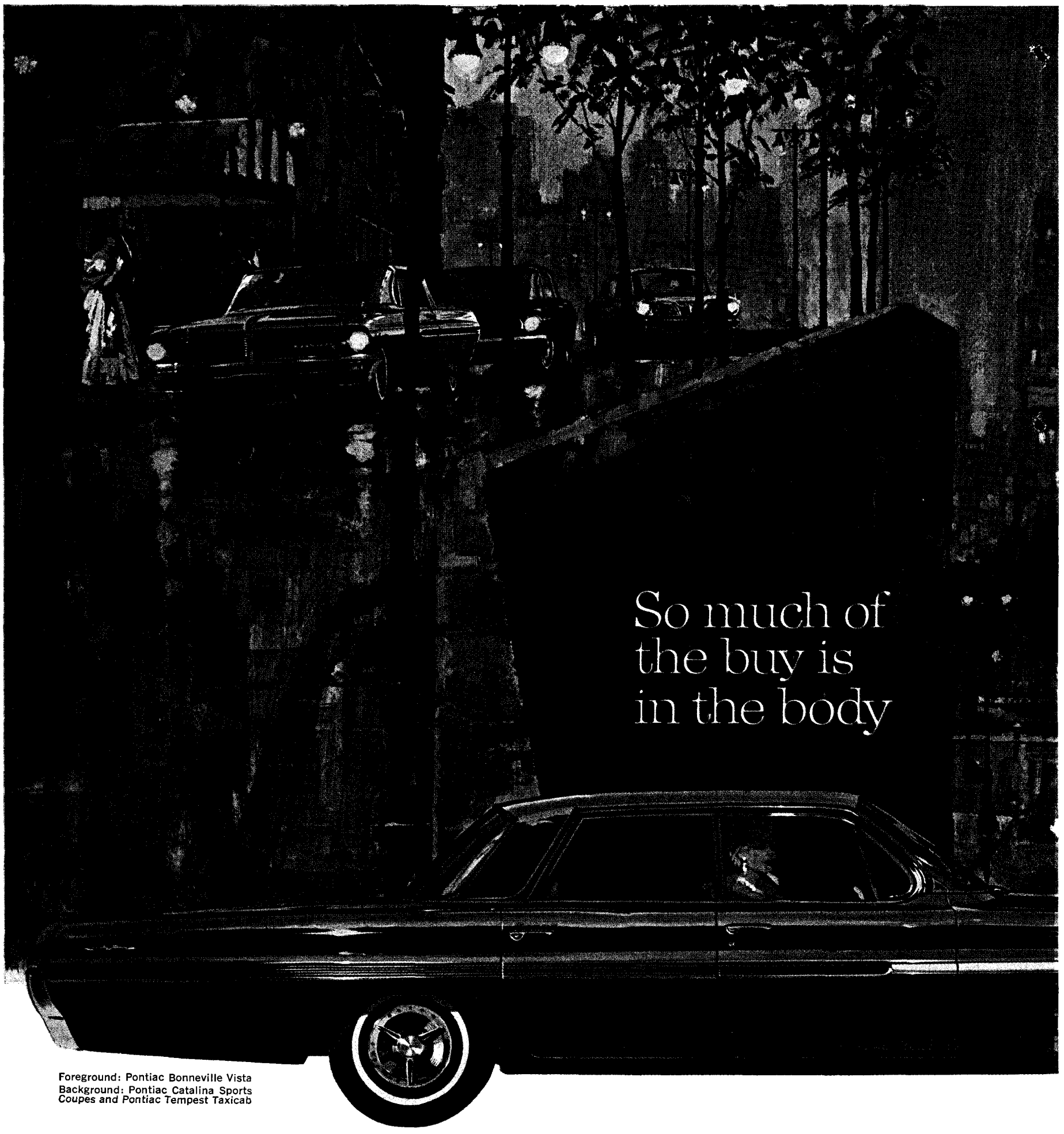

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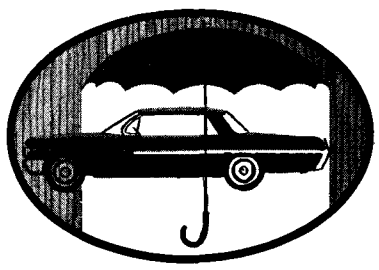

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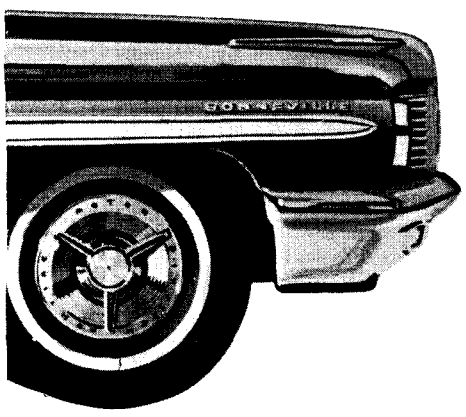

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THE MAN WHO LIVED ON WATER

He looked again at the pile of unsorted net, and I noticed that in the heap through which he had sorted he had left several bonito as if he were not interested in them. I thought I ought to point this out to him, but I didn't. It wasn't a time for being practical.

"When I was a young man," he said, "I followed the sea. There were still a few whalers about and I shipped on one of them and followed the humpbacks down to Antarctica and around Cape Horn and into the Atlantic. Then we doubled back again, still following the herds. That is the way they go, you know. They are in the tropic seas in June and July, but when September comes they move south to be off the antarctic ice in December, where they feed. Then they move back into the tropics again, to breed, either in the Atlantic or the Pacific.

"It is a bloody business, whaling. It hardens a man to kill those big creatures. But we killed cows with the young clinging to their teats. They stayed there with the corpse and sometimes we killed them too. But they were hardly worth it—gave maybe a barrel of oil and that's all. So mostly we left them and they starved to death or the sharks got them. They need milk like humans for about a year before they can feed on their own.

"I was seventeen when we went out on the cruise and nineteen when they paid me off in Kandavu again. But the pay was only thirty pounds and it was spent in a week. I wanted some more and I didn't want to go whaling to get it. That's when I thought of the turtles.

"There is a story about the turtles," he continued. "It is a very old story but it is true. Maybe it isn't true for the white men but it is true for us Fijians.

"A long long time ago there was a princess named Tinaicaboga and she was the wife of the chief of Namuana village on Kandavu. She had a daughter, Raudalice, and the two of them were very lovely and more like sisters than mother and child. They used to go fishing on the reef off Namuana and they were very fond of this and often spent the day together at the sport. One day while they were fishing they were so taken up with trying to spear a big grouper that they did not notice a war canoe approaching. The warriors on the canoe captured them, tied their hands and feet and flung them into the bottom of the canoe. They were going to carry them back as captives to their own village, where likely enough they would eat them, for in those days the people were cannibals.

"The women cried and begged to be set free but the warriors would not listen. Then the princess and her daughter beseeched the sea to save them, and a storm sprang up immediately so that the canoe was in danger of being swamped. The warriors started bailing, but the water came in faster than it could be bailed out. Then the two women were turned into turtles, and the warriors, realizing that it was they who had brought on the storm and that they were under the protection of the sea, put the two turtles overboard. Immediately they swam away and returned to the shore off their own village. There they heard the women singing and they came up out of the water onto the beach.

"When the women saw them, they realized that the princess and her daughter had been turned into turtles. From that day onward the turtles in the water around Namuana have been sacred. No one may touch them, for they are known to be the descendants of the princess and her daughter. So that they will not be lonely, the women gather on the cliff above the beach and sing to the turtles and they come out of the sea. The words of the song they sing are these:

"The women of Namuana are all dressed in mourning.
Do rise to the surface, Raudalice, so we may look at you.
Rise to the surface, Tinaicaboga, so that we may see you also.
Let us talk to each other, heart to heart like sisters,
Let us forget that you are separated from us, you in the sea and we on the land.

"When they hear this song the turtles always come out of the water to listen. And when the singing is done they return sadly to the sea again, and the women go away in tears.

"I knew this story very well, and before I went on the whaler I had seen the turtles come out of the sea. But my heart was hardened when I got back to Kandavu and all I could think of was that on the main island turtle shells sold for four pounds each for a good shell. I killed twelve of the turtles, butchered them and sold the shells. That was sixty years ago to this day."

He was silent for a while. He had been sorting through the net very slowly as he told me this, and now there was only a small pile of it left to be gone through. I could see a few bonito in it and nothing else.

"When the people heard what I had done," he continued, "they put a taboo on me. They would not speak to me or give me kava or shelter me in their huts or have me in their village. Even the English on the island avoided me, and the story was soon known all over the Fijis so that on none of the 300 islands would anyone have anything to do with me. Then I went to the chief and begged him to remove the taboo. He said that he had no power to do so, but I could remove it myself. The way to remove it was to restore to the ocean twelve turtles that I had captured myself as the warriors had done who took the princess and her daughter. I left the islands in this boat, which was given me by an old Englishman who took pity on me, and I have been fishing ever since.

"I have fished in Samoa and in Tahiti and the other island groups always in this boat. In each island group I caught only one turtle in my net and gave it back to the sea. I caught a turtle every five years on the anniversary of the date on which I killed the original twelve."

He looked over at what remained of the unsorted pile of net. "This is the last day to get the last turtle," he said. "I cannot live another five years, and there are only fifteen yards of net unsorted."

"Look at the light on the water," I said. "There are a few minutes left for miracles."

He picked the net up again and started to pull it toward him. There was a starfish and a shovel-nosed shark and three bonito and only five yards of net left, and I felt weak and sick. Inch by inch he pulled it toward him. I could not take my eyes off the net, but I knew the old man was dying as the pile of net diminished. Then there was a movement in the little bundle of it that remained, not a quick shudder like a fish would give, but a slow heaving. The old fisherman gave a cry and started pulling the net swiftly toward him. And there, caught in the last few feet of it, was a large sea turtle. He went down on his knees to it and shook the net off its flippers. Then he carried it to the side of the boat and dropped it into the pearly water that was touched a little here and there with blue.

"Thank you, my sister," he said.

I did not see the old fisherman or his boat again. I asked some of the other fishermen about him, but they had never seen him. That was strange because a boat like his, rigged in a style in fashion sixty years ago, would not have gone unnoticed.

After a while I began to think that maybe I had dreamed it all in the enchantment of the dawn on the harbor. But I wrote to the harbor master in Suva, the capital of the Fiji Islands, telling him the story and asking whether an old fisherman in a gaff-rigged cutter had turned up at Kandavu Island. His reply was a long time reaching me. It read:

Dear Sir: I have read your letter with interest and made inquiries regarding the matter you raise. For your information a cutter such as you describe was found, barely floating, off the coast of Kandavu three days ago. There was no one on board, but a large turtle was discovered in the cabin, and was presumed to have been swept on board by the heavy seas which have prevailed here for the past week and which probably took the life of the owner. The turtle was returned to the seas, as it is forbidden to take turtles off the island of Kandavu. You are perhaps aware of the reasons.

Yours truly,
Rob Wright, Harbor Master,
Suva, Fiji Islands.

THE END

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BY POST EDITOR
STEVEN M. SPENCER

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WHERE ARE THOSE DREAM CARS?

BY ARTHUR W. BAUM

This Chevrolet research car, the CERV-I, has a rear-mounted 350-hp engine made largely of aluminum and magnesium.

The gas-turbine automobile discussed in last week's *Post* may or may not become a volume car in the auto industry. It is now a little cloud on the wide horizon of automobile transportation. It could grow. It could fade.

The major significance of this automobile is that it represents Detroit's first radical departure from the piston engine. But the gas-turbine engine is only one of a number of developments in the industry. Other new engines and new concepts of transportation are coming of age. They are not on the market, but they do exist in varying degrees of perfection. And who knows which of them will escape from the laboratories next, and when?

Recently I rode in an automobile that accelerated, slowed, stopped and steered—with the driver's seat empty. I have operated a rudimentary wheelless vehicle. I have handled a car which was steered, accelerated and braked by a short stick. I have seen and discussed with research scientists more than a half dozen advanced-design automobile engines.

Now that one relatively strange new form of automobile propulsion has been unveiled by the guarded research centers, it is time to ask whether other wild ones are about to break loose. In this 1962 season, cars are quiet and rather settled. Styling is, for a change, subdued. There is little drama. The revolution that produced the compacts has ended, and the compacts have settled into a share of the market that is climbing toward 50 percent. A popular rear-engine car has been solidly established. So has a car with a rear-end transmission.

The market has been fragmented; from top to bottom there are no chinks left in size or price. Gaps have been filled by new sizes, notably between the compacts and their next larger brothers. A single division of one company offers twenty models, with an average cost difference between one model and the next of only sixty-three dollars.

Artist Salvador Dali has invented a passenger-carrying plastic bubble that rolls like a ball, and several cities have imported taxicabs propelled by light diesel engines. But neither of these developments is causing a major impact on our auto industry. Where, then, are the revolutionary "dream cars" that were so freely prophesied just after World War II? Who would have guessed that man would be traveling in space capsules before the dream car became a reality?

We have seen important changes, of course. Detroit is close to the service-free car which will need few, if any, oil changes, grease jobs, coolant changes or battery replacements during its life. But two tenacious old-timers—the four-wheel platform and the gas-piston engine—are showing strong resistance to change. Nothing short of rails appears to equal the earth-connected cornering ability of four pneumatic tires, which permit vehicles to pass safely at high speeds within inches of each other. And the engineers have yet to prove that in economics and flexibility any new engine is an improvement on the reciprocating piston engine first operated on liquid fuel by Nikolaus August Otto in Germany three quarters of a century ago.

Challengers do exist. The driverless car, for example, is eight years old. A joint development of the Radio Corporation of America and General Motors, it is in operation on a quarter-mile experimental track near Princeton, New Jersey. It works, and it can be installed tomorrow on any automobile and any highway.

Two of the principal sponsors of the automatic car and highway are Dr. Vladimir Zworykin of R.C.A., who designed the road controls, and Dr. Lawrence R. Hafstad, G.M.'s research vice president, who provided the car controls. The complete system is called an electronic highway. The car on this highway is guided by a continuous cable laid on or just below the surface of the roadway. The cable communicates with two coils under the automobile frame, which in turn speaks to a computer in the car. The computer analyzes any existing steering error; if the car is off course the least amount, the computer activates a steering servo which corrects the direction of the wheels.

This sequence is more miraculous than it sounds. Not only is the steering continuously and rapidly corrected for a straight course, but the computer takes into account the forward speed of the car. It will not permit the front wheels to turn as suddenly at sixty miles an hour as at twenty. It automatically limits the turning to a safe degree.

Acceleration and deceleration may be controlled from within the car—manually or automatically—or from the roadway. At Princeton a sequence of coils is buried in the lane. A car passing over these coils induces a current which not only announces the vehicle's presence to a following car but also commands the computer and servos in the following car to slow down, speed up, keep a proper spacing, or stop. Moreover, the controls in the roadway will adjust speed to changes in weather or road conditions. And if any of these devices fail, the car stops and must be changed to manual operation.

Collisions caused by driving hazards such as blind corners and heavy fog are averted at Princeton by a continuous string of roadside lights informing non-automatic cars. These lights, activated as a car passes over the roadway coils, flash their warning a mile or so ahead of or behind the car and remain on for a predetermined time. Thus each car may create a cometlike light trail to warn drivers to his front and rear.

The complete electronic highway has other talents. It can announce safe passing areas, control traffic at interchanges, activate traffic lights and supply radio information on road conditions.

Doctor Zworykin is a quiet man, but he sheds his reserve when he talks about the electronic highway. "We can install the complete system on any highway immediately," he says. "Or we can provide any of its separate parts in an evolutionary progress toward a complete system."

I encountered one of the separate parts before I met Doctor Zworykin. At the entrance to Princeton's Sarnoff Research Center a roadside sign suddenly flashed me a message: YOU ARE GOING TOO FAST. It was like a communication from Big Brother. I suspect it is adjusted so that even poky drivers will be exposed to its subtle but effective propaganda.

A different form of electronic control directs traffic along a section of Mound Road just outside Detroit. Here a series of mid-block traffic signals command travelers to speed up or slow down. These signals are not a substitute for lights at

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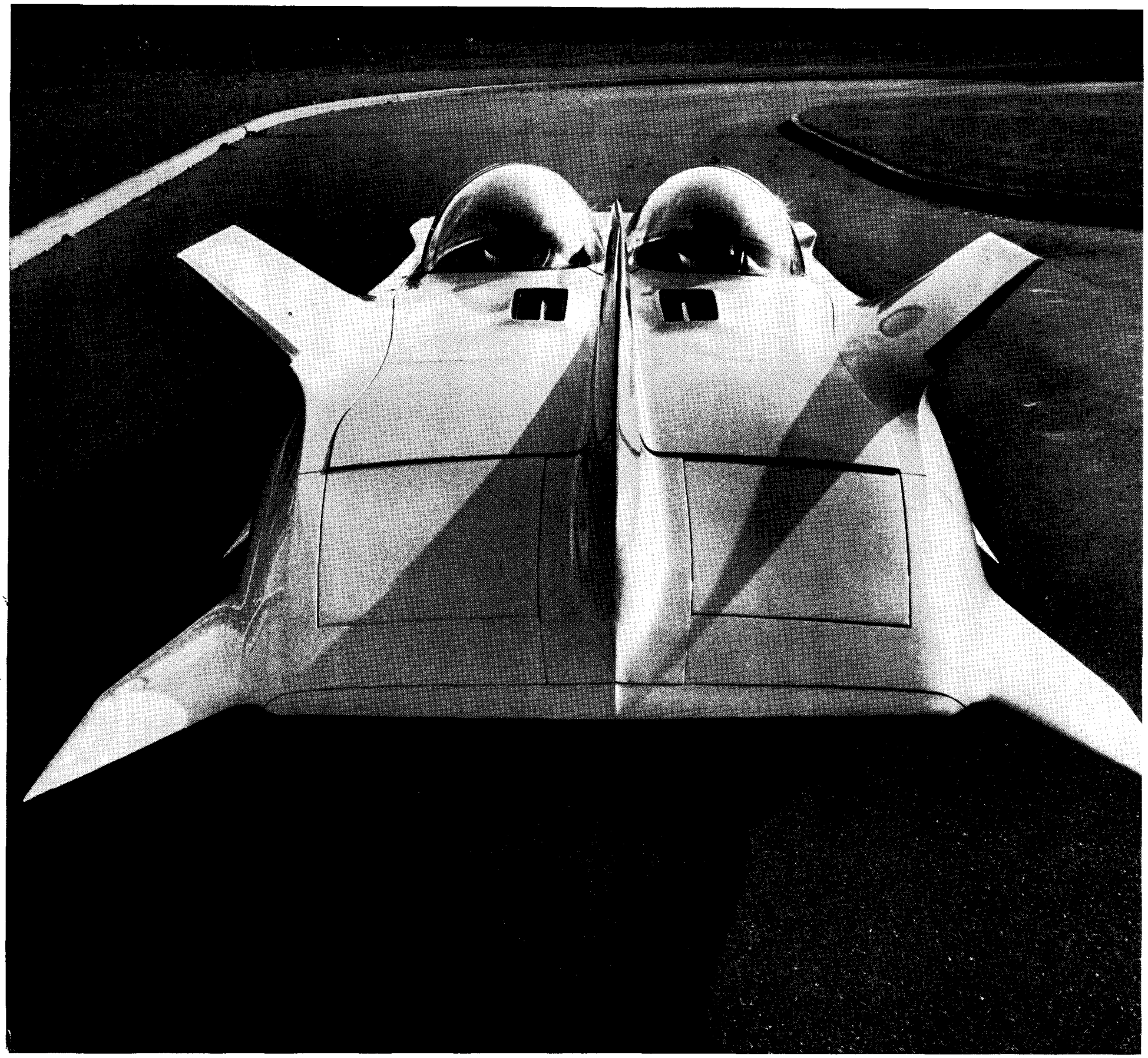
An automobile that drives itself, doesn't use gas and runs without wheels is more than idle speculation. Concluding a report on the fabulous cars of the future.



The General Motors Firebird III, an experimental gas-turbine automobile. Tucked within its futuristic Fiberglas body is a Unicontrol system, a mechanism which permits the driver to steer, change speed and apply brakes with a single joy stick.

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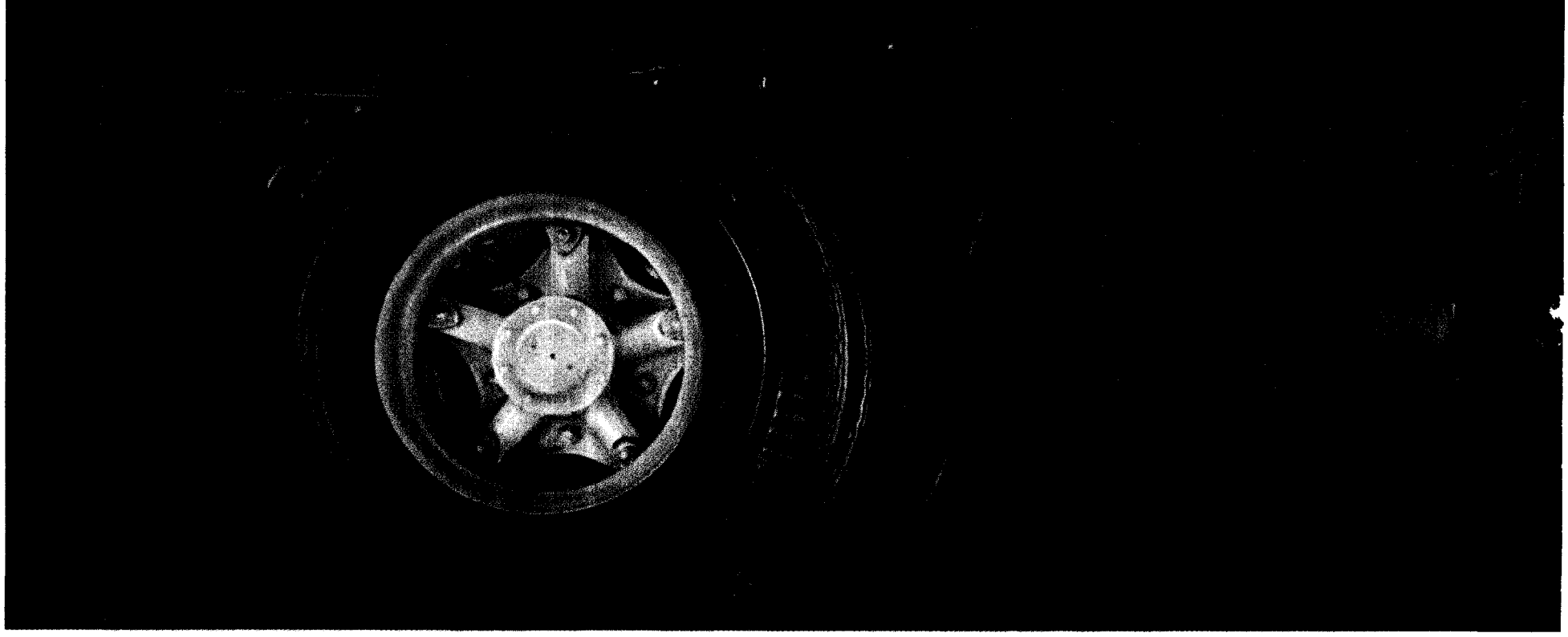

Cost-buster takes a bow! It gives a great highway performance, and one reason why is the set back front axle. It carries more of the load, gives you better weight distribution than conventional trucks. This means it hauls extra payloads, brings home more profits. You'd take a bow too!

Compare it to conventional cab models. The GMC 72-inch steel tilt is more maneuverable. It turns shorter by up to 13 feet. Result? Easier handling. More efficient hauling. Less expensive hauling.

And maintenance is easy. The cab tilts a full 55 degrees. The entire engine is exposed. Mechanics have the elbowroom to get the job done quickly...and done right.

GMC eliminates time-consuming disconnecting and connecting. The controls remain stationary when the cab is tilted.

Cost-busting features like these typify the entire GMC Truck line. It includes the exclusive V-6 and Twin-Six gasoline engines. Choose from 34 pickup models. This wide range is typical of the entire GMC line. It includes stakes...six-wheelers...whatever you need in a truck.

So talk it over with your GMC Truck dealer. He'll help you plug profit leaks...show you how the built-in bonuses of GMC Trucks can lower trucking costs and raise profits. His name and address are in the Yellow Pages.

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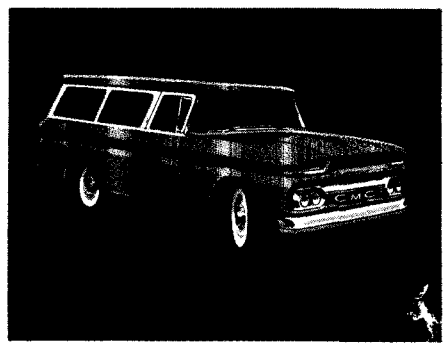

75% more inside space than the largest wagons. When an ordinary station wagon just won't do...get a GMC Suburban. It comfortably seats 8 grownups. Remove the seats and you have 175 cu. ft. of cargo space.

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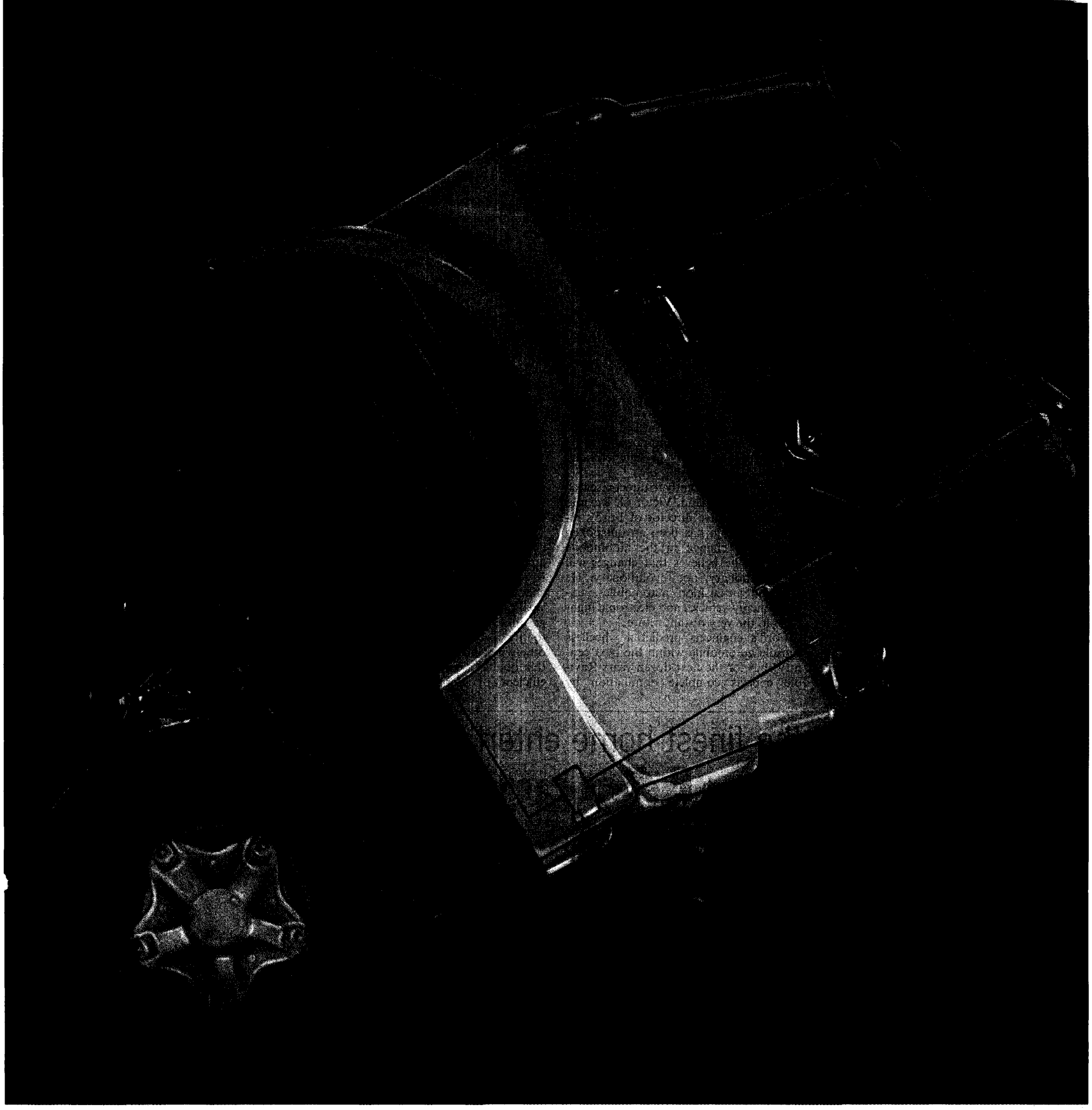
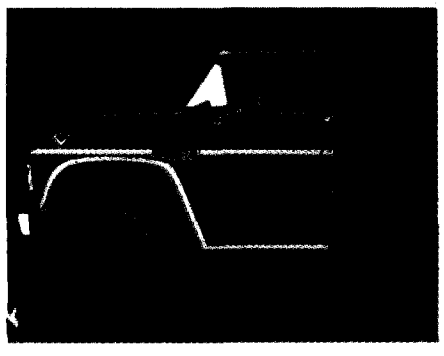
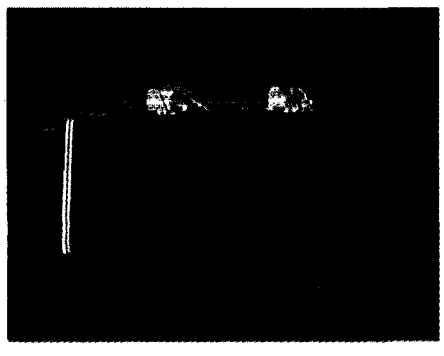
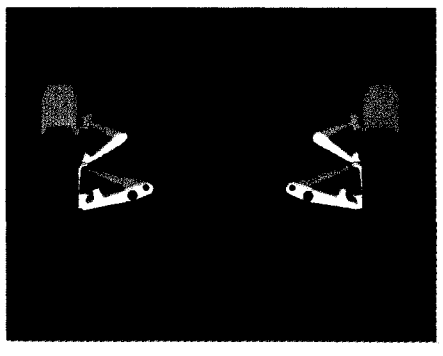




Name your hauling job! Where over-all length is not a factor, GMC 105-inch Conventional Cab models are the most economical trucks you can buy. The wide range of engine, transmission and axle options allows precise tailoring to your job needs.



Delivers the most power! GMC's Twin-Six gasoline engine delivers more usable power than any standard gas engine. Built to take the punishment of long, tough hauls. Up to 60% less shifting. Less engine wear. Great fuel mileage.



Smoothest truck ride ever! GMC independent front suspension takes the sting out of road bumps and ruts. Driver and cargo both benefit from this smooth ride. And since the truck takes less of a shaking up, repairs will be needed less often.

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DREAM CARS

the intersections, but are a method of controlling cars safely at mid-block, then releasing them so they will not have to stop at corners.

No road builders have yet put down a dime for a public installation of the electronic highway. The Department of Commerce is studying the feasibility of trying it on 100 miles of the Interstate System. But the Federal Government does not build these roads; it merely advances construction money to the states. Doctor Zworykin is a little sad about the lack of takers, but he does recognize a cost obstacle. He calculates the cost of installation at 10 percent of normal highway construction. On the Interstate this would average $100,000 a mile. Controls equipment for an individual car would cost as much as an air-conditioning system.

Obviously pedestrians could not be permitted to wander at will onto an electronic highway. The computer would not know, as a human driver would, that a rubber ball bouncing onto a road usually is pursued by a small child.

Although pedestrian traffic would be curtailed, vehicular traffic would be increased. The system's proponents claim it can double the load capacity of a given road, thereby minimizing the sacrifice of additional money and land to build more highways.

I had an eerie sensation while riding on the Princeton track alongside an empty driver's seat—and a similar feeling of unreality while operating a small experimental machine at the Ford Motor Company's research and engineering laboratories in Dearborn. This experimental platform is airborne. It is a so-called ground-effect machine which substitutes a cushion of air for wheels. Riding on it is like gliding across a sheet of glare ice which has been specially polished and then greased.

The Ford ground-effect experiment is not a brand-new idea. Other manufacturers have built trial machines with fairly thick air cushions under them. One such version operates in Disneyland. But the Ford scientists have rejected the thick air cushion in favor of an air pad only a few thousandths of an inch thick, blown through small orifices in the flat steel feet of their vehicle. Because this form of levitation demands a hump-free surface, the Ford Levacar has evolved into a vehicle to be operated on rails. The concept now calls for lightweight, bullet-shaped cars gliding on air at speeds up to 500 miles an hour, propelled by jet or other aircraft motors and possibly using railroad rights of way or light elevated tracks.

Before he left recently to direct research for Ford of England, Victor G. Raviolo was the executive director of Ford's research. Raviolo has been an outspoken prophet of change in the automobile form, but he believes that changes will be evolutionary, not revolutionary. He consigns air-cushion automobiles, nuclear-energy vehicles and electronic highways to the very distant future.

Ford's engineers predict a wheelless capsule automobile within the next century; but for the next dozen years Raviolo expects complete domination by normal four-wheeled cars with gasoline piston engines much like those of today. He expects that growing pressure from travel and living conditions will mean a larger percentage of small cars on the market—a prediction Ford is expected to back up before long by adding a subcompact car to its line.

Raviolo is almost certain that fuel injection, replacing our present carburetion, will become common in passenger cars in the next few years. But he regards light diesel and gas-turbine engines as probabilities only for trucks, or in areas where fuel and tax costs are high enough to warrant an extra investment in engines that save fuel. Ford's version of a gas turbine, which differs from Chrysler's, is currently being tested as a truck engine.

Raviolo refuses to believe that computers rank with human beings as drivers, but he does have faith in electronic devices which will aid drivers. One that is in the works right now is a small computer that will advise a driver he is closing too fast on the car ahead.

Scientists aren't required to think alike—any more than butchers, bakers or vending-machine operators. And often they do not.

Raviolo is a proponent of the stratified-charge engine, which has few supporters among Detroit research engineers. This is a piston engine with a combustion chamber split into two parts, or strata. A smaller chamber, or layer, fires a rich gasoline mixture, generating enough heat to fire a mixture so lean it could not otherwise be ignited. The purpose of this double explosion is to increase the efficiency of combustion, burning perhaps a quarter or a third less gasoline than today's engine consumes.

European research engineers recently road-tested a rotary engine—a sort of spinning triangle without pistons. General Motors long ago displayed a curious free-piston engine. American Motors is trying to extend the present short-range capabilities of battery-operated electric cars, but George Romney, until recently the head of A.M.C., will not predict more than evolutionary changes by the mid-1970's. Paul Ackerman, engineering vice president of Chrysler, won't commit himself on volume production of gas-turbine cars, but his company is certainly going to expose a fair volume of its gas-turbine cars long before then.

Present research efforts certainly will pay off in the future—and no one will deny that an unexpected breakthrough could occur at any time. But so far the engineering, production and economic problems are a powerful restraint. A new car or a new engine must show enough superiority to justify the staggering cost of replacing our present manufacturing and service facilities.

Not all the glamorous ideas now fermenting in Detroit are new. General Motors research boss Hafstad is enamored of an idea suggested by Leonardo da Vinci in the fifteenth century. Doctor Hafstad likes to recall that da Vinci drew up a plan for an ideal city and incorporated in the plan a system of two-level streets and highways, proving either that his foresight was magnificent or that traffic jams are rather ancient.

Hafstad is a comfortable, good-humored man. His office looks south on

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the lake and greenery of the G.M. Technical Center in a northeast suburb of Detroit. Below and behind him is a garage which usually holds three cars equipped with Unicontrol. In the lobby of the same building are Firebird cars containing gas-turbine engines and push-button displays of free-piston and Stirling hot-air engines.

Doctor Hafstad will not concede that any of the engines in the lobby are likely to show up in passenger cars by 1976, our nation's 200th anniversary. He is more optimistic about Unicontrol, a short gear stick that controls the acceleration and deceleration, steering and braking of the ordinary car bodies that house it. Unicontrol is really a splinter part of a fully automatic-highway system. The little stick sends commands to the steering, throttle and brake mechanisms—but it is controlled by a human hand rather than by electric impulses. It substitutes a driver's judgment for the automatic guidance and spacing of the electronic highway. And if it is placed between the driver and front-seat passenger, either may operate it.

At its present stage Unicontrol is complicated enough to require a trunkful of gear collectively named "sophisticated electrohydraulic servomechanisms." This nickname is not going to be popular, but the system could very well be seen on the highways within the next decade.

Hundreds of scientists in the automotive industry are conducting basic and applied research, studying and producing new materials, new relationships, new reactions. At G.M., Hafstad says, "We limit ourselves only to acceptance of natural laws. If nature says there is nothing against a specific search, we are free to explore it. One of the most intensive drives today is toward a perfected fuel cell as a source of power for an all-electric automobile."

The term "fuel cell" is a loose expression for the production of electric current by chemical reaction. A common storage battery is a fuel cell of sorts. So is the human body, which is able to consume cake and cauliflower and produce brain currents of measurable voltage. This chemical production of electric energy has an aspect that fascinates all the automotive scientists. A chemical engine would be twice as efficient as a heat engine, such as our present internal-combustion engine. The fuel cell requires only about a quarter as much fuel as your car now uses because it wastes so little energy. Unhappily the weight of today's fuel cell and accompanying motor is about thirty times that of our gas engine.

Many laboratories outside of the automotive industry are attempting to develop lightweight fuel cells. All major oil companies are studying them, even though the widespread use of fuel cells would seriously lower the level of fuel consumption. More than two years ago Allis-Chalmers mounted a heavy mass of fuel cells on a tractor. The tractor functioned very well for an experimental machine. And the fuel cell is as good as the regenerative gas turbine in one respect. In most of its versions it emits no product that would pollute the air.

Very few prophets are willing to commit themselves to a date for the possible advent of a practical fuel cell, but Brook Stevens of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, comes closest. The dapper and articulate Stevens is a designer who is fond of far-out ideas. He has designed for Outboard Marine Corporation a circular boat and a boat that is half helicopter, and he does some automobile design for Studebaker.

At the 1961 Congress of the Society of Automotive Engineers, Stevens delivered a lecture with the positive title "Effect of a Fuel Cell Power Plant on Future Automobile Design." Almost his first words were, "The advent of the fuel-cell-energy development can conceivably revolutionize personal transportation on the highways in 1970." After that he plunged ahead and described a proposed low-cost car in which the fuel-cell power would be tucked into the walls of the body shell, leaving the interior quarters a sort of uncluttered room in which seats could be arranged any which way.

Westinghouse Corporation, one of the firms investigating fuel-cell potentialities, also is investigating a transportation plan which smacks of Buck Rogers. Westinghouse has proposed a sort of private railroad system—without rails—for automobiles. The roadbed would consist of a series of spaced rollers, spun at high speed by electric motors. Gliding or skidding along the rollers would be supercars capable of carrying a number of automobiles and their passengers. Motorists would drive aboard one of the supercars, then be carried at very high speeds to the stop nearest their destination. At such points they would be pushed off the "roller road" to continue in local traffic.

This concept of a train or convoy, which would allow a driver to relax over long distances but permit him to use his own car at both ends of the journey, has some kinship with the electronic highway. It satisfies the car owner's desire to have his own car with him when he is traveling. This compulsion has shifted most recreational travel over to the private car and has built our giant motel system.

Such nebulous schemes hold a degree of fascination but no certainty of development. Automobiles will certainly be improved by 1975. They will be more economical to operate, if only because we are now ready to accept improved aerodynamics and functional streamlining. Driving will undoubtedly be made easier by new driver aids as important as the power steering and power brakes introduced in the years just passed.

Foolproof and service-free cars may be expected—and they will be lighter in weight, owing to increased use of aluminum and plastic. The industry harbors a certain wishful thinking that perhaps we have hit bottom in size and power of cars. The present tendency is to offer more power optionally and to start creeping up again in standard power plants. This trend strikes me as highly regrettable.

The true dream cars of the next dozen years should be smaller and no more powerful than current models. The showroom displays may include gas-turbine cars, which could come on with a rush. They may even include a suddenly developed, small fuel-cell power plant. But don't be surprised if they also include a very large share of vehicles with four wheels, gas-piston engines and a convenient spot where a cop can place the parking ticket. THE END

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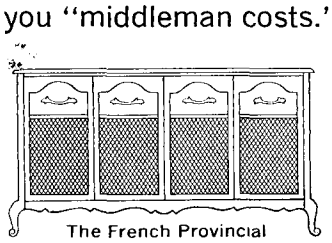

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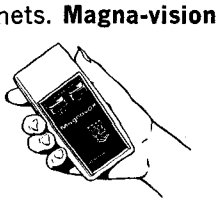

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HOLIDAYS AT SEA

Cruisemaster Mike Burke runs a profitable fleet of pleasure boats and gives paying guests a chance to be sailors or simply to enjoy life aboard a windjammer.

By William M. Stephens

One winter day in Miami a mink-clad dowager alighted from her chauffeur-driven limousine alongside a quay on MacArthur Causeway and peered up at the towering masts, clean lines and teak rails of the 151-foot schooner *Polynesia*. Catching sight of a hulking, tanned man whose naked shoulders protruded from the open hatch of the engine compartment, she commanded, "Boy! Come here."

The big man, barefoot and wearing only dirty shorts, grasped a stanchion and swung himself onto the deck. "What can I do for you, ma'am?"

"Where is your captain?" she asked. "I want to charter this yacht."

"I'm the captain," the man said, offering a grease-covered hand. "Want to come aboard?"

The woman stepped back, then turned without a word and climbed sedately into her limousine. Looking straight ahead, she directed her chauffeur to drive away.

"I hate to lose business," Capt. Mike Burke later told me, "but she didn't give me a chance. If she'd taken one of our cruises, she would've had herself a ball. Couple of days out and she'd have been running around in dungarees, swabbing the decks or steering the ship." He grinned. "You'll see what I mean when you make the cruise. On a windjammer there's not any room to put on airs."

Thirty-seven-year-old Michael Burke, head of Windjammer Cruises, Inc., of Miami Beach, Florida, and owner of the sailing ships *Polynesia*, *Yankee*, *Caribee* and *Tondeleyo*, is a salty nonconformist who is convinced that the whole world is speed crazy and needs to slow down—to approximately five knots. "You don't have to be at sea on a windjammer long," he says, "before you realize you can't do a thing about your problems on land. So you forget about them."

At sea or in the waterfront dives of Nassau or Kingston, burly, balding Mike Burke could pass for a windjammer master out of Melville or Conrad. And even in his air-conditioned offices at his estate on Star Island, Miami Beach, where he lives with his red-haired wife June and their five preschool-age children, Burke often goes shirtless and barefooted.

His natural salesmanship, plus a sharp sense of nautical horse trading, has enabled Burke to parlay a few hundred dollars into a fleet of sailing ships that couldn't be replaced for less than $4,000,000.

Windjammers—larger vessels that rely primarily on sails instead of engines—are almost as rare as whooping cranes. In a world that lives by the timetable and the time clock, there isn't much demand for a mode of transportation that requires considerable manual labor and depends upon winds and currents. Besides, practically nobody can afford to build or keep up a large sailing ship in today's world. You must have an angle.

Burke's angle is simple. He'll sign you on as a member of the crew of his 151-foot *Polynesia*, his 120-foot *Tondeleyo*, or his ninety-six-foot *Caribee* for ten days for $175 to $350. You pay him, that is. Prices are based on accommodations. On *Polynesia* and *Caribee*, a bunk in bachelors' quarters will cost $175, while a couple can have a stateroom for $250 each. Aboard the plush, air-conditioned *Tondeleyo*, each passenger pays $350.

Although passengers are technically crewmen (to satisfy customs and maritime regulations), they don't have to work if they don't want to. Burke's ships carry full-time crews of professional seamen who can get along quite well without aid. But for passengers who want to help run the ship, there's plenty to do: polishing brightwork, cleaning scuppers, going aloft to stand lookout. When passengers are interested, classes are held in navigation and marline-spike seamanship.

On Burke's ninety-six-foot brigantine *Yankee*, passengers are crewmen in fact as well as in name. *Yankee* is now in the South Pacific on a 50,000-mile globe-circling voyage, carrying twenty six passengers, male and female, ages eleven through seventy-nine, each of whom paid $6000 for the opportunity to work his way around the world. The ship will complete her eighteen-month trip near the end of 1962, and reservations are already being taken for her next cruise.

The schooners *Polynesia*, *Tondeleyo* and *Caribee* make regular ten-day cruises in the Bahamas and Caribbean, each ship making two cruises a month. My cruise was made on *Polynesia*, the senior ship and largest of the Burke fleet. Until recently, Mike Burke actively ran *Poly*. Now he employs a full-time captain but manages to join nearly every cruise for at least a day or two.

Thirty-four of us—eighteen women and sixteen men, from nine states—met at the get-acquainted party for passengers on the night before the cruise began. There were five married couples, including two sets of honeymooners and an elderly couple on a second honeymoon; three salesmen, two engineers, two doctors, an accountant, a lawyer, a chemist, a barber, a farmer, an aircraft mechanic, four secretaries, four nurses, two college girls and a retired schoolteacher. Captain Burke spoke for a few minutes, outlining the itinerary and assigning berths for the cruise.

Next day we boarded amphibious airplanes and flew fifty miles across the Gulf Stream to the isles of Bimini to meet the ship. (All Burke's ships are registered under the British flag and must begin their cruises in the Bahamas to satisfy legal requirements.)

We had barely lost sight of the hotels on Miami Beach when the low islands came into view. Offshore, where the pale green waters of the Great Bahama Bank changed to aquamarine, the schooner *Polynesia* lay, looking like a white toy on a billiard table.

Our plane landed in the harbor and waddled up a concrete ramp. We climbed out, went through the brief formality of clearing customs, then loaded our luggage aboard a launch which transported us to the ship. We were helped aboard by the captain, Jim Durst, and two Bahamian crewmen who showed us to our berths.

Just before dark the crew raised anchor and hoisted the sails, and we were under way—headed toward the blood-red sun that rested briefly on the horizon. Entering the Gulf Stream, we swung north with the current. Later we were served a delicious meal of conch chowder and kingfish steaks, prepared by the Bahamian cook, David Davis, and served by the ship's stewardesses, Ann Blowers and Sally Chesness. All meals on the *Polynesia* are informal and are served on trays to passengers wherever they choose.

As the yellow moon rose over North Bimini the four Bahamians in the crew broke out their goombay drums, guitars and maracas and sang calypso rhythms on the deck while the more energetic passengers danced the limbo under a broom handle.

Burke and his 151-foot schooner Polynesia *(above and at right), largest vessel in his fleet. He started with an $800 sloop in 1948.*

Photographs by Larry Fried

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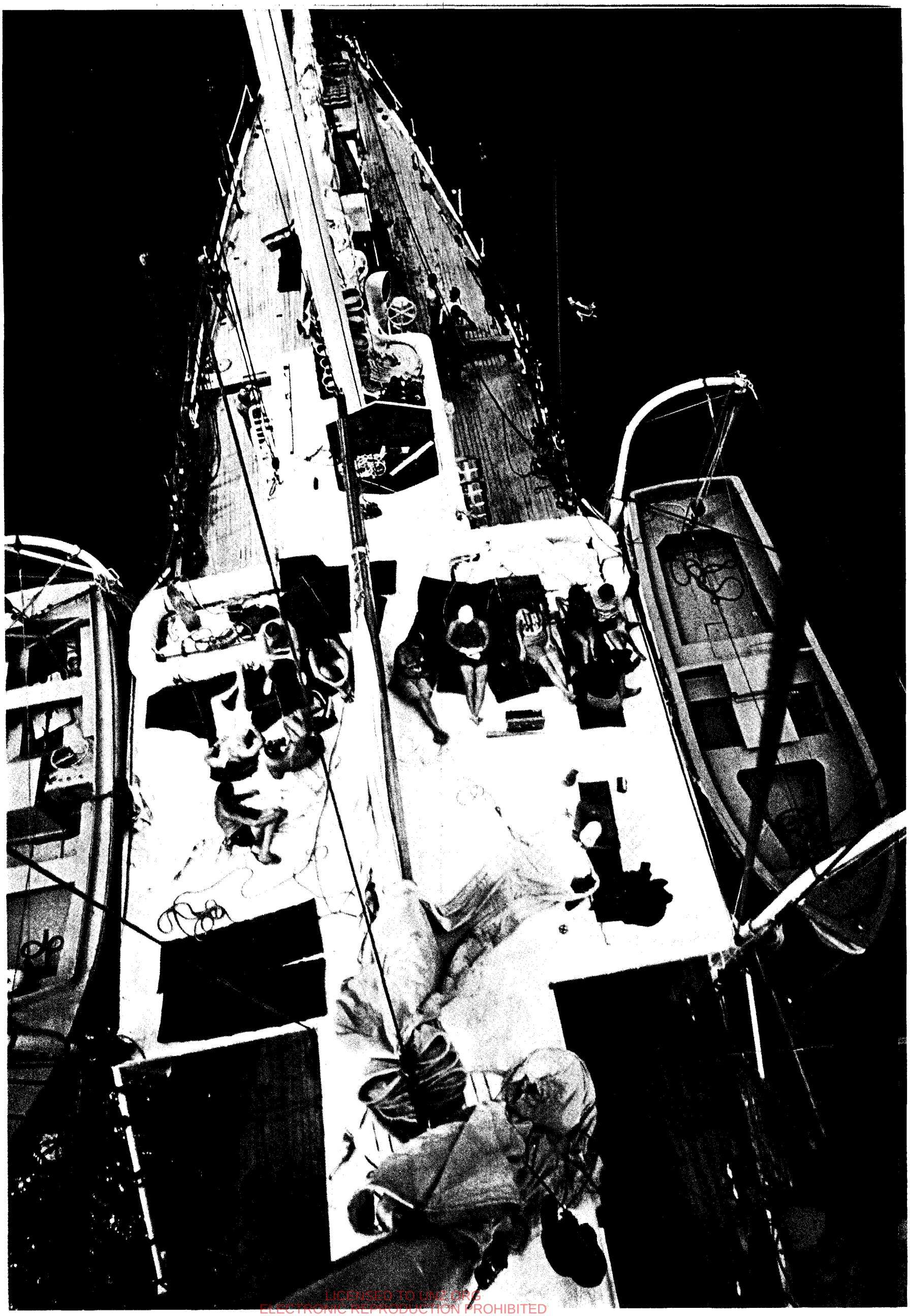

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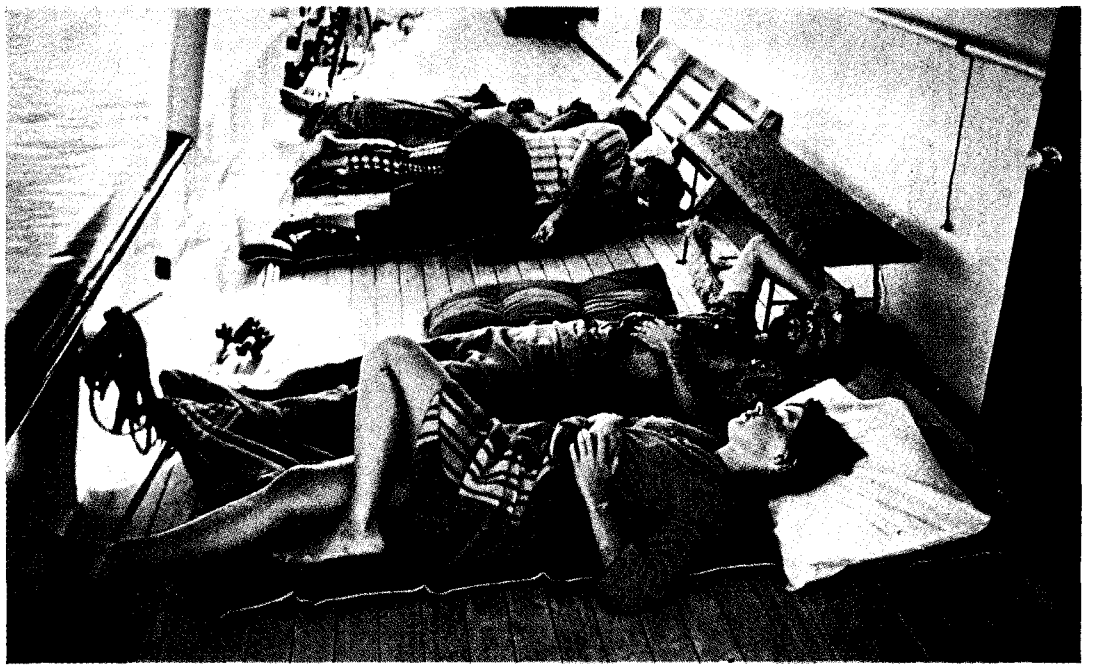

Passengers nap the afternoon away during Polynesia*'s island-hopping cruise through the Bahamas. Two other schooners and a brigantine sail in Burke's $4,000,000 vacation navy.*

Hot guitar rhythms and goombay drums spur on Kathleen Collins of Long Island, N.Y., as she dances the "limbo"—she must pass under the broom without touching her knees to the deck.

Next morning we dropped anchor at Great Isaac, a tiny, rocky island capped with a red-and-white candy-striped lighthouse that was built a century ago from the plates of a ship that wrecked there. We stayed there a half day. Most of us swam in the incredibly clear waters while others collected shells on the beach.

Leaving Great Isaac, our windjammer swung east. On the following day we reached Great Stirrup Cay, a lovely, lush island that looks as though it belongs in the South Seas. All hands went ashore and spent the day exploring Stirrup, which is about ten square miles in area and inhabited only by its lighthouse keepers and a native family that oversees the island's coconut plantation. In the afternoon the skin divers among us gathered a few dozen conchs and speared enough lobsters to fill a wash tub. The cook prepared a salad of raw conch, green onions and lime juice while we boiled the lobsters in buckets of sea water for a delightful meal on the beach.

Leaving Stirrup, we beat for Nassau. "This is the route we generally take," Mike Burke told me. "After a few days of gunkholin'—knocking around from one sleepy island to another—the people are ready for some night life."

After two days and a night in Nassau, where most of us found bargains in liquor, perfume, apparel or cameras, and visited the straw market, Paradise Beach and some of the old forts, our windjammer hoisted anchor and ran north all night to Sandy Point, Great Abaco Island. There we watched craftsmen building sturdy sailing craft, using primitive tools and native mahogany.

Our next stop was Gorda Cay, an uninhabited island with a broad white beach. "This is the place to hunt for treasure," Burke said. "That peninsula"—he pointed—"is named Money Point. Pieces of eight have been found there."

We sailed northwest that night, and for the first time during the cruise the water was rough, and some of the passengers got seasick. Most of us kept below, and even the nightly calypso group was silent. In the morning we sighted Freeport, Grand Bahama, but the captain decided not to land because of high winds and reports of an approaching norther. Beating back to the south, along the eastern edge of the Gulf Stream, the going was slow and sloppy. We passed near Bimini and Gun Cay, then swung west and headed for Miami. For our last meal at sea, we were served champagne and sirloin steaks.

That night I went aft and found Mike Burke standing wheel watch. Over the sound of the wind in the rigging we could hear a group of the younger people singing chanteys in the deckhouse. "Do the passengers always get along so well together?" I asked.

Burke nodded. "Almost always. But we get all kinds—quiet crowds and swingin' crowds. Sometimes they get a little boisterous, especially in summer when a bunch of college kids or some skin-diving club practically takes over the ship. The winter crowds are easier to handle. That's when we get the well-heeled businessmen and the family groups.

"One type we get often is what I call the frustrated commodore. He dresses for meals in white trousers and a navy-blue jacket with gold braid, while other people are wearing bathing suits. He talks like an old salt but sometimes gets twisted up in his own cleverness. One day I handed my sextant to one of these guys and asked him to take a noon sight for me. He held it to his eye and squinted like a real sea dog. Only trouble was, he had it upside down.

"Don't get me wrong, though; I love 'em all. It's those guys who make life on a windjammer so interesting. There's never a dull moment."

"Have you ever lost a passenger?" I asked.

"Not one. But I came close to losing four in a single night. We were off Haiti with thirty-two

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missionaries aboard. They'd chartered *Polynesia* to take them to out-of-the-way spots to set up missions. A squall had just passed over. It wasn't bad, but the water was a little rough, and with a brisk wind off the port quarter we were heeling to starboard. I was here at the wheel when a kid came running back, all excited, and said, 'Mommy fell in the water!'

"I shudder when I think of it. The night was blacker'n the shades of hell, and we were twenty miles out under full sail. You don't stop a schooner and start backing up, you know. You either come about and try to beat to windward, or you heave to. Either way takes time and a lot of water.

"I yelled for the crew and passengers to heave to, and I started throwing life jackets, life rings and kapok pads over the side. We learned that three adults had been sitting on the lee rail when the ship heeled and dipped her rail under. All three were washed overboard, and a fifteen-year-old boy had jumped in to try to save them.

"We got out the searchlights and started looking. We heard a cry of help, and there was the kid's mother hanging to a line off the stern. As she went overboard she'd grabbed a halyard that had come loose during the squall. She'd been dragging astern all the time.

"Two hours later we found the three others, holding to one of the kapok pads we'd flung over. As we brought them aboard, one of them, a seventy-year-old lady, said, 'It was God's will that we be found.'"

On most windjammer cruises the sexes are fairly evenly divided, owing in part to judicious juggling of reservations by Burke's office staff. "When two or three young ladies sign on for a trip that's already girl-heavy, I think it's only fair to tell them," Mike says. "Nine times out of ten they change their reservations, and everybody has a better time."

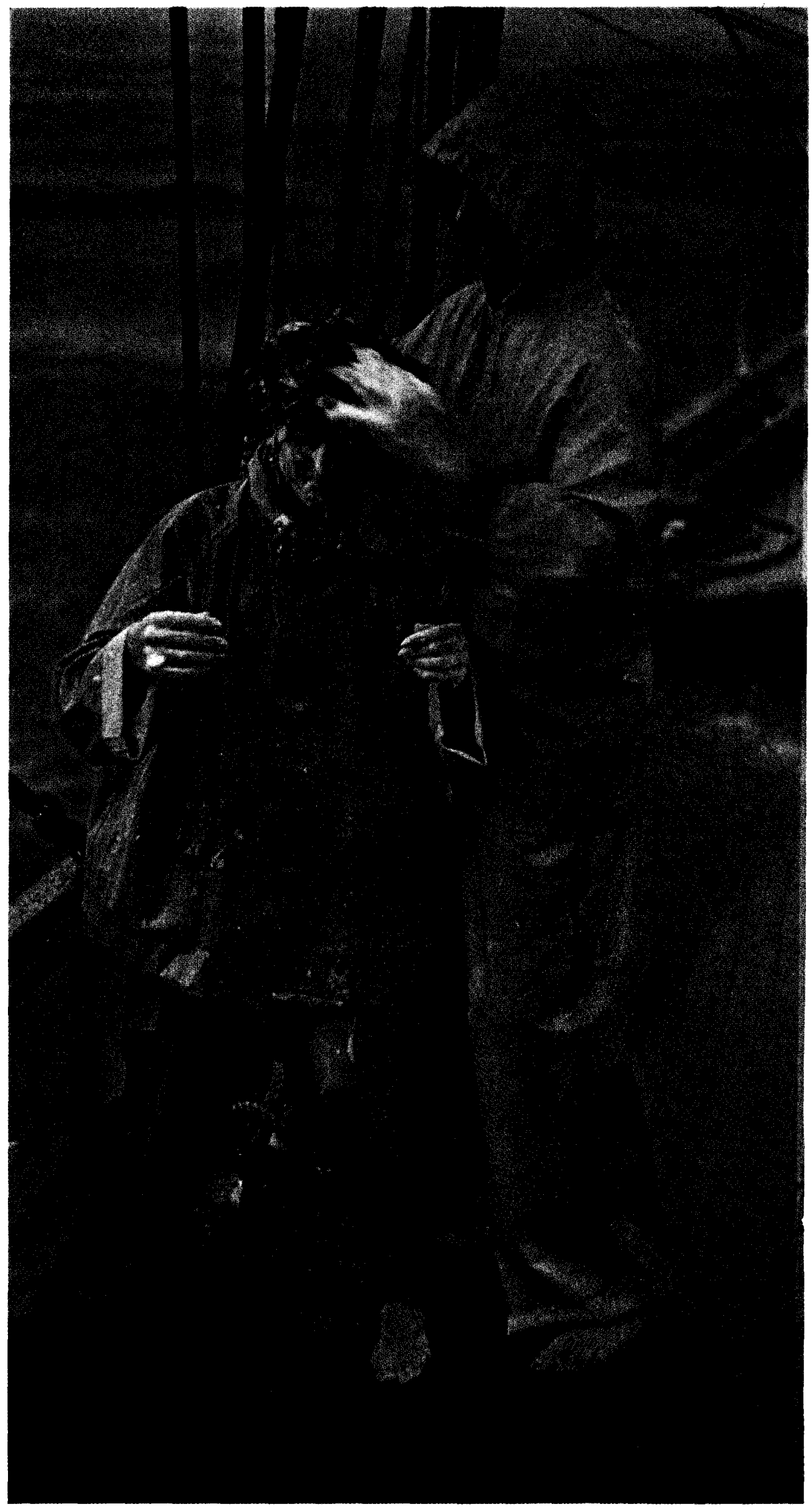
After almost every cruise there are passengers who want to sign on as regular crewmen. Following my trip on *Polynesia*, three of the female passengers applied for jobs. Burke employs five girls as stewardesses—two on *Polynesia*, two on *Tondeleyo* and one on *Caribee*. They serve meals to passengers, clean up the staterooms and even help hoist the sails when needed.

There's quite a turnover in stewardesses. "They're always quitting to marry somebody they've met on the ship," says Mike. At least twenty marriages have resulted from friendships begun on Burke's ships.

Once a couple was married at sea aboard *Polynesia*, with Captain Mike officiating. "They came to me and wanted a real seagoing wedding," he says, "and it sounded like a good idea. So we made quite a ceremony of it—the way I figure they did things in the old days." On docking in Miami a few days later, Burke informed the British consul of the wedding he'd performed on the high seas. To Mike's chagrin, he was told that the marriage was invalid. The British Admiralty no longer empowers masters of its ships to join man and wife. That custom, essential in the days when ships were at sea for months and even years, has gone the way of most of the windjammers. Nowadays captains can perform the ceremony only by special permission.

"It was a little embarrassing," Mike Burke says, "to tell these kids they weren't really married at all. But they were good sports about it. They went right out and found a minister and had a plain old stateside wedding."

Mike Burke was born in Newark, New Jersey, and as a boy spent summers on Long Island Sound, working on fishing boats and watching the sleek yachts racing out of Oyster Bay and Sag Harbor. After a year and a half at the University of North Carolina, he entered the Navy during World War II and served three years on submarines.



A heavy cloudburst provides more than enough water for an impromptu shampoo, administered to Arminda Lampitelli of the Bronx by Polynesia's *first mate Manfred Dittrich.*

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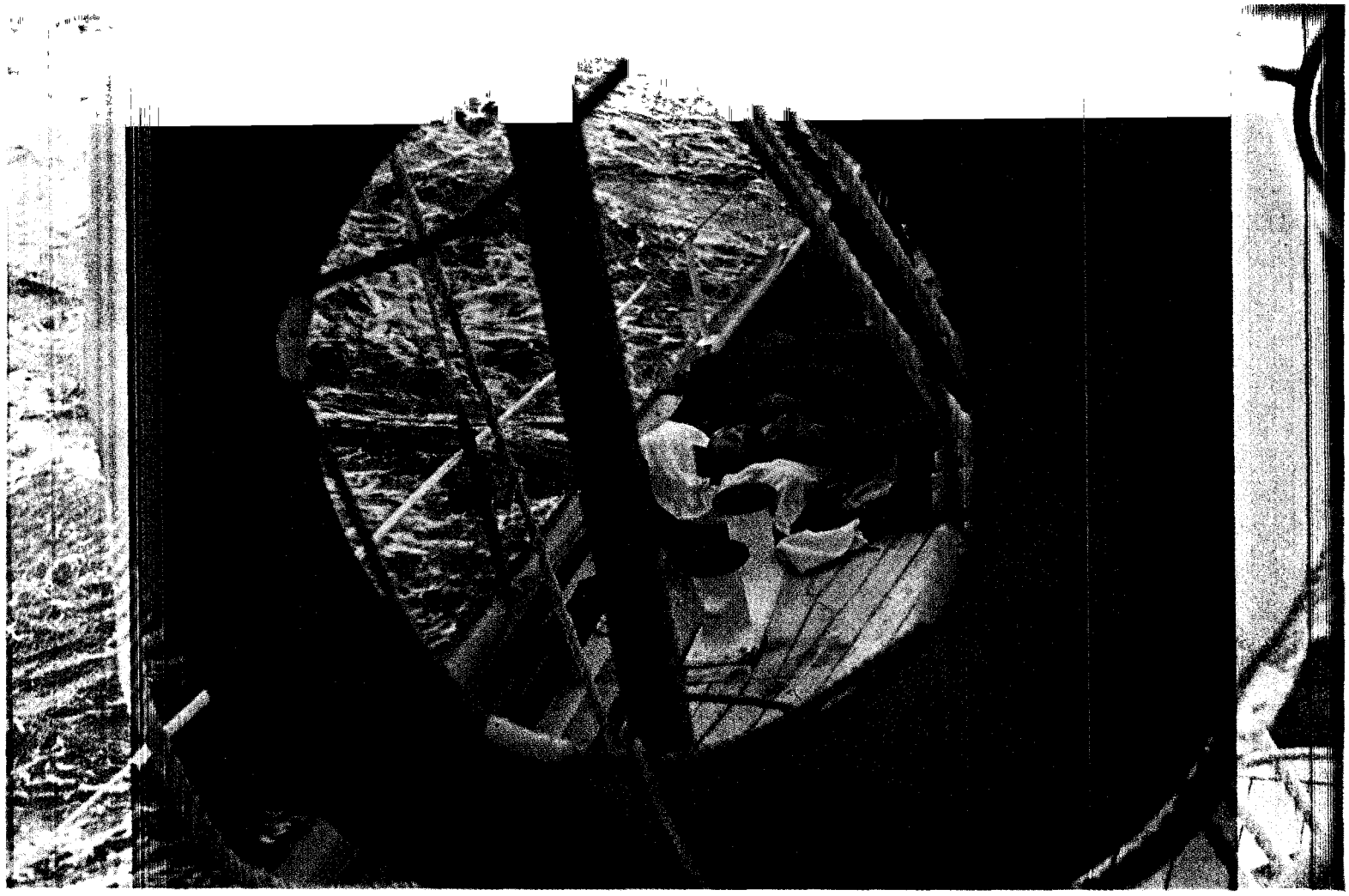

Asleep on the open deck, and lulled by the rush of waves against the hull, salt-air addicts doze on past dawn.

After the war Mike went to Abaco in the Bahamas, spent most of his $300 mustering-out pay for a twenty-foot native sloop which he christened *Hangover*, and set out to sail alone around the world. It took him fourteen months to get through the Caribbean. "I'd stop off to work here and there," he says, "and I'd go ashore at every island to look for a cold beer and conversation."

By the time he reached Panama, Burke was tired of talking to himself. Besides, he'd become "fired with ambition." He wanted to make a lot of money and then go sailing in style. So he sold his sloop for $200, flew to Miami and went into the construction business.

In 1948 he quit construction work, paid $800 for a forty-foot sloop, *Red Witch*, and began taking parties of two or three fishermen or skin divers on trips to the Bahamas. Business was good, and Mike soon traded the sloop and some cash for the sixty-foot ketch *Owene*. The next trade brought him the sixty-five-foot ketch *Dodge Trophy*. He stepped into the big time in 1955 when he traded for the eighty-foot schooner *Tondeleyo* (the first of two ships in the Burke fleet with this name) and began regular twice-a-month cruises to the islands.

One day a year later Mike sailed *Tondeleyo* into Nassau harbor and saw the 151-foot schooner *Janeen* riding at anchor. Spreading 10,500 square feet of canvas, the *Janeen* was the largest staysail schooner in the world and had been built in Scotland in 1930 at a cost of about $2,500,000. Her owner, Sir Oliver Symonds, had taken her on twenty-four Atlantic crossings.

The *Janeen* had recently gone aground on a sand bar and had suffered interior damage from being flooded. Her sails were old, and she obviously wasn't receiving the best of care. "It killed me to see such a ship going to seed," Burke says, "so even though I was broke, I went to see Sir Oliver."

Mike and the British nobleman hit it off well and soon struck a bargain at $100,000, with Mike selling the *Tondeleyo* for a down payment. He gave a twelve-year mortgage for the balance, and paid it off in four.

Burke changed *Janeen*'s living accommodations to provide berths for thirty passengers in fifteen staterooms and built a large compartment with ten bunks for bachelors' quarters. He also built a deckhouse, complete with bar, and changed the ship's name to *Polynesia*. "It's a lot more romantic," he says. Jim Durst, the captain, worked as first mate for Burke during the last two years that Burke commanded the ship.

Burke's *Yankee* was built in Germany in 1912 and served as a North Sea pilot schooner until she was captured by the British in World War II as a prize of war. Mike bought her in 1960 and converted her to a brigantine.

In early 1961 Burke acquired his third ship, the *Caribee*, a trim, rakish ninety-six-foot copy of an early nineteenth-century privateer. Newest and swankiest vessel of the Burke fleet is his second *Tondeleyo*, a 120-foot schooner that was built in 1930 and bought by Burke in November of 1961. *Tondeleyo* has air-conditioning and piped stereo throughout and accommodations for eighteen passengers in nine rosewood-paneled staterooms.

In the past thirteen years Burke's windjammers have carried more than 6000 passengers, and about one third of them have been repeats. One couple—Dottie and Dick Eckert—have gone on four cruises, while eighty-four-year-old Sigmund Adler has made five cruises.

"It's funny how some people react," says Burke. "Most of them are more enthusiastic when it's over than before it starts, but there are exceptions. One man claimed he'd never set foot on a 'sailboat' again—he didn't like the rocking motion and stayed sick all the time—but two weeks later I got a letter from him saying it was the greatest experience of his life."

Not every cruise is idyllic, of course. Once everybody aboard *Polynesia* got diarrhea (apparently from a restaurant meal in Nassau) and plumbing in both of the heads went out of commission. "That was a most discouraging trip," Mike says.

And the weather isn't always good. In summer there are frequent squalls, and in late fall and winter there are "northers" that may blow for several days. They are rarely dangerous, but can cause discomfort and seasickness.

On the evening of January 1, 1958, *Polynesia* left Miami for Bimini with a gentle southeast wind blowing. The weather bureau reported a high-pressure cold front moving south across Florida and the northern Bahamas. That was nothing to be concerned about; but at the same time an intense low-pressure zone, undetected by the weather bureau, developed over Cuba and moved northward into the path of the cold front. As the low- and high-pressure zones collided, they set up a maelstrom in the Gulf Stream. Within seconds the wind swung from southeast to northeast and jumped from twelve miles per hour to a howling seventy-five miles per hour.

"There was no time to shorten sail," Burke says. "We heeled over at an eighty-degree angle—the main boom dipped in the water—and all I could do was try to run with it to keep from going into a broach. Luckily the sails were ripped away in short order. Then we got the engines running and headed into the winds. Actually we suffered very little damage except for the sails."

Mike Burke is now looking for another windjammer to add to his fleet. "I'd like an old square-rigger, two hundred feet or better. I'm going to get one before they all go to the junk yard. Sometimes I miss the days when I was my own skipper. With four ships to worry about, I don't have much time to sail on any of them."

There are compensations, though. Burke grossed several hundred thousand dollars last year and expects to do even better this year. "Almost as important as the money," he says, "is the fact that we're keeping alive a way of life that's almost past. It won't be long before the only way kids can learn about windjammers is by looking at pictures in history books."

Standing by the quay on MacArthur Causeway and squinting up at the 130-foot-high mainmast of *Polynesia*, Capt. Mike Burke sighed. "You know, the biggest thrill I ever had was last July when three of the ships—*Yankee*, *Poly* and *Caribee*—were under sail together for the first time. *Yankee* was starting around the world and *Caribee* was making her maiden cruise as part of the fleet. When the three of them beat out into the Gulf Stream together, with their wind-bellied sails looking like white puffy clouds, and the spray flying like a million jewels—man, it was one hell of a sight. I wish you could've seen it."

THE END

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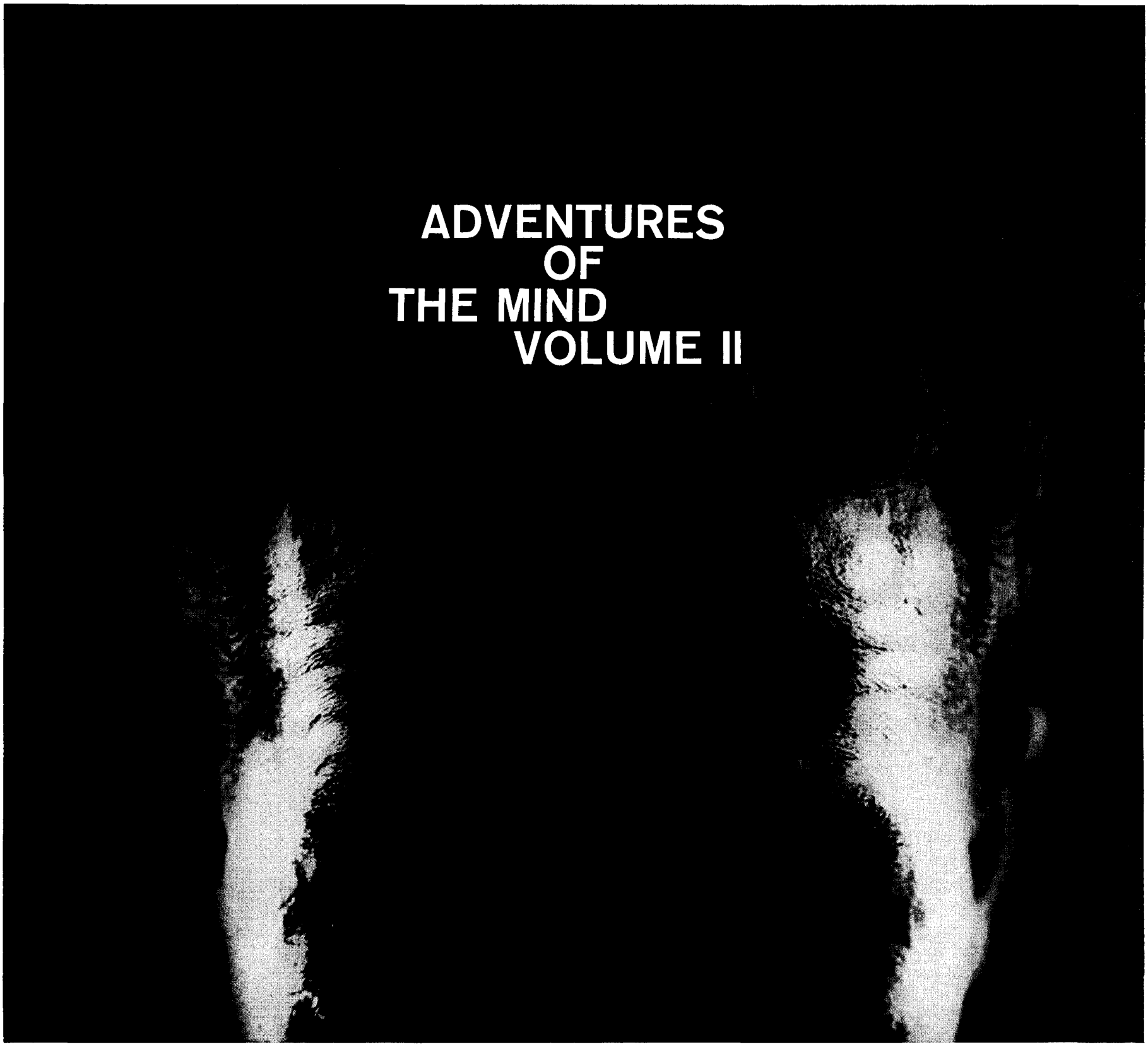

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Geordie MacTaggart walked down the hill. It was a rare hot Highland day, and thunder sounded in the west. He could not see the children, but there was a bright splash of blue beside the trout hole. Funny—the French miss had been wearing a lemon-colored dress when he came up that way, and she offered to keep small George while Geordie was going round his traps. This French lassie was nurse, or nanny, to the laird's niece's children, spending August at Drumfechan.

The first time Geordie had seen her—or she had seen him—he was splitting logs with some grunts of pleasure for the good bite of the ax, no shirt on. He saw someone come round the woodshed, so he stopped. She stared at him, this stranger. "Oh-la-la!" she said. He had never heard *oh-la-la!* before, but it said surprise and honest admiration, and a joke might be in it too, so he definitely felt a bit queer that first time. The truth of the matter was that Geordie felt just a wee bit pleased and queer every time he met the French *ma'm'selle.*

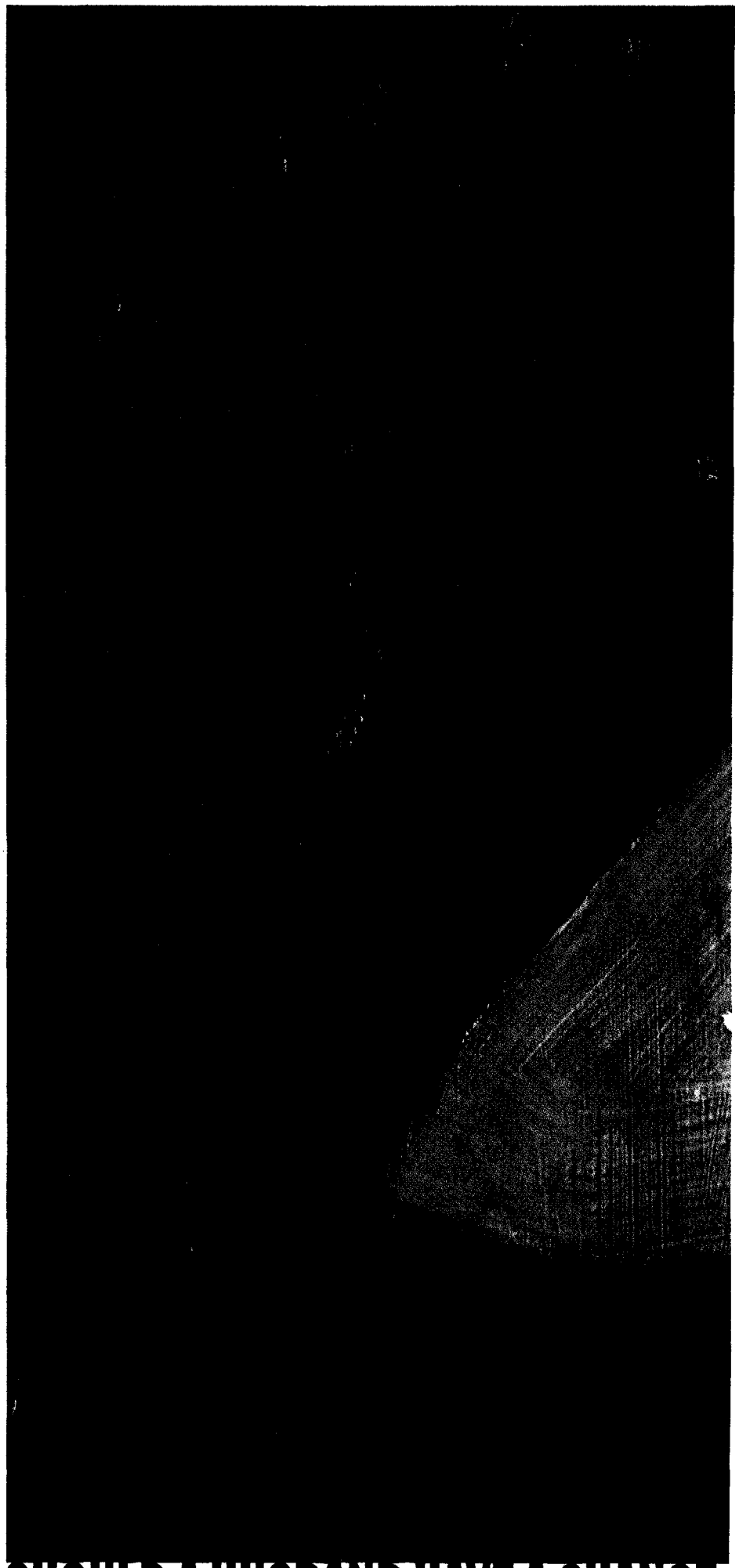
Now he saw that the blue was a bathing suit and that she knelt with a fishing rod in her hand. Probably never in the history of Drumfechan had anyone fished for trout in a bathing suit, far less one of vivid blue to scare the fish, but she knelt behind a rock. Her two charges and small George were damming a stream over there beyond the burn. Suddenly she cried out with excitement and stood to play a trout. Geordie ran to lend assistance, for the walls of the pool were vertical. He lay on his stomach. She brought the fish to him with skill, and he had it by the gills. "Oh-la-la!" she cried. It was a trout of almost a pound. "Thank you thousand times, *Monsieur* Geordie. First I have three small trouts, and now this giant which never I could have lifted out unless with *Monsieur* Giant's help."

"I see you've fished before," he said, looking up at the bonny purple hills—bell heather was in bloom—and away from the bonny bathing dress.

"Oh, yes," she said. "All my life in the mill streams of my Normandy." She sighed. "The water there so clear and innocent like gin, the water here so brown and strong like whisky or *wee deoch and doris.* You see, I am learning your wild mountain tongue. Yes, all my life I fish for the trouts, and all my life I swim with the trouts in the pure streams of my Normandy. So likewise ——"

One moment she had been talking gravely of her Normandy; the next, this supple *mademoiselle* had dived with hardly a splash with fair hair streaming—the blue, the gold, to vanish in the trout hole's peaty depths, to re-emerge. "*Mon Dieu!*" she gasped, and swam for the side, tried to draw herself up, could not. "Help!"

Geordie stooped to take her hands and lift her with one long easy pull. As he did so, there raced in his mind a memory of once upon a time six years ago when he



SHOULD A HUSBAND HAVE A CHANGE
BY DAVID WALKER

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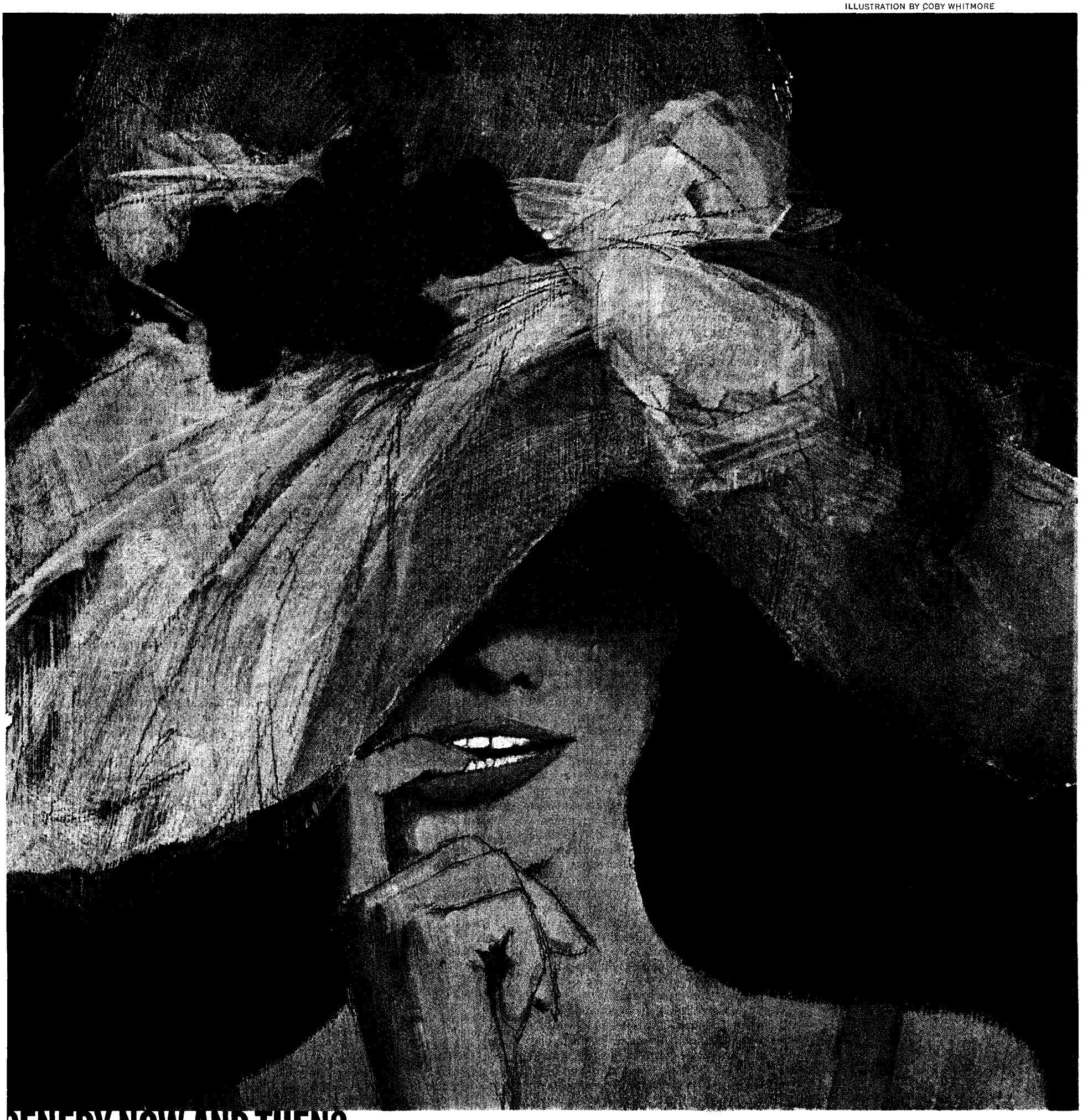
ILLUSTRATION BY COBY WHITMORE



CENERY NOW AND THEN?

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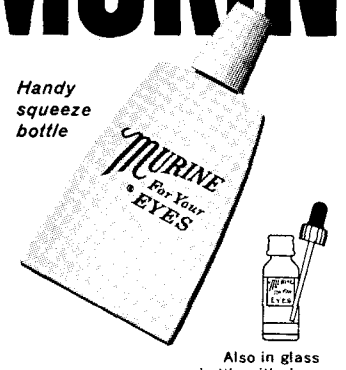

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When you leave the expressway to refuel your car and stretch your weary bones, don't forget to refresh your eyes. They've been working, too. Close them for a few seconds, roll, blink—but do not rub! Treat to a few drops of Murine. Murine soothes tired eyes and gently refreshes them.

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LOOKING

was just home from winning the shot-put at the Olympic Games in America, and Jean would not speak to him because Helga the lady shot-putter had kissed him for all the Yankee world to see and for Jean to hear on the wireless set—and he and Jean had fallen struggling into this very pool, and what would his bonny Jean be saying now if she saw him lifting out bonny French girls in bathing suits?

Geordie dropped her cold hands. He looked downhill—no sign of Jean. "Cold, eh?" he said, warmer himself.

"Cold! The first and last time ever I swim in this treacherous Scotland, and you stand there grunting like some nervous elephant that I, some lady monster, am wanting to eat up. But warn me of the icy coldness? No! So, bah!" The *mademoiselle* was vexed with him, it seemed. "Now I dance for warmth."

And dance she did, on the rocks, on the grass, on the purple heather, with far-flung arms and arching leaps and twinkle toes. She was as good a dancer as she was a diver. She had a bonny figure, too, quite like Jean's, if even more so. The children stopped building dams to watch, and Geordie could not help watching either.

"There!" she said, breathing deeply, and he looked away. "Am I not as good a dancer like your Highland lassies?"

"Och, aye," he said.

"Shall I not win the beauty contest?"

"What beauty contest?" asked Geordie.

"At your Highland games on this Saturday. The idea is Miss McII—— but that barbarous name, I cannot say it."

"Miss McIlreekie," Geordie said. Miss McIlreekie of McIlreekie, better known as Auld Beaky, was as full of daft notions as her enemy, the laird of Drumfechan. She was to be chieftain this year, but who ever heard of a beauty contest at any Highland games? Geordie grunted.

"I love your grunts," she said. "They are so pregnant—is the word? But this competition, it is to be open to the world like the Olympics you were winning. So do I also win, you think?" She turned slowly for Geordie's sole benefit.

"I wouldn't be surprised," he said, threaded her trout on a heather twig and called, "Come away then, George."

"Come everyone, and we will walk together, if the great *Monsieur* Geordie will permit. Now I dress." The dress went over her wet suit, and she zipped up lithely.

"You'll be catching cold," Geordie said, "with that wet thing underneath."

"Ah, no. What is a little wetness to my healthy body?"

The children crossed by steppingstones below the trout hole. The boy and girl were twins of George's age, five.

"Your son," she said quite loudly. "He is your image. Someday he, too, will be a *beau garçon*—how you say it, a big beautiful boy like you to stop the women's hearts. *Allons, mes enfants.*"

So they followed the children down the path. Thunderclouds were indigo in the west, and lightning played in them, and the sun shone here. "*Monsieur* Geordie!"

"Yes," he said. Folk called him plain Geordie mostly, but this *mademoiselle* was a new mixture with the politeness and the bold sparkle. "Yes, Miss?"

"I call myself Camille. Can you say it?" He practiced it a few times until she smiled approval. "Good. Now I am Camille and you are Geordie, no?"

"No—yes," he said. Geordie with the long *r* from the back of her bonny French throat sounded strange and nice.

They reached the drive. Now what should come along it but Miss McIlreekie's old Rolls-Royce, a black gleaming box on wheels, without Miss McIlreekie, long-nosed and forbidding in the back, but with Luigi, her new Italian chauffeur and handyman, in the driving seat. Two foreigners this summer made the glen seem different and certainly more lively. Geordie liked what he had seen of Luigi, a merry quip for everyone, a terrible teaser of the lassies. He was surprised now that Luigi drove scowling past, not like his gay Italian self.

"That one!" she said. "With his pinchings and passings, how I hate him, making improperties and insults."

Geordie had seen Luigi and Camille only last night roaming together in the gloaming—very friendly, you would think—so he wondered how Luigi had earned her hate, but he did not ask. "Ta-ta, then," he said, giving over the trout. "Cheeribye, Camille."

"*Au revoir*, big kind Geordie."

Geordie and his son went on past the big house to Jean and home and supper. But there was a crying in the woods. "Yoo-hoo! George! Where is the feller? Never can find him when I need him."

"Here!" Geordie called. He and George hurried on to meet the laird, who sounded in a stew. Sure enough he was, puffing his thin cheeks, tugging at his wide moustache, and his old kilt drooping.

"Thank God, I found you, George," he began, but his attention was caught by small George, and he forgot all about whatever had made him so excited. It might have been the letter he was waving. "Ah, Geordie, my ancient friend," he said. "How's things?"

"Fine," said small George, pleased to see his pal, the laird. Only the laird called Geordie George, and only the laird called small George Geordie. If it had been anybody else, you would have said he did it to be different. But not the laird. He was just himself.

"Here, Geordie," he said. "Have a Curiously Strong." He produced his box of peppermints, and small George took one.

"He shouldn't be eating sweeties just before his supper."

"Fiddlesticks! Tyrant, old Father Grundy—what is one peppermint?"

No father likes to be thus addressed before his son. "What for was the laird wanting me?" he said, third person to show displeasure.

"What for was I wanting you? Forgotten. Ah yes, this! A preposterous notion if ever I heard one. Insulting, too, the old bi— tut-tut, watch my language in front of Geordie—the pestilential witch. Now listen, George, I ask you. . . .

"MEMORANDUM FROM MISS MCILREEKIE OF MCILREEKIE. TO DRUMFECHAN.

"As Drumfechan must be aware, McIlreekie is chieftain of the games this year. As he must also be aware—or should be, bearing no small measure of responsibility therefor—the takings and attendance at said games have declined disastrously in recent years. Accordingly, the chieftain has decided upon drastic measures to stop the rot. A beauty contest will be held, open to all comers, first prize fifty pounds—easily to be met from increased revenues. Marks will be apportioned as follows. Maximum 10: divinity of face and form. Maximum 5: other gifts or skills—e.g., singing, dancing, recitation and so forth. The judges under heading one will be Mr. George MacTaggart, chairman, and Signor Luigi Fernandello. The junior, repeat junior, judge under heading two will be Drumfechan. Thus, two-thirds impartiality may be expected. Advertisements have been sent to all Scottish newspapers.

"No signature, George, but 'P.S. The only acceptable alternative to a beauty contest might be a display of shot-putting by Mr. G. MacTaggart.'"

"I'll do no such thing," said Geordie. The year after he won at the Olympics, the laird, who was chieftain that time, persuaded him to do a show for the sake of the glen, and the crowds were huge, but Jean said ——

"Preposterous," the laird said now. "Beneath our dignity, eh, George? And I, with vastly greater experience than you young fellers, to be only an understrapper. Damned if I will!"

"Camille's to be in it," said small George.

"What? What was that, Geordie?" The laird turned on George. "Camille, you said? A charming gel, and so gifted too. H'm, a sure winner; we could easily swing that fifty quid to her. Yes, that makes quite a different kettle of fish. Also good for the old Franco-Scottish alliance, h'm—I like it."

It was one of the laird's most lightning switches, and the real lightning flickered in the wood, and Geordie had, for him, a lightning thought—that if you are judge at a beauty contest, you need not look at the bonny purple heather. "Better than putting the shot," he said guardedly.

"Splendid. That's settled then. For once old menace What's-er-name has had a bright idea. Now finally to persuade that charming gel. Such marvelous value—makes a great-uncle laugh, yes. Well, good-by, George. See you in the show ring. Sleep well, Geordie."

"The laird's awfy daft the nicht," said small George, nearing home. "Eh, dad?"

"The laird may seem a wee thing daft, but the laird's no fool," Geordie said, as his father had said before him.

Jean was waiting at the door. "My wee laddie," she said, hugging George. "My big laddie," she said, putting her soft arms round Geordie's neck and herself against him as she pulled his head down, and they kissed.

They were all three at the brown stew and the new potatoes and the baby peas when Jean said, "What's this I hear about a beauty contest of Auld Beaky's?"

"Dad's to be judge, mum," said small George.

Jean looked surprised, then smiled, and then laughed. She had a big merry laugh to fill the cottage, drown the thunder. "What's so funny?" Geordie said.

"*You* being a judge," Jean said.

"Camille's to be in it," said small George. "She dived into the trout hole, and then dad pulled her out, and then she did the bonniest caper for dad in her bathing suit, and then she asked dad would she be the winner of the beauty contest, and dad said he wouldn't be surprised." George showed promise of his father's physique and of his mother's brains, and it was the latter Geordie was most proud of, but sometimes. . . .

Silence fell in here. Out there a storm was brewing. "What else did she do?" asked bonny Jean quietly, as if her real thoughts were out with the thunder.

"That was all," Geordie said.

"She said one day I would grow up to be a big beautiful boy like dad to stop the wummen's hearts."

The thunderstorm came, and small George was afraid, but not too much. The storm went away, and soon he slept, and soon it was bedtime for early risers. Geordie doused the light. He stretched across, but she pushed him away, and in the darkness turned her bonny back to him. "Och, Jeanie," he said.

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"Night-night, Judge MacTaggart." She chuckled to herself; sometimes Jean's chuckles were not too friendly. "Big beautiful boy, get your beauty sleep."

Next morning Jean announced she was taking the bus to Perth for the day, and Geordie was to look after George, and they could have a sandwich piece to their dinner. It was no good arguing with Jean. If she was for Perth, she was for Perth. Geordie was vexed with her, and he showed it. But he did not say anything. He just frowned down at his bonny Jean from the majesty of his height as she left to catch McCrimmon's bus.

He and George watched her from the cottage. She waited on the road in her best green dress and nylons and high-heeled shoes and the small red hat on her shining black hair and carrying a red shopping bag. McCrimmon was due any minute now. But it was not McCrimmon who picked up Jean. It was Luigi in Miss McIlreekie's old Rolls-Royce. He stopped, and there was a moment's talk or hesitation, and then Jean hopped, laughing, in with the Italian. McCrimmon's bus came just too late, or Luigi came just in time—Geordie was not sure which.

He and George set off for the hill, but by chance they met Camille out for a morning constitutional with the bairns, and she kindly offered to keep George. Geordie accepted gratefully.

"It is nothing," said Camille at collecting time. "For muckle Geordie and wee George—you see I am ever learning new Scotchnesses—for you any woman would gladly help. And the children keep company with one another, and I am free all day to practice my posture and my dancing for this fifty pounds that you will be judging me the winner, no?"

It was a grand day for the games, with hot sun but a breeze to bring the white clouds sailing from the west. Attendance was twice the previous record—the year that Geordie against his principles had given a shot-putting exhibition. Geordie was not best pleased with Miss McIlreekie, who without permission had included the name of the chief judge in the advertisements. So the laddies came to see Scotland's best in bathing belles, and the lassies came to see Scotland's biggest in Judge MacTaggart. It was not Geordie's fault. He could not help being a well-known figure—tricked again, this time by Miss McIlreekie, and Jean would hardly speak to him.

There were all the usual events—the piping, the dancing, the caber-tossing, the running, the jumping, the bicycle races, the flowers and vegetables in a marquee—and all on the field beside the loch. It was not a big Highland games like you'd find at Braemar or the like, but today it was twice as big as ever before, cram-jam-packed.

The chieftain, or chieftainess, Miss McIlreekie, sat alone in the back of her 1928 model landaulette with the top open and a tall parasol to shade her while she did her knitting in the very center of the arena. Now and then she barked out orders. It was Miss McIlreekie's afternoon, sole chieftain and dictator, and not even the laird would dare to cross her.

Now all the lesser events had been decided. There was a hush as the judges took their seats at the judging platform. To the one side was a tent where contestants could change before being judged; to the other side, a tent where they could relax after being judged. There were ninety-three entries. Geordie was in the depths of gloom, with strangers coming up to say things like, "It's Hollywood for you next, Geordie boy."

Nor did the laird help much. "Cheer up, George. Not every justice of appeal has such appealing suits to try. Jean here?" he said with shrewd eyes.

"She didn't feel like it," Geordie said.

"I hope the *signora* is not out of sorts," Luigi said. He spoke good English with formality. In his navy-blue chauffeur's uniform Luigi looked like an extra-handsome chauffeur. This afternoon in his green suit and red bow tie and brown suède shoes, with the glossy black hair and the bold black eyes and a black pencil of moustache, Luigi looked like the late Rudolph Valentino, and Geordie just wondered about that ride to Perth. . . .

"Chieftain says, 'Tell them they're here to judge, so get judging.'"

"Tell that old termagant from me——" But the laird's voice tailed off. "No insubordination," he muttered. "Well, George, how do we go about it?"

"Take them one by one?" suggested Geordie. "First for looks, then skills."

"But with ninety-three," Luigi said, "it would take us far into the night."

"Hear, hear," said the laird. "Marks are ten for divinity of face and form, five for ability. Stands to reason a low scorer in pure pulchritude can't make up for it however much the tops in trippin' the light fantastic or the like. So let's run the rabble through, select ten ewe lambs and oust the flatfoot goats, and anyway it's a foregone conclusion, eh, George?"

Geordie did not answer.

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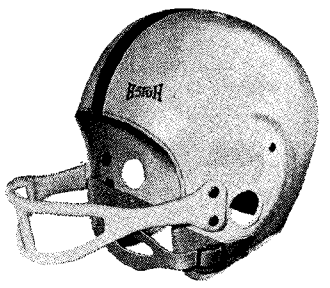

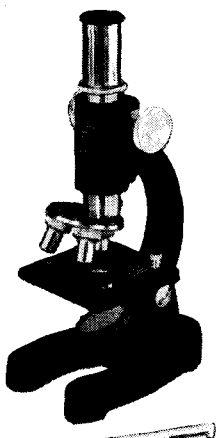

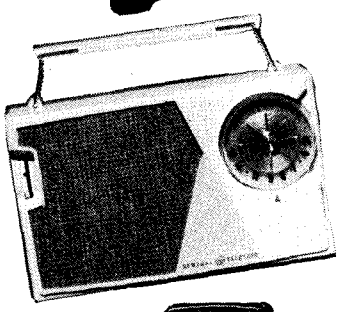

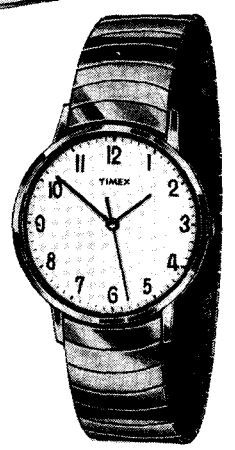

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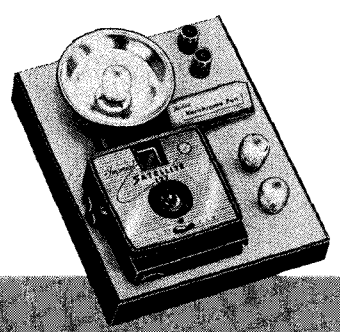

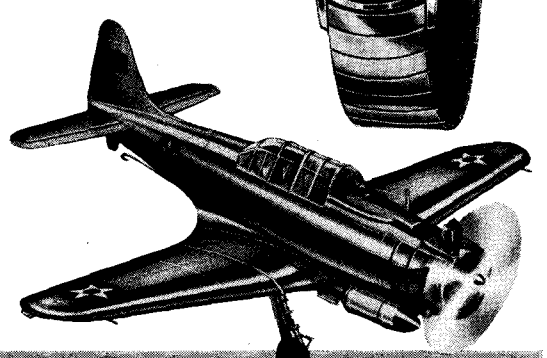

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LOOKING

"What is foregone conclusion?" said Luigi. "That I do not understand."

"Never mind, old boy. You will."

So Scotland's bonniest native belles, and some tourist belles from England and such foreign parts, paraded one by one to halt, to turn all round and back again before the stern-faced judges, to stroll link-kneed and swaying-hipped away. "That sixty-one," said the junior judge. "What a dumpled cart horse."

"S-s-sh!" said Judge MacTaggart, and the laird, who was on his best behavior, mumbled praise and dispraise more quietly. The crowd showed approval by polite hand clapping, the volume of which served but to endorse the judges' assessment. Now every contestant had passed but one, and the number in the exquisite small of her bright blue plunging back was 93, and she was Camille. There was a hush, a long-drawn gasp, a great cheer to prove that Scots could be stirred from their reticence by true divinity of face and form. "Holy Moses," said the laird. "Most poetical thing I ever saw in all my life."

Camille turned again to face her judges. She made a small *moue*, or contemptuous pout, at her left-hand judge, and then smiled bewitchingly at her chief judge in the place of honor, and then laughed with gay camaraderie at her junior judge, and she strolled away amid thunderous applause.

"All over bar the shouting and the fifty quid. But I'd like to see her dance."

"H'm," Geordie said. He was in full agreement with the laird.

"Ten out of ten, I give her."

"But, sir laird, are you not to be judge only of other gifts or skills?" Luigi frowned. "And as for divinity of face and form, forty-six would be my choice."

"Rubbish!" the laird said hotly. "Forty-six, indeed—that splay-hocked filly from Galashiels! Besides, think of letting fifty pounds go down the drain of the Border Country."

"So this is the famous Scottish justice," Luigi said. He smoldered.

The laird changed his tune. "Ah, my dear boy, you misunderstand me. Fair, all perfectly fair, let the best gel win."

So they selected the ten best girls, who then showed their paces. One danced a Highland fling, which did not seem right in a bathing suit. "Zero for that jumping Jenny," said the laird. One declaimed, "My luve is like a red, red Rose," from Rabbie Burns. "And you are like a puce-puce poppy," said the laird. "You get one point. Be quiet, Luigi." So it went on, the poor lassies doing their best to please this hanging judge. But now Camille. She kicked her shoes far away. And then she danced. It was the same dance that she had danced for warmth on the heather hill, but practiced to perfection. It was an exquisite thing of flow and cavort and twinkle toes, the dryad, the naiad, the nymph. She bowed to her senior judge, bowed again to her junior judge, but her third judge she scorned. The cheering was a hurricane.

"What a humdinger," said the laird. "Oh, to cast away fifty years! Five out of five she gets from me. Well, that settles it. Announce the winner, George."

"But, sir laird!" Now the smoldering Luigi was aflame. He drew a fiery breath and held it, and his hard jaw slackened, and into his bold black eyes came a gleam of astonished admiration.

Geordie followed his gaze to see that a late, or post, entry had mounted the platform in a crimson bathing suit edged with gold. The number in the exquisite crimson small of her plunging back was 94, and she was Jean. There was a hush, a long-drawn gasp, a cheer no less tumultuous than for No. 93. "By Jove," said the laird. "Oh, by Jove!"

Geordie stared at his wife's bonny back, feeling the blood come pounding to his head, and he stared as Jean slowly turned to bestow a bewitching smile upon the judge who had lately given her a lift to Perth to buy a costume for this contest, and to laugh with gay camaraderie at her junior judge, and to make a small *moue* at her senior judge; and then she strolled away amid thunderous applause.

"*Signora* MacTaggart is perfection's dream. She far surpasses even forty-six. Ten marks. Geordie, you must agree. . . . What say you, sir laird?"

Geordie said nothing. "H'm," said the laird, with small tuttings under his breath. Now back across the platform ran bonny Jean in her crimson bathing suit with her bonny curves and her bonny long legs; and from her son, small George, she took a white hat box, and from the box she drew a green straw hat with a white veil and a long red feather and purple grapes all the way round, and she put it on. It was a beauty of a hat that the chief judge had bought for her in America the day before he won at the Olympic Games, and he had brought it all the way home as his present for Jean.

Next Week In
SPEAKING OUT:

Humorist COREY FORD describes his pet peeve in

A Catalogue of Boors

PLUS

The Splendid Word

a story by Charlotte Armstrong

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Jean faced her judges, and she sang a song. Her voice was a true contralto, clear as the golden bell, pure as the water of the Highland burn, and in her braw bathing suit with her braw hat, and all the bobbing fruits on it, Jean sang:

"*I'm on my way hame frae a marriage*
It's been a splendeecious affair. . . ."

That was as far as Jean got before the cheering and laughter drowned her singing. It was comical for everyone but —— She held up her hand for silence.

"*. . . And the bride was a bonny wee lamb,*
Wi' rich curly hair and complexion
Redder than strawberry jam."

Once again Jean had to stop. It was a grand performance. The laird doubled up with laughter, smacking his bony knee, and Luigi's eyes flashed, and he cried, "*Bravissima!*" In all that crowd on that sunny afternoon only the chief judge sat in majestic dignity.

"*For the wedding bells were ringing*
And all the boys were singing:
Here's to you and yours and me
And mine, tarara.
Then we had a drappie
Just to make us happy
For the days of Auld Lang Syne."

But the wedding bells stop ringing, and the best things end. Jean made two deep bows and strolled back to the changing tent, and the riotous cheering died away.

"Five out of five," said the laird. "Funniest thing I ever heard. I never knew Jean ——" But now he quickly came down to earth, or to sense Geordie's rage. "Oh, I say," he muttered.

"So then *Signora* MacTaggart is the winner," Luigi said.

"Number ninety-three," growled Geordie. "I'll not budge an inch from that."

"Never!" cried Luigi, instantly aflame.

It was an impasse, and a great throng awaited judgment. The matter was settled by the chieftain, who arrived on foot to exercise her dictatorial powers and to announce the results without consulting the judges. "We've made a packet," she said *sotto voce*. "We can well afford it. Besides, a hundred pounds stays in the glen." Then at the microphone, "The result is a tie. Fifty pounds each to ——"

They were popular wins. Not a single dissenting voice to mar the gales of cheering. But the laird took his archenemy aside. "Flag of truce," he said. "It's all our fault, pair of old idiots."

"Yes, and Luigi has been desperate, so gloomy and cross, quite unlike his delightful self. I keep pressing bottles of my best Chianti on him, but it only makes the dear boy more morose."

"This love is ghastly," said the laird. "Give me war any time. Now listen!"

So it came about that after prize-giving, the chieftain, the judges, the winners and small George were silently transported to Drumfechan in the chieftain's venerable Rolls-Royce, and now they sat in the laird's smoking room amid antlers, tiger skins, French paintings of ladies in no bathing suits, books piled high, and pamphlets on everything from Coleoptera to Communism—the glum party sat, with sherry for the ladies and whisky for the gentlemen and ginger beer for George. Geordie was so slow to anger that he had been angry only a few times in his life, but now he was in a real red rage, and Jean sat saucy and defiant across from him, and Luigi and Camille were at daggers drawn. Even Miss McIlreekie seemed ill at ease. "A toast to the winners," she barked. "Propose it, Drumfechan."

The laird uncoiled his lanky self to stand, to clear his throat, to dart his eyes despairingly around for inspiration. But suddenly a broad smile wobbled the laird's broad moustache. When the laird made a speech, he changed from his usual short bursts of words, like a telegram, and spoke in longhand.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "not excluding Geordie, my noble friend," and small George snorted into his ginger beer, "it gives me vast pleasure at the end of this epic afternoon when not only did the best gels win but the best men saw to it without fear or favor or the slightest partiality that 100 pounds stayed right where it belonged right up this glen—my pleasure in proposing the health of these matchless symbols of pulchritude—the one a devoted wife and mother, the other not yet, but a smashing wife and mother-to-be, I'll wager." At this Jean smiled faintly, and Camille blushed faintly. "Where was I?"

"You were drooling on as usual," said Miss McIlreekie. "Cut the cackle. Stick to the point."

"Keep a civil tongue in your head," snarled the laird. "Well, as I was saying, my pleasure knows no bounds; the honor I feel is no less than colossal. And in proposing the health of Jean and of Camille, of Camille and Jean, I shall tell you all a little secret shared by no other man on earth. Nothing charmed me so much in the course of those charming proceedings—at which I sought so earnestly to see fair play—than to note how stout George stoutly gave his vote for the bonny Jean, and stout Luigi stoutly gave his vote *pour la belle* Camille. Oh, it touched my heart. Now let us drink!"

The two girls smiled. Jean stole a look at Geordie. Camille stole a look at Luigi. And that old devil, the laird, was splitting his sides, and Miss McIlreekie was laughing too. So then Geordie caught Luigi's flashing eye, and he couldn't help himself, and they all were laughing, including small George in a baffled way at the infectious daftness of his elders.

Geordie and Jean walked to home and supper with George between them, a hand to each. "The laird's awfy daft the nicht," said small George. "Eh, Dad?"

"The laird's no more daft than you," Geordie said quite sternly. He was thanking goodness for his daft old cunning laird. Small George ran ahead.

"So you voted for me."

"Aye," he said. He had voted for all, including Jean.

"Am I better than Camille?"

"Aye, you're better than Camille—better this way and that way and every way. Stronger and fiercer, and you're the one I'm loving." He took her in his arms, and they kissed a long time.

But George had returned to stand short and square and hands on hips along the path. "Aye, kissing!" he said.

"I was thinking," Jean said.

"I mebbe was thinking the same as you," Geordie said.

"I was thinking George is getting a wee thing spoilt. It's company he's needing, like mebbe a sister for him to be spoiling."

"I was thinking yon," Geordie said. And Geordie was thinking that even a married chap couldn't help feeling a wee bit human about a bonny stranger like Camille, but a married chap could thank his stars for having a bonny fierce wife like Jean. THE END

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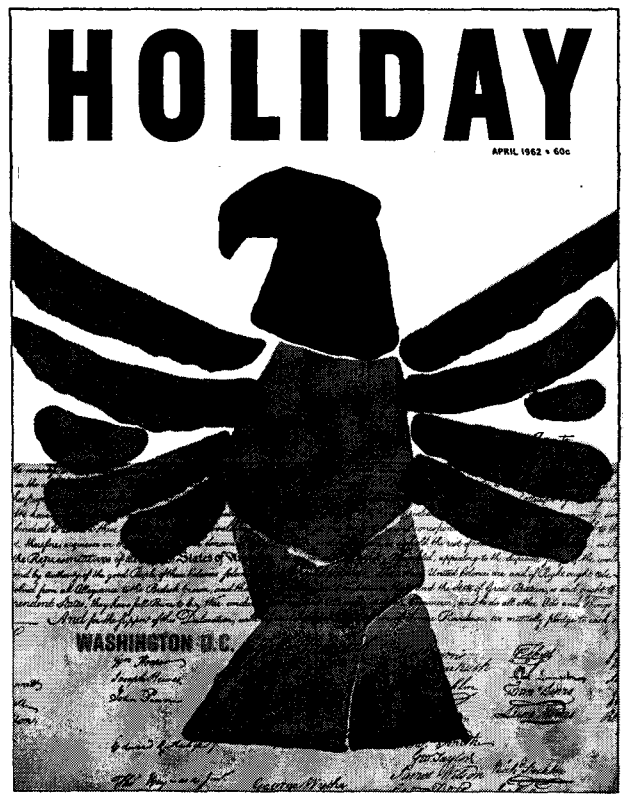

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WHY DO THEY CALL MY HUSBAND CRAZY?

Jim Piersall's wife tells of her husband's illness—and recovery—and why he is "a little more susceptible than others to the pressures of baseball."

Ever since my husband, Jim Piersall, was cured of a mental illness in 1952 and then wrote a *Saturday Evening Post* series (Jan. 29–Feb. 5, 1955) and a book about it three years later, he's been a marked man. Other major-league ballplayers can explode without being branded as screwballs, but Jim must watch his step. If he objects to an umpire's decision, or loses his temper, or does anything unusual on the field, thoughtless fans and ballplayers call him crazy.

They called him crazy last year when a couple of fans ran out on the field at Yankee Stadium and Jim dispersed them by punching one and kicking the other. They called him crazy when he yelled at the press box in the Twin Cities in protest of a scorer's decision. It was the same when he got into a fight with Jim Bunning of the Detroit Tigers, who had hit him with a pitch, and when he proclaimed his displeasure at Paul Richards's failure to give him a place on the American League All-Star team.

Things happen with Jim because he is a human dynamo who throws everything he has into everything he does. Last year his enthusiasm paid off handsomely, for he enjoyed the best season of his career. He not only starred in the outfield for the Cleveland Indians, but also batted .322—the third-highest average in the league. He was traded to the Washington Senators at the end of the season, and they tell me he is the highest-paid ballplayer in Washington's baseball history. This man is crazy?

Jim is high-strung and sensitive, and a little more susceptible than others to the pressures of baseball, but he's certainly not crazy. On the contrary, he knows exactly how to cope with the threat of a nervous breakdown. He proved it in 1960, when the whole baseball world thought he was headed for another mental collapse. For a while I was apprehensive myself, but my fright turned to admiration as I watched him win a battle that would have crushed anyone with less character and determination.

Baseball fans didn't realize that he was fighting this battle—in fact, I didn't realize it myself at first. I was terribly concerned about Jim in the early part of the 1960 season, because his actions formed a pattern similar to 1952 when, as a Boston Red Sox rookie, he drove himself straight into a mental institution.

The roots of his illness went back many years. In Jim's childhood his father began an intense campaign to make a big-league ballplayer out of him. The pressure increased as Jim grew older, and fear of failure haunted him. When the Red Sox tried to shift him from center field, where he had always played, to shortstop, a position that was strange to him, Jim took it to mean they didn't want him. He became scared and insecure, and that was the cause of his breakdown ten years ago.

While that breakdown was coming on, he argued too much with umpires and got into fist fights with teammates and opponents. He did all sorts of outlandish things. He led the fans in cheers for himself, played catch with scoreboard boys, swung back and forth like a monkey while hanging by one hand from the dugout roof. Or he would imitate the mannerisms of other ballplayers. Once he climbed up the screen behind home plate. Another time he squirted the plate with a water pistol.

The fans and writers loved his cutting up, but it disgusted the umpires, annoyed other players and worried me. Gradually I realized that he wasn't a clown at all, but a very sick boy.

I could tell by the way he acted at home. Up to then, he had been affectionately considerate of me and devoted to our two babies. Now he became selfish, demanding and impossible to please. He brooded, complained constantly of headaches, often disappeared without explanation.

This wasn't the Jim Piersall I had fallen in love with in Scranton, Pennsylvania, where I lived and where Jim played ball one year. This wasn't the handsome, black-haired kid whose huge brown eyes never stopped twinkling, and whose smile melted everyone he met. This was a youth who needed medical attention.

I was actually relieved when the breakdown came in early August. Jim was sent to the Westborough State Hospital on the outskirts of Boston, where he stayed for nearly six weeks of shock treatments and psychotherapy. And he came out cured.

The next eight years were far from uneventful, for Jim takes his baseball seriously and is a hard loser. He could always be counted on to argue over an umpire's decision that seemed questionable, or to lose his temper when things went wrong. But at least his arguments were no less justified than anyone else's, and there were good reasons for his occasional bursts of anger. Besides, I knew that Jim used baseball as a safety valve. He could let off steam on the field and then be thoroughly relaxed away from it.

Even when Jim was traded by the Red Sox to Cleveland after the 1958 season—a move that shocked us both—Jim kept his head. He ended up consoling me, for I was so upset that I wept. Our home is in the Boston suburb of Newtonville, and I had hoped Jim would be with the Red Sox forever. It took me some time to become reconciled to the trade, but Jim accepted it philosophically. When I thought about it later, I figured that if he could take that, he could take anything.

Then came the nightmare season of 1960, a season that re-established an old fear in my heart. Jim suddenly exploded in a series of antics that reminded me of the year I wanted to forget. As in 1952, his arguments were pointless, his tantrums triggered by trivialities. As in 1952, he carried on a feud with the umpires. He objected to nearly every decision that went against him, sometimes so violently that he was banished from the game.

Once more he had the whole league in an uproar with his oddball stunts. This time he made headlines by such things as throwing a ball at the scoreboard in Chicago, tearing up the outfield turf with his spikes in New York, sitting against the flagpole in Boston, and tossing his bat at a pitcher who tried to hit him with the ball in Cleveland.

To me, the most appalling thing was the similarity of motivation between 1952 and 1960. Just before he reported for spring training in 1952, Jim had learned about the intention of the Red Sox to move him from center field to shortstop. And just before Jim reported to the Indians in 1960, he got a letter from Frank Lane, then the club's general manager, warning him that he had been hired to play baseball, not to clown.

Jim had always done a little clowning, and 1959 had been no exception. However, this wasn't why he'd had a poor 1959 season, hitting only .246. Lane apparently thought otherwise, and I suppose his letter was intended as a friendly warning. Instead, it both infuriated Jim and robbed him of his confidence. He was so worried that he left home a week ahead of time for 1960 spring training. Some of his apprehension rubbed off on me.

I felt better when his letters and phone calls from Arizona reflected growing optimism, and my mind was completely at rest when, just before the season started, he called to tell me that he felt fine and was looking forward to a great year. But on opening day Manager Joe Gordon of the Indians kept Jim on the bench, starting Harvey Kuenn in center field and Walter Bond, a rookie, in right field.

Even though Jim was in the line-up the next day, after Kuenn got hurt, he never felt secure under Gordon. As in 1952, when he hadn't felt secure with the Red Sox, Jim began his senseless feuding with the umpires and found other offbeat ways to direct attention to himself.

I tried at first to talk him out of making such a spectacle of himself. He was most conspicuous on weekends, when the crowds were largest and the pressure greatest. With Monday usually an off day, Jim sometimes managed to get home on Sunday nights, frequently fresh from some new escapade. In the first few weeks I asked time and again, "When are you going to learn that you can't win arguments with the umpires?"

One night in May Jim said, "Mary, I know I'm doing the wrong thing, but I'm trying to get straightened out."

I realized then that he knew he was in a fight—a battle far greater than any he might have had with an umpire. That night I resented more than ever the talk of fans and the hints of writers to the effect that my husband was crazy.

In late June the Indians made him take a rest that he neither wanted nor needed. The club physician, Dr. Donald Kelly, really scared me. While Jim was on his way home for an off day, the doctor phoned and said, "Jim's not to report back to the ball club until we send for him—or until he sees a doctor there."

I went cold. After a deep breath, I managed to say, "I'll see how he is when he gets home. If he seems to need medical help, I'll make sure he gets it."

The Piersalls at home. Baseball, Mary says, is a safety valve for Jim—he can "let off steam on the field and then be fully relaxed away from it."

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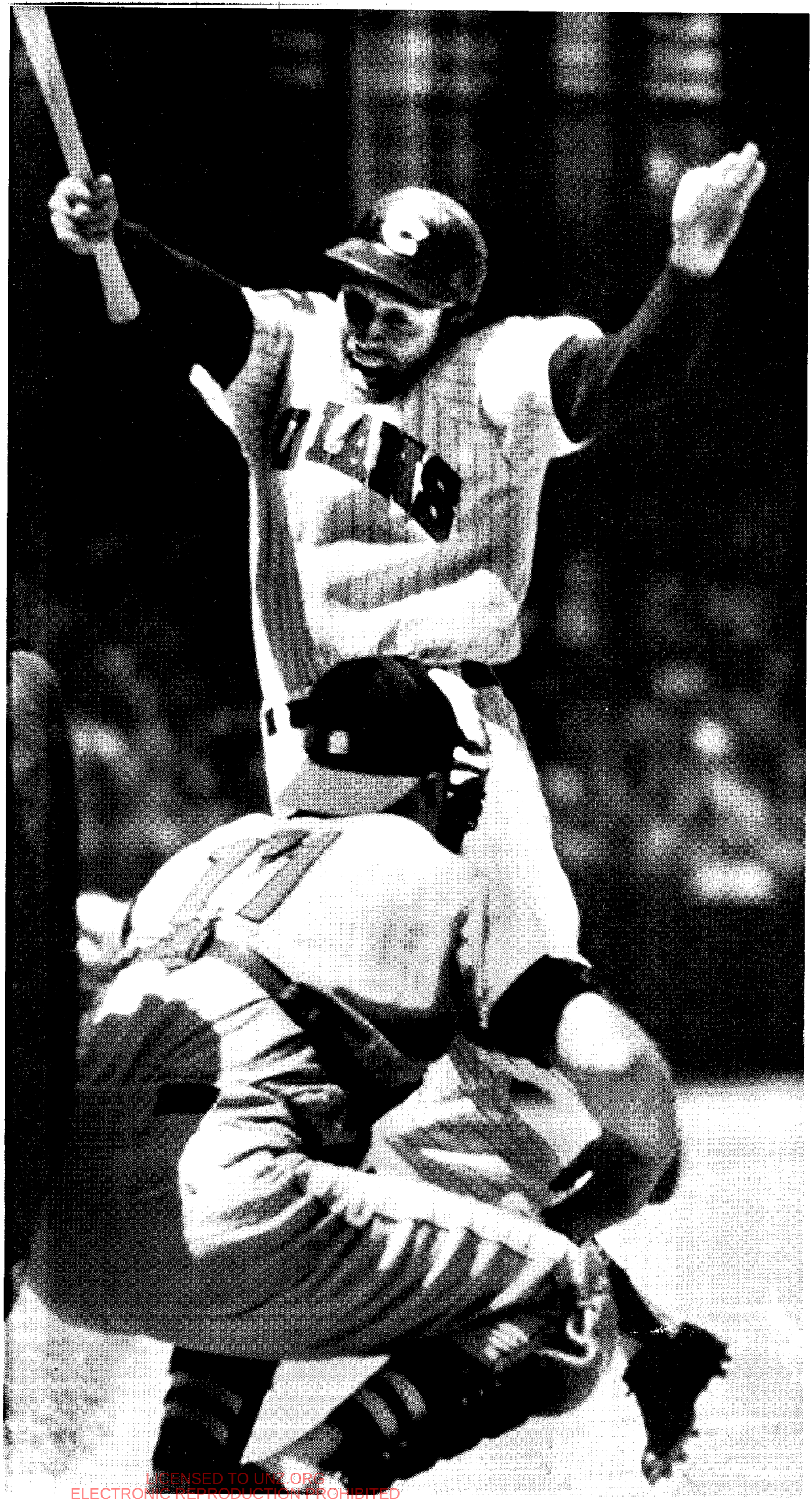
Right: Dancing clear of an inside pitch. Some of Jim's fanciest fireworks have exploded when a pitcher tried to dust him off.



BY MARY PIERSALL
as told to Al Hirshberg

I hardly knew what to expect after the doctor's phone call, but when Jim arrived he was perfectly normal, although upset at his enforced rest. He agreed that his actions on the field had been unusual, but saw no reason why he couldn't stay with the ball club.

I was upset enough to say, "Jim, if you get so excited on that field that you can't control yourself, don't you think it's time for you to quit?"

"I'll know when it's time to quit," he said.

"Well, at least see a psychiatrist," I said. "You haven't been to one since you left the hospital."

"All right, Mary," he said calmly. "If it'll make you feel better, I'll see a psychiatrist."

The doctor he saw, a prominent Boston specialist, talked with him for some time, then assured me that Jim was all right—only a little nervous. He advised that Jim rejoin the team as soon as possible. At the doctor's suggestion the Indians recalled him to Cleveland.

Just before he left, Jim said, "Mary, no matter what I do, don't lose faith in me. I'm going to lick this thing."

"I'm sure you will, honey," I said.

And I *was* sure. In spite of his actions on the field, there were several sound reasons for my faith. One was Jim's own realization that there was something to lick. Another was his behavior off the field, which was altogether different than in the days before his 1952 breakdown. The Jim Piersall I knew wasn't the same Jim Piersall the fans saw. My Jim was calm and sensible, an understanding husband and a devoted father.

He had learned something he didn't know in 1952—how to leave his pressures on the field and in the locker room. No matter what happened in a game, nor how long it took for him to unwind in the locker room later, Jim always walked away from the ball park utterly relaxed.

Jim has talked to hundreds of people with problems of their own since his story was published, and he was continuing to help others. During the very period in 1960, when baseball followers were openly questioning his sanity, he helped launch a mental-health drive in Cleveland.

Anyone who saw Jim away from the baseball atmosphere in 1960 found it hard to believe that he had become such a difficult ballplayer to handle. The contrast was brought forcibly home to me at a time when the umpires were complaining most bitterly about his conduct. The Indians came to Boston for a weekend series, and Jim wanted me to take a couple of the kids to watch the Saturday-afternoon game on July twenty-third. At that time we had seven children, with an eighth on the way.

Jimmy Jr. and Maura both wanted to go, but I was doubtful. If Jim did something silly and got thrown out of the game, I didn't know how it might affect the children. But after he hit two home runs on Friday night and never once let out a peep at the umpires, I agreed the

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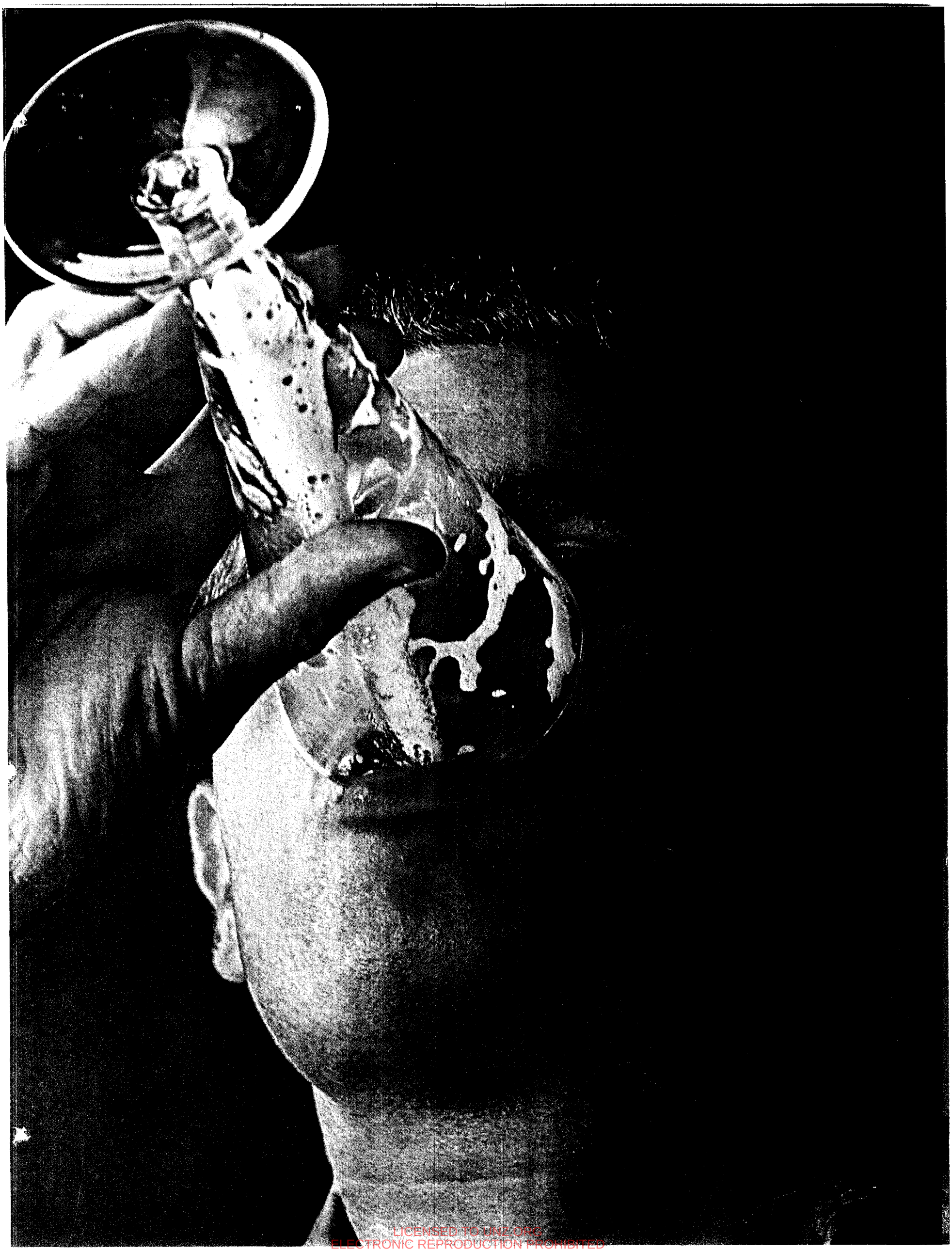

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PIERSALL

next morning to take little Jimmy and Maura to the Saturday game. We went with a friend of mine and three or four other kids in the neighborhood, driving to the ball park in two cars.

I was a little tense as we settled ourselves behind the Cleveland dugout on the third-base side of the field. For a while I kept repeating to myself, *Don't let anything happen—don't let anything happen.* But as the game progressed and nothing did, I felt better. When Jim got a hit and scored a run in the second inning, putting the Indians in front, 2–0, I sat back and stopped worrying.

Ted Williams came to bat in the Red Sox half of the sixth inning, and Joe Gordon decided to shift his outfield around to the right. This was a standard maneuver, often used by opposing teams against Williams, since he was a left-handed slugger whose greatest power was to the right.

The shift left a wide gap in left field. Gordon ordered Jim, who plays center, to swap places with Tito Francona, the Indians' left fielder. If Williams should try to cross up Cleveland's defense by hitting toward left, Jim could cover the gap better than the slower Francona.

I was watching Williams when little Jimmy suddenly chortled and cried, "Mommy! Mommy! Look at daddy!"

Even before I turned my head toward left field, the fans were beginning to yell. Jim was moving a few steps to the left, then going back to his original position. As far as I could tell, he was setting himself to break toward the open outfield hole in case Williams hit the ball in that direction.

Then Jim started waving his arms over his head, and instead of stepping, he was dancing up and down. Now the crowd was roaring, and I squirmed. Up at the plate Williams said something to Umpire Ed Hurley, who pointed toward Jim. Then Hank Soar, the umpire nearest to left field, yelled at Jim. Without a word Jim stopped in his tracks, and I breathed a sigh of relief. When Williams popped up to the second baseman, Jim returned to his regular position in center.

When Williams came to bat again in the eighth inning and Gordon ordered the same shift, I tensed up again. Sure enough, the crowd began to roar. There Jim was, dancing back and forth and waving his arms, just as he had before.

Ed Hurley stopped the game, stepped in front of the plate and began walking toward Jim. Soar yelled again, but this time Jim ignored him. He was watching Hurley. Suddenly, as Hurley reached the outfield grass, Jim rushed toward him, yelling as he ran. Through a film of tears I saw Hurley point in the direction of the dugout, the signal that Jim was out of the game.

For a moment I sat in silence, then realized I just had to go somewhere and hide. I told the others to wait for me, and fled to the ladies' room. By the time I had regained enough composure to go back to my seat, the game was practically over.

Jim acted as if nothing had happened when he met us later. He greeted us all with a big smile, hugged and kissed Maura and little Jimmy and said, "Come on, kids. All of you pile into the car and I'll drive you home."

So the children went with him, and I rode back in the other car. There were people around the house all evening, and Jim was bubbling over with good will and hospitality. I had no chance to talk to him alone until we were getting ready for bed. By that time he seemed to have forgotten all about the Williams incident.

But I hadn't. And I couldn't help comparing the wild-eyed ballplayer of the afternoon with the friendly host of the evening. It didn't seem possible that they were the same man. "Jim," I said, "you're letting baseball tear you apart. I think you'd better give it up."

"No, Mary," he said, "I can't quit now. I'm going to ride this thing out."

"I don't want you to get sick again," I said.

He looked hard at me. Then, in a steady voice, he said, "I'm not sick—and I'm not going to get sick. It might take a little more time, but I'll be all right." He paused, then added, "I know you're thinking that things seem to be the same way now as they were before, but you're wrong. The last time, I had headaches, and I blacked out, and I thought everyone was against me. None of these things are true now. I'll be all right, Mary."

I felt better after that. Then, during the first week of August, the Indians and the Detroit Tigers unexpectedly swapped managers. Joe Gordon went to Detroit, and Jimmy Dykes became Jim's boss at Cleveland.

The first thing Dykes did was pull Jim aside and say, "Good, bad or indifferent, you're my center fielder for the rest of the season."

That was all Jim needed. Dykes's assurance restored his confidence, and he no longer felt the urge to attract attention. He went through the rest of the 1960 season without a row with the umpires or an unconventional action on the field.

At spring training last year, Dykes again assured Jim that his job was secure. Jim showed his appreciation in the one way he could—he played the best baseball of his life. His .322 batting average marked the first time he had hit over .300 in his major-league career. Dykes handled him beautifully all season. He let Jim argue with an umpire just so long, then yelled, "Shut up, Jim!"—and Jim shut up.

I dreaded every trip Jim had to make to Detroit, because I was afraid he might get hurt by some of the bleacher fans there, who threw everything from golf balls to beer cans at him. Aside from that, I enjoyed the 1961 season immensely. Sure, Jim was involved in a few incidents, but all in all it was a nice, quiet year. I see no reason why the coming season should be any different.

Even when Jim does nothing to attract attention, though, I'm afraid inconsiderate people will still insist on calling him crazy. Last May, when the Indians made their first trip of the 1961 season to Boston, I sat beside the Cleveland dugout one day and watched my husband get four hits. Late in the game, while Jim was at bat, one of his teammates started heckling the plate umpire about an earlier decision. One word led to another, and the umpire finally tore off his mask and rushed over to the dugout to chase the heckler. As he turned back toward the plate, other Cleveland players began yelling at him, and then a helmet, a glove, a bat and a rosin bag came flying out of the dugout.

Jim stood near the plate, watching but taking no part in the hassle. In the middle of it I heard a fan say, "Look at that crazy Piersall. While all the other guys are arguing, he just stands there."

So he's crazy when he battles with the umpires, and crazy when he doesn't. I suppose there will always be people who take that attitude toward Jim. I wonder how many of them could have won the fight he won in 1960. THE END

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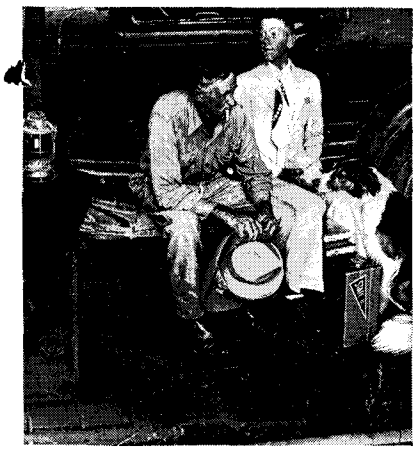

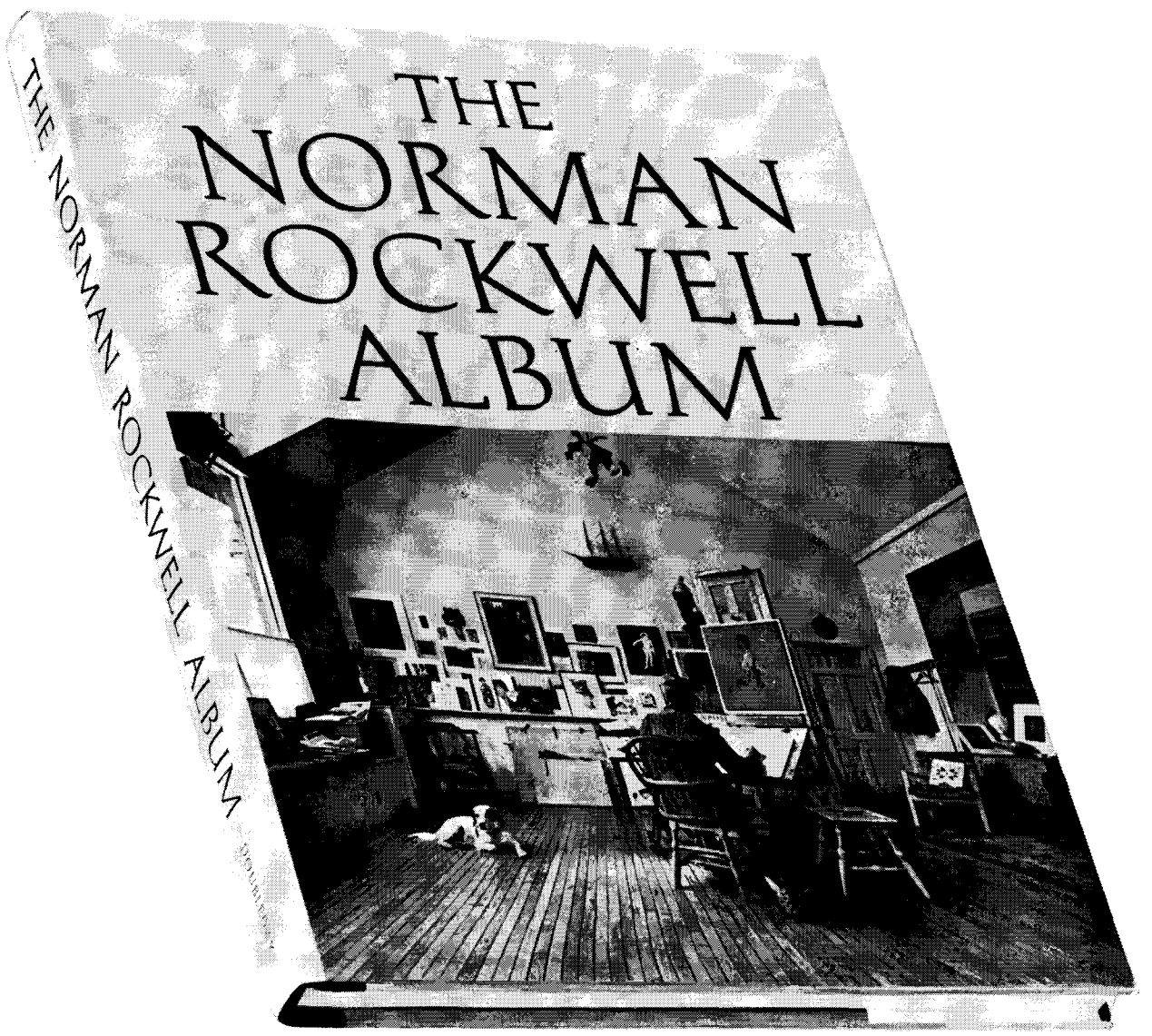

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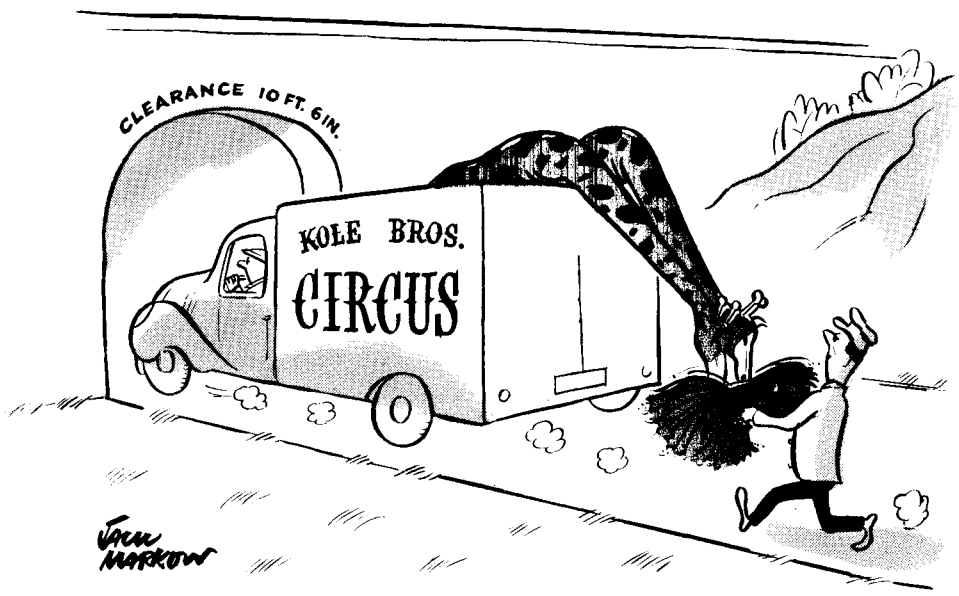
post scripts



Reflections in a Rear-View Mirror

I shot an arrow into the air . . .
It fell to earth. I soon learned where
Its peculiar position—it fell at an angle—
Was reported the cause of a typical tangle
Of home-wending drivers who thought it a new way
To get to New Haven via the Thruway.

A dollar's worth of dog food
Is what I buy each day.
They stamp my sales slip on the back.
No parking fee I pay.
Now I've no dog to growl or bark
I'm sure I never will.
But it's the cheapest way to park
Near Murphy's Bar and Grill.

JOHN KIERAN JR.

"Fire—Fire—I've discovered Fire!"

"It was her second marriage and third million, or her third marriage and second million. Anyhow, she's getting a divorce."

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Shall We Dance?

Karen bounced in with a raincoat on over whatever was under. She stood before me and pouted. "I don't want to take ballet. What good is ballet?"

"I have no idea. It's good for your mother."

"Did she ever take it?"

"No. She wants you to have the things that were denied her."

Karen smiled with a dry female smile. "I bet. You know I had to stand two hours on one foot? Mr. Rymer said, 'Stand on one foot,' and then he walked away and forgot to come back. Look, isn't one foot bigger than the other? I could grow up with one small foot and one big foot."

"Not at all," I advised. "Next week stand on the *other* foot. That will even things up."

"I hate ballet. It's nauseous. Try standing like this."

I stood up and tried and winced and sat down. "That's different. I'm old and my legs are stiff."

"I hate it. I'd rather play shortstop with Mike's team."

"Ballet is good for you. It takes off weight, for one thing."

"Pooh. And I hate leotards."

"What are leotards?"

"Look!" she cried. She flung open her raincoat and there she stood, chubby and bulgy in something like a skin-diver's underwear.

"Good heavens!" I cried. "What do you wear over it?"

"Nothing."

"Karen, those things have shrunk in the wash or something. Put on a bathrobe."

"And the boys peek in the window. My reputation is sunk. I'll die an old maid, hopping around on my toes and screaming."

"Go and get dressed. Maybe your mother will let you take music instead."

"Hooray. Can I take kettledrum?"

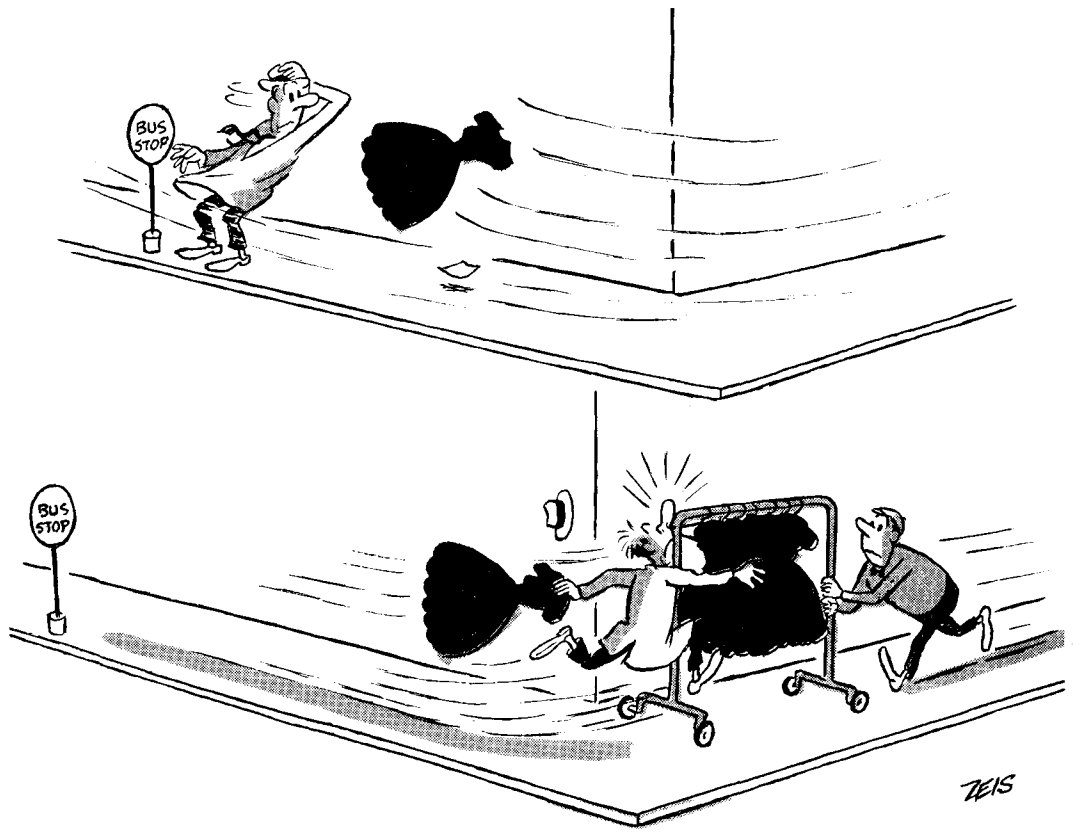
"Karen, you can take anything. Just do not appear in public in that costume again, not where anyone knows I'm your father."

"Hooray! Hooray! I'm going to take kettledrum." Karen sang as she dashed up to her room.

I hope her mother doesn't mind. Dash it, kettledrums can be quite soothing. But those leotards! . . .

OLLIN

"It's only temporary, Martha, until we get a young goat for bait."



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Note to a New Baby Sitter

It is not absolutely necessary for you to help Tommy hunt bugs for his pet lizard, but the evening might go more smoothly for you if you do.

Remember to hide the turtles before 7:30 so Cindy won't try to sneak them into the bathtub with her.

Under no circumstances allow Junior to have the pup in his room tonight—unless he insists on sleeping in the garage with it otherwise.

Kindly check to be sure that little Babbie feeds Jupiter his Fishy Wishy Cat Food and not my 99c crab meat.

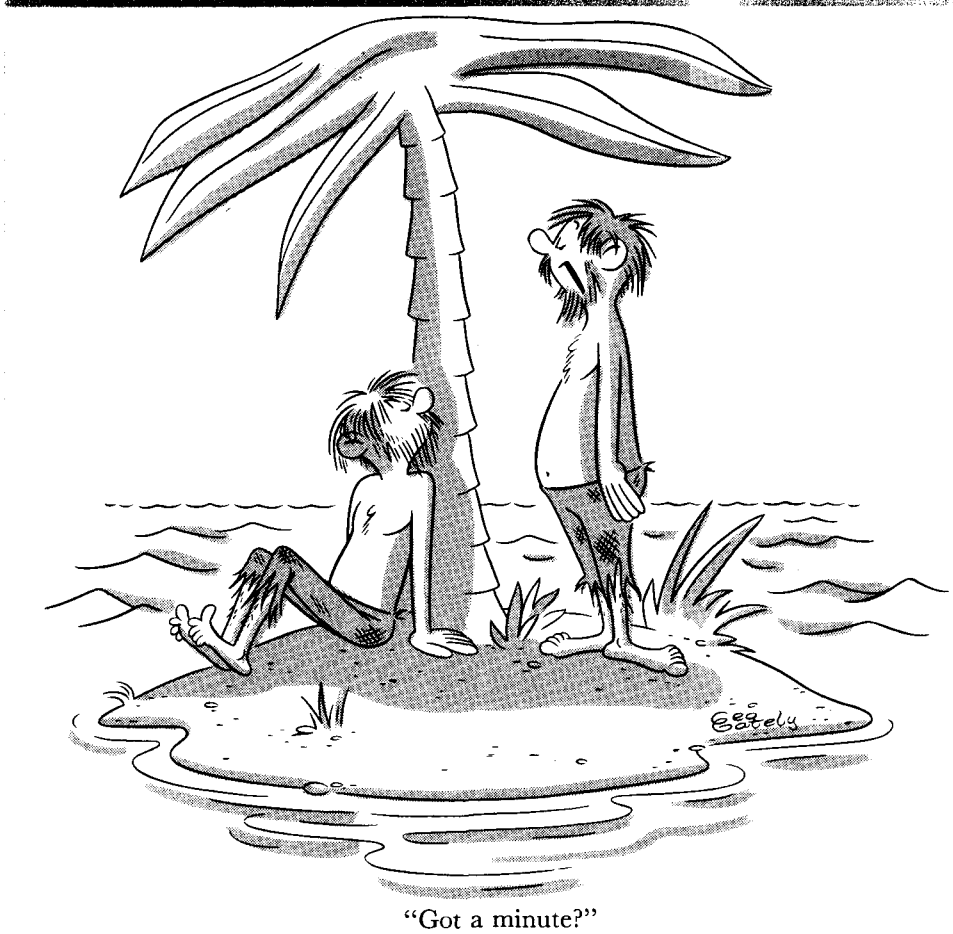
No matter what the children tell you, the guinea pigs are not permitted to take an evening stroll in the back yard. When our last baby sitter fell for that story the guinea pigs broke up the patio party next door, and the neighbors called the police.

Don't be alarmed if the children threaten to turn the white rats loose in the house. They're in a steel cage this time, and I wear the key on a chain around my neck.

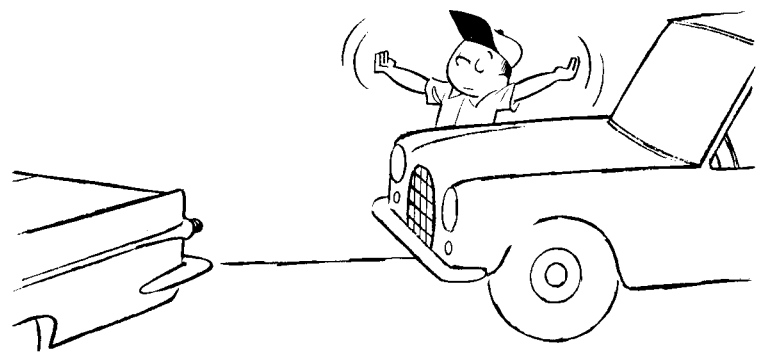
P.S. The vet's number is at the top of the list on that pad by the phone.

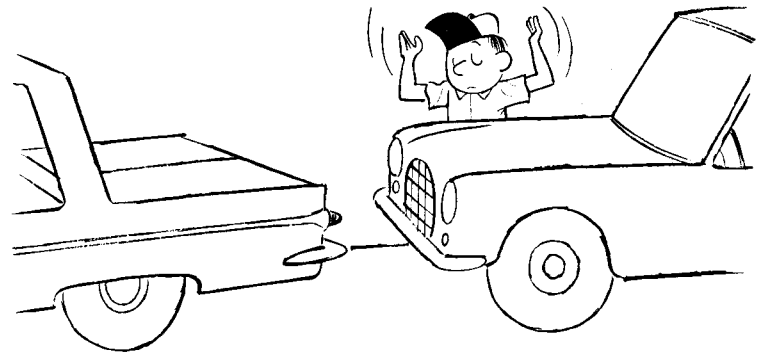
ERMA LEA CHITTY

"Doon."



"Got a minute?"





PARTNERS

The chores around our house are various
And onerous and multifarious.
  My wife and I, though, share them.
You take my shirts. My wife may wash
And dry and iron them, but, by gosh,
  I do my part: I wear them.

Richard Armour

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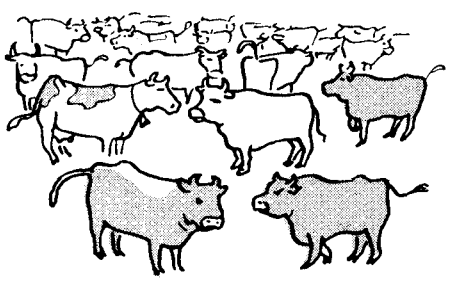
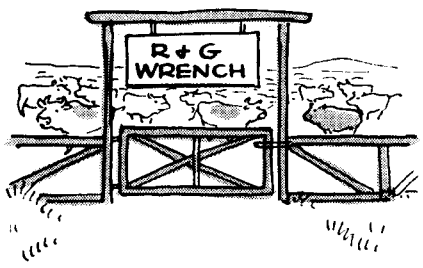
KETTLE:



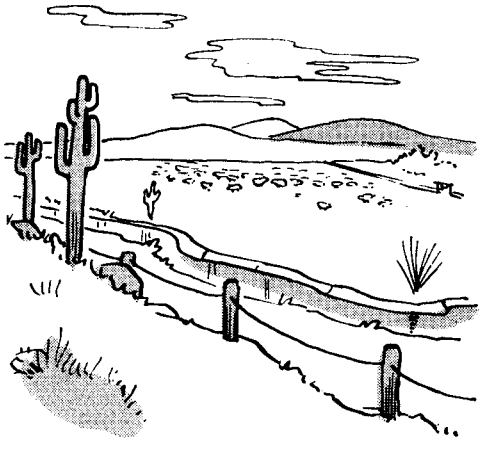
STEER, COWS, ETC.

WRENCH:



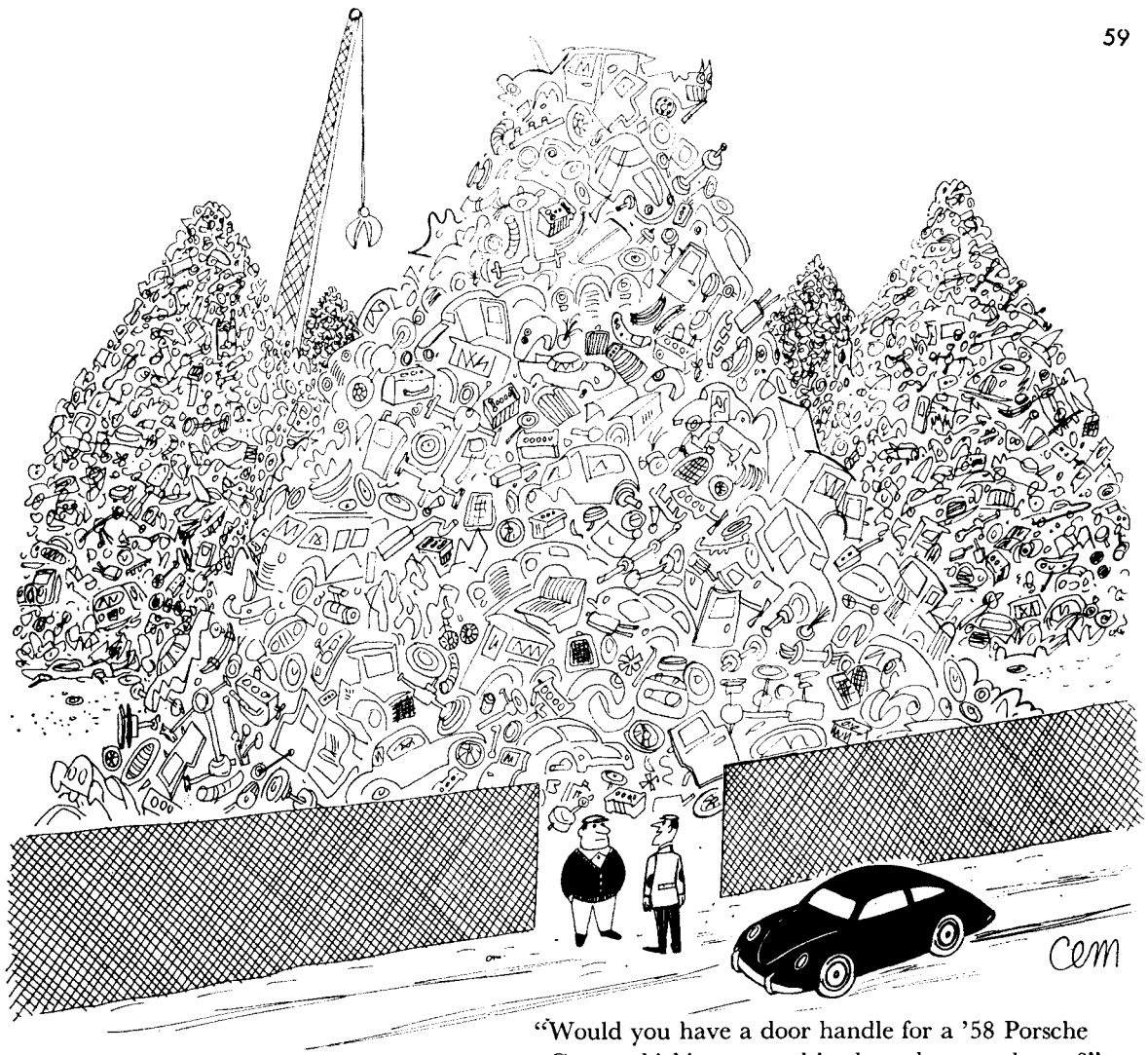
PLACE WHERE KETTLE ARE KEPT

VEST:



OUT WHERE KETTLE WRENCHES ARE

BIL KEANE



"Would you have a door handle for a '58 Porsche Carrera kicking around in there, by any chance?"

"Who gets the extra-dry Martini?"

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MURDER OR SUICIDE? NO ONE WOULD TALK—AND THE DISTRICT

"You haven't any choice, sheriff. You've got to look for evidence that Anita Stillman was murdered." Young attorney Lee Halliday, visiting Mara Valley as an investigator for California's attorney general, urged Sheriff Joe Schmidt to take a closer look at the facts surrounding the girl's death and kept hammering on one point: No suicide note had been found. Halliday's interest was more than professional, for Mara's district attorney implied that Halliday himself had driven the girl to suicide as settlement of his long-standing feud with Anita's mother, whom Halliday had antagonized at a criminal trial.

Sheriff Schmidt's reluctance to proceed with a full-scale inquest stemmed from a realization that Hugh Trock would be the primary murder suspect. Hugh, son of the valley's leading citizen, was the last person to see Anita before she died, asphyxiated in her car by exhaust fumes carried by a garden hose jammed in a front window.

Halliday finally persuaded the sheriff to cooperate with him in a thorough examination of the car.

Schmidt got his camera and began taking pictures. Halliday, idly watching, became gradually aware that something about the hose demanded his attention. He examined it closely, seeing nothing unusual. Yes, there was something. It didn't have the usual brass coupling at the end. He squatted beside it for a closer look. The coupling had been sheered off neatly, by a single blow with a sharp edge. And it had been newly done.

"I suppose, sheriff," he said, "that you noticed this?"

"Uh-huh. What about it?"

"Nothing, maybe. Let's look at the other end."

It was still shoved into the exhaust. More precisely, it was shoved into the short, chrome tail pipe that served as an ornamental extension of the exhaust and had an aperture shaped like a flattened oval. Schmidt pulled the hose free with one sharp jerk. The brass coupling had been chopped off this end too.

"I wonder," said Halliday.

"Huh?"

"Let's go back again and assume it was suicide. I can see why she would chop the coupling off this end to make the hose fit into the narrow opening of the tail pipe. But she didn't have to chop the coupling off the other end to fit the hose into the adjustable wing window. If it was suicide, why did she?"

Schmidt had straightened and was looking the other way. "I don't know," he said. "But I know something else. If you're goin' to stay out of Mrs. Stillman's way, you'll have to hurry."

Halliday straightened, too, and wheeled around in time to see a car that had come from the Stillman house brought to a stop. Sue Stillman sat behind the wheel, her father beside her. In the back seat, and already pushing at the door on her side, was Mrs. Stillman.

She came out of the car and straight to Schmidt, never once looking at Halliday. "Get this creature off our property at once, sheriff," she demanded. "This is a private lane, and he has no right to be here. At once! Do you hear!"

"Now, Mrs. Stillman ——" began Schmidt.

"Mother!" Sue came running across and took her mother's hand. "Mother, please! Let daddy handle it."

Sheriff Schmidt said, "He's only trying to help, Mrs. Stillman."

They were the wrong words. She glared at Schmidt, repeating his last word. "Help?" she said. She turned the blaze of hating eyes full on Halliday. "Murderer!" she cried. She trembled all over, repeating wildly, "Murderer! Murderer! Murderer!"

Harvey Stillman reached her and put an arm around her waist. "Let's go back to the car, Lenore," he said, and Sue went with them.

Schmidt said, "You'd better get out of here, Halliday."

"Yes. One thing first. Tell Stillman his wife and daughter are not to know about bringing in a San Francisco doctor for the autopsy. Insist on it."

"Why?"

Sue was returning to them. Halliday said, "I'll explain later."

Sue stopped before Halliday, saying angrily, "Why did you have to come back here?"

It was too much. He snapped at her, "So I could be accused again of something you know I didn't do."

She seemed to crumple a little, making him regret his words.

"I'm sorry," she said. "We could see the two of you from the house, but we couldn't tell who you were. Mother insisted we find out. She's very ——" Sue hesitated, then cried, "Oh, please go, Lee!"

"Certainly." He went to his car and backed it to the highway. As he drove off he saw Schmidt walking with Sue to the car containing her parents.

Halliday found at the inn that "Mr. Blaisdell" had telephoned three times from San Francisco. The last call had come fifteen minutes ago.

Halliday reached him from a pay booth in a corner of the lobby. "This time the line is safe," said Halliday curtly. "Say what you like."

"Smooth down your hackles, Halliday. I apologize for blowing up at you this morning. My only excuse is that I'm tired of sending men up to that valley and seeing the valley work them over."

"All right. I'm sorry too. Let's forget it."

"I've got to decide," said McCardell, "whether this has ended your usefulness up there."

"Why should it?"

"The obvious reason. They're on to you. That D.A., Pinkley, couldn't have any other reason for trying to pin the suicide blame on you."

"I thought that at first too. Now I doubt it."

"But why pick you?"

"Because I was there and vulnerable. And because it was a way of diverting attention from someone and something else."

"Someone? What someone?"

"Hugh Trock. This could be murder. If it is, he's the killer."

McCardell was silent for a considerable interval. At length he said, "Halliday, hold your temper now. I'm just asking questions, and I've got a right to be skeptical. Everything we know about the man running that valley shows he's much too intelligent to fool with murder, or let anybody in his crowd fool with murder."

"Agreed. But the ablest of men can't always control their sons."

"Hey? Come again with that."

"What I'm saying is that I'm satisfied Tom Able Trock is our man."

Again a silence before McCardell spoke. The skepticism in his tone was stronger. "If I correctly remember Hoskins's report, he said Tom Able Trock was seventy years old and inactive."

"He may be both. He's also the only remarkable mind I've found up here. A damned attractive personality, I might add."

"You like him?"

"I do."

"Listen. Maybe you had better drive down here so we can talk this whole thing out tonight."

"Huh-uh. I'll come when I can. Right now I'm too busy helping the sheriff look for proof of murder."

"The sheriff!" Halliday could clearly hear surprise and disgust in the other's voice. "Don't you know a man couldn't be sheriff up there if he weren't in that conspiracy up to his neck?"

"Let me remind you of something, general." It was the first time Halliday had used the pompously inappropriate form of address that went with McCardell's office, and he meant it to be sardonic. "We agreed I'd do this my own way. Remember? I'm on the scene. You're not."

"Very well. Play your string out. You haven't much farther to go."

"That could be. But if you're thinking of sending another man up here to second-guess me—and I suspect you are—don't do it. I'll hang a sign on his coattail for the whole valley to read."

McCardell's words came hard and clipped. "You're impossible, Halliday. God knows I tried to get along with you. I apologized to you even after reading that transcript. But it's no use."

"What transcript are you talking about?"

"The one you invited me to read. The Preston case, where your flagrantly contemptuous conduct forced Judge Solcey to send you to jail. And I, like a fool, got you free again."

"If you've really read the Preston transcript," said Halliday hotly, "then you know that Sam Solcey worked harder than the district attorney to convict my client. He does it all the time. Somebody had to draw the line if there's ever going to be a fair trial in his courtroom. I drew it."

"You think so?" The satisfaction in McCardell's tone warned Halliday that McCardell was confident he had the upper hand now. "I find the Preston case is in Division Two of the District Court of Appeal with a decision due any day now. Division Two—that's Parren, Wren and Hurt. Three good judges, wouldn't you say?"

"They are."

"If you're right, they'll reverse Preston's conviction on grounds of misconduct by the trial judge, will they not?"

"They will."

"They won't. I assure you, as a practitioner of almost forty years in the law, that they won't. Then what? So you'll have to accuse the appellate judges of prejudice, too, won't you?"

McCardell rang off. Halliday came out of the booth and leaned against it, his anger gradually subsiding, his thoughts growing dismal. Had he really been wrong about Judge Solcey? He couldn't believe it. For five years he had been fighting with all his skill and all his anger to win for accused men—even men he thought guilty—the fair trial that was every man's due. He had believed he was fighting against overeager prosecutors and indifferent or prejudiced judges—against the kind of men who had sent innocent Carl Makin to prison.

Halliday brought himself up sharply. This wouldn't do. The Preston case would be reversed. He forced the whole subject from his mind, for Helen Spencer had entered the lobby and was coming directly toward him.

She was frowning and looking from side to side and did not seem to see him until she was quite close. Her face lighted up. "Good!" she exclaimed. "Somebody to eat with!" She added, mock-pleading, "Now don't tell me you've already eaten."

"I haven't," he said. "And it's past time."

"George was supposed to take me to lunch. But when I drove by for him, he was tied up with a client."

"My good luck," he said. "Shall we eat here?"

"All right." She led the way toward the coffee shop, but stopped after a few steps, smiling up. "Let's not. Let's eat at the penthouse, where we can talk in at least some privacy."

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ATTORNEY WANTED THE CORONER TO RULE THE DEATH A SUICIDE.

PART THREE BY DICK PEARCE

"A penthouse? In Mara Valley?"

She laughed. "Don't look so astonished. It really is a penthouse. Atop Trock Tower. A lovely place."

"Let's go," he said.

Halliday searched the lobby as they crossed it. Someone had spotted him the moment he reached the inn and called Helen Spencer. Who was that someone? The lobby held no one who interested him now. His mind, however, called up a distinct afterimage of a man. When Halliday had stepped from the telephone booth, that man had been seated on the street side of the lobby, reading a paperback. A man in his late thirties, wearing a sport jacket and no tie. A man with a narrow, tanned face and a very long, very narrow jaw. He had still been there when Helen Spencer walked into the lobby. He wasn't there now.

The penthouse was indeed lovely. A place of many rooms and terraces. Substantial, like Trock Tower itself. Plenty of glass, yet not too much.

A sweet-faced Japanese woman met them, her teen-age son at her side. The woman's eyes held no welcome for Helen Spencer. While the two of them discussed lunch, Halliday wandered through a huge living room to a north terrace. Here, he discovered, the whole valley lay before him. Helen Spencer came to his side as he stepped to the parapet and gazed down at Mara town. Momentarily he had the illusion that all the other buildings huddled against this tower, as though it were their guardian stronghold.

"I wonder," he murmured, "whether Tom Able Trock was unconsciously putting up a modern version of the medieval lord's castle when he built this building."

Helen Spencer laughed. "After it was finished, he lived up here for just one week, then moved back to his farm. Won't let Hughie live here either. That's Tom Able for you. And don't ever repeat what you just said in his hearing. He'll sit you down and lecture you sternly on the terrible evils of land waste."

"That's why he built vertically? Just to save land?"

"So he says. It was another of his fatherly ways of teaching the valley by example." Her voice held sarcasm.

He said, "You're not a valley girl, are you?"

"Heavens, no. I'm from Los Angeles."

"You don't like it?"

She shrugged. "Sometimes, like right now, I do." She slanted a smile at him. "I think you and I have something in common. We're big-city people who feel a need to have things happening around us."

Halliday said ruefully, "Looks as if I'm being driven back to the big city. And I'd like to know why. What is it that Tom Able doesn't want me to find out?"

"You can't be serious. Tom Able isn't interested in people like you and me. He spends all his time writing."

"Then what is it that somebody else doesn't want me to find out? Paul Pinkley, for instance. And Hugh Trock. And maybe your husband?"

She shook her head at him and led him to the sunny south terrace, where a table had been set with salad and cold meats.

When they were seated side by side, to share the view, she said, "Don't think I'm a calloused woman. I haven't mentioned Anita, because I feel so awfully guilty about her."

"You guilty? Why?"

"Because I could see last night she was badly upset again by her fear of losing Hughie. But I failed to do the sensible thing and make her come spend the night at my house."

He nodded, offering no comment.

She went on, "Anita's death and that silly business of Paul Pinkley blaming you for it has brought you into the middle of things strange to you and made you see a mystery where there isn't one."

"Something's going on in this valley. If it isn't a mystery, what do you call it?"

"It's just George and Paul and a lot of other people doing what they can to keep Tom Able's dream going because they feel the valley owes it to him. But, of course, they can't do it much longer."

"What dream?"

"For heaven's sake!" she laughed. "If you don't know that, no wonder you think you've found a mystery!" She grew serious. "I'll tell you the story if you like, but I'm afraid I won't tell it the same way as those who think Tom Able's some kind of saint."

"Please do."

"Well, to begin with, he was born with money. Not a big fortune, they claim. Enough, though, that he didn't have any money worries. He became a scholar, a teacher of classical Greek, of all things, down at Stanford. But if you can believe the story, he was a wizard with money even though he didn't care about it. By the middle 1920's his stock investments had made him several times a millionaire. Imagine that! Then his wife died in childbirth, and he suddenly sold everything and vanished into Europe."

"This was Hugh's birth?"

She nodded and went on, "About five years later he came back just as suddenly as he had disappeared, full of passionate ideas about the land being the only thing in the world that mattered. That was when he showed up in the valley. He bought a large holding and turned it into a big, scientific farm. But it was the wrong time—the big depression had started and all, and there wasn't any market for crops, and everybody in the valley was selling out or being foreclosed by the bank. I'm not telling this well, am I?"

"Go on. You're doing fine."

"Well," she went on, "it seems that Tom Able became the valley's savior. He went around preaching that nothing had been lost in the depression—that the land was the source of all wealth and the land was still there. He lent money to people on easy terms to keep them from selling out. And when the bank refused to stop foreclosures, he just up and bought the bank. That did it."

"Did what?"

"Made him the great, adored Tom Able. After that he held the valley in the palm of his hand and could have anything he wanted. But all he wanted, *he* said, was a law to keep people from misusing the land."

"You don't believe that's all he wanted?"

Her mouth shaped satirically. "Of course I believe it. Why should I doubt?"

"This land law—you mean the master zoning ordinance your husband administers as chairman of the planning commission?"

"Yes. Tom Able ran things until two years ago. When he got ready to retire, he asked George to take over the chairmanship. So you see, the mystery isn't much of a mystery."

"Then why is somebody trying to run me out?"

Her laugh managed to express both amusement and admiration. "Because you're you. You're one of those people who attract trouble and like it."

"That may be a reason, but hardly a good one."

"Good enough for the valley. Tom Able has convinced us that our fat, happy, deadly dull life is the most wonderful in the world. Why, we hadn't had a suicide here in just ages, and then we have one the very first night you're here ——" She caught herself, drew in a quick breath and exclaimed, "Oh, Lee! I'm sorry! I didn't mean that the way it sounded."

Her hand lay on his knee, flung there as part of her gesture of contrition. It wasn't an unintended gesture, for she squeezed his knee lightly as she gave an embarrassed little laugh and removed the hand. Yet the coldness never once left her eyes.

"See what I mean?" she said. "You're nice trouble. But still trouble, even for women like me."

He made himself match her smile, then frowned. "I won't be run out of the valley," he said.

"I don't blame you." She paused, then continued, offhandedly, "I think Paul Pinkley should apologize publicly to you. Maybe I could get George to make him do it. Then you could leave with all flags flying."

At last, thought Halliday, she had got to her purpose. And it was the same old purpose. Pinkley had tried to drive him out. She was trying to bargain him out. Or rather, they all were; he had no slightest doubt that she, her husband and Pinkley had all agreed on this course before she appeared at the inn. The really astonishing thing here was that Paul Pinkley of the sour and hating eyes was suddenly willing to make a public apology. This, decided Halliday, was the result of his demand for a public inquest. They were afraid he would succeed in forcing the inquest. And why were they afraid, if not because they all knew or suspected that Hugh Trock had murdered Anita?

Halliday stood up and let Helen Spencer lead the way to the living

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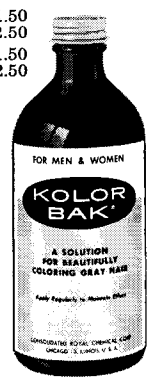

EDEN room. He waited till she seated herself on the couch, then began roaming the room restlessly. Distaste had grown into repugnance for this sleek, ambitious woman who lied so cleverly and used sex so meanly. But he could not leave quite yet; this was the perfect time to press an advantage.

"Hugh Trock lied about the fight last night. Will he apologize too?"

She shrugged. "I guess so, if you insist. What does he matter?"

"He puzzles me. By the way, when Tom Able fled to Europe after his wife's death, did he take the infant Hugh?"

"No." Her voice turned sharp. "Why do you ask that?"

"Just curiosity." He recalled what Sheriff Schmidt had said: Hugh had big problems as a boy. Little wonder—no mother and an absent father in the first five years of his life. Halliday added, "That crazy attack on me last night—you'd almost think Hugh was afraid somebody would doubt he's a man."

He watched in surprise as her face grew stiffly expressionless, then slowly relaxed. "Hughie's a fool," she said.

Halliday paused before her. "I don't know about the apology. If I can get Pinkley into a courtroom, I can make him look worse than any apology ever could. The question is, is it worth the bother of forcing him into court? Let me think about it for an hour or so and call you."

She reached for his hand and pulled herself erect. She stood smiling before him, close and yet not too close. "You know," she said, "I love San Francisco. I drive down there every chance I get."

It was an implied promise of adventures to come if he would but return to San Francisco, and one she had not the slightest intention of keeping. Suddenly it was too much.

"Tell me," he said, "were you an unsuccessful actress in Los Angeles when George Spencer wooed and won you?"

He watched her smile freeze, then slowly fade. Anger he expected, but not the uncontrollable fury that seized her. Her face contorted.

"You—you ——" She reached to the coffee table, grabbed up a long, metal cigarette box and swung it straight for his face. He flung up his arm, taking the blow on his forearm and at the same time jumping back. She fell forward, her leg striking the sharp corner of the coffee table. She went to her knees and stayed in that position for long moments, head bent. Not until he tried to help her up did she raise her face and show him eyes that flashed a deadly venom.

Helen Spencer got up and sat again on the couch. She stared down at the ripped stocking. Presently she said, without looking up, "Get out of here."

At least, thought Halliday as he went down in the elevator, he had seen that cold calculation gone from her eyes for a little time.

The man with the very narrow jaw was not in sight when Halliday crossed the lobby. But he was there, again by the street door and again with his paperback, when Halliday came down from his room ten minutes later. He followed Halliday to the street, keeping a respectful half block behind as Halliday strolled to the courthouse.

A murmur of voices guided Halliday to the sheriff's inner office, as it had during the morning. He stepped through and saw first the figure of Hugh Trock, lounging at ease against the sheriff's desk, dressed in jeans and a jacket. Trock showed him a distant stare. Lois Dupree nodded coldly, then frowned as a flush colored her cheeks. Sheriff Joe Schmidt saw it and frowned in turn.

"I thought I'd check in, sheriff," said Halliday pleasantly, "and let you know I'm obeying orders to stick around."

"All right, fellow." Schmidt hesitated, frowned again, said to Trock, "Be back in a minute, Hughie," and led Halliday from the room. He did not stop until they were alone in the corridor.

"The Stillmans have gone back to San Francisco till after the private funeral Tuesday," said Schmidt. "Drive out to their place and wait for me. I'm about finished questioning Hughie."

"Good. How's Hugh's story?"

Schmidt's tone was carefully neutral, "It's straightforward enough. And I'm not crowding him."

"You arranged things with Harvey Stillman? The pathologist from San Francisco? And the death car in the Stillman garage?"

"Yeah. Yeah. I gotta get back, fellow. See you out there."

"Just a minute." Schmidt was weakening again, and there wasn't time to find out why. Halliday went on, "Maybe you can tell me why I'm being tailed. And by the worst kind of tail because his face jumps out at you. An abnormally narrow jaw, long enough for two faces. There can't be another like it in this valley."

Halliday watched Schmidt's expression settle quickly into its familiar stolidity, so quickly that Halliday knew the sheriff had recognized the description. Schmidt said, "Maybe we'd better not meet."

"No. I'll shake him. See you at the Stillmans'."

Halliday strode off, giving Schmidt no chance to feed his indecision. He got his car at the inn and headed southward, in the direction of San Francisco. Two blocks from the inn he spotted Narrow Jaw's following car. At the city limit, however, the man made a leisurely U-turn and disappeared. Now that, Halliday told himself, was an odd performance. He picked up the bypass around Mara's western skirt and turned northward into the Saturday-afternoon traffic, confident he was not followed.

At the Stillman place he examined the stout lock that Schmidt had put on the garage door, then settled down to wait. After an hour he began to suspect Schmidt was not coming. He waited another good hour before returning to Mara. The sheriff's office was locked and empty. He sought out Schmidt's residence; the place proved to be one of the tidy apartment houses on Mara's rim.

Schmidt answered the door. He was freshly scrubbed; his big frame crowded a dark blue suit; his necktie was wrong. He looked at Halliday, then past him down the hall.

"Relax, sheriff," said Halliday scornfully. "Narrow Jaw gave up long ago."

"It's not that," said Schmidt. "Come in." He closed the door behind Halliday but didn't offer a chair. "It's all over, fellow. And I'm late for a dinner date."

"What's all over?"

"The Stillman case. It'll be a routine finding of suicide. The inquest is set for nine Monday morning."

"Monday! Before the funeral, even! I didn't think they'd have the gall to put on that kind of rush act."

"You can skip that 'they' business," said Schmidt. "Nobody's rushin' anything. Stillman agreed to the Monday inquest."

Halliday stared at him in disbelief. "Don't give me that! They're rushing the inquest to cover up murder."

"Listen, fellow," said Schmidt. "Anita Stillman wasn't murdered. The thing you don't know is that she tried to kill herself once before, ten months ago. And she didn't leave any note that time either."

Halliday stood stunned and speechless. Schmidt spoke on, his tone resentful. "I didn't drive out and tell you, because I figured you had a wait comin' to you. Your fast talk about no note and lost loves and that nine-out-of-ten business damn near got me in big trouble."

"Who says Anita tried suicide before?"

"Her sister Sue."

"Did she tell you directly?"

"Uh-huh. She phoned from San Francisco not long after you left the courthouse. Then I got the D.A. on the line, and she and her father told him the same thing. That's when Pinkley decided on the Monday inquest."

"What about the pathologist?"

"Stillman called him off. No point now in a thorough autopsy, or any autopsy."

Sue was afraid of an autopsy—afraid it might reveal Anita was pregnant.

Halliday asked, "When did Sue find out the pathologist was to be called in?"

"I told her."

"When, man? When?"

"Right after I asked Stillman to help us. There in the lane, after you drove off."

So Sue knew from the beginning! Halliday wanted to rage at this big man. Instead, he forced himself to speak very quietly, "Sheriff, I thought I made it a particular point that Stillman was not to confide in his wife or Sue."

"Yeah. But Stillman said he wouldn't keep a thing like that from his family. Anyway, what does it matter now?"

"Precisely what did you tell them?"

"Well, I just said since there wasn't any note, I had to check out some things to make very sure it was suicide."

"Didn't you explain the real significance of that note pad and two pencils you found in the glove compartment?"

"I didn't want to get 'em stirred up."

"All right. Don't you think it was odd they didn't tell you right then that the absence of a note was unimportant because Anita had attempted suicide before without leaving a note?"

"Huh? Wait a big minute, now! This thing is over, I tell ya."

Halliday didn't hear. He knew with sudden clarity that Sue had made up the story of a previous suicide attempt to save Anita's reputation. She had provided the final proof of suicide, but only because she didn't dream it might not be a suicide.

Halliday was so certain of it that he said flatly, "You told them something else too. You told them you didn't have a single bit of evidence indicating murder."

"That's right. That was the fact. Still is. Listen, I told you I'm late for a date."

Halliday said, "I take it, sheriff, your date's with Lois Dupree?"

Schmidt blushed like a boy. "That's none of your business."

"Because if it is, I wish you'd ask her something. Ask her to explain to you the one compelling circumstance under which a girl like Sue Stillman would malign her dead sister with a fake suicide story." The rage came back. It was the rage of helplessness; Halliday could not tolerate that, and so he spoke on, "Another thing. You keep that car of Anita's locked up till after the inquest, or I'll find a way to make you wish you were back with your cozy, honest highway patrol!"

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Returning to the inn, Halliday went to the coffee shop and ordered a dinner for which he had no appetite. Narrow Jaw came in, took a counter seat and ordered coffee. Halliday checked his watch; he had been there just five minutes. It had to be the room clerks who were tipping off Narrow Jaw each time Halliday returned to the inn.

Halliday went to his room, leaving most of his dinner untouched. He stripped and stayed a long time in the shower, scouring from his body the grime of this long day of failure. Then he lay in pajamas on top of the bedclothes and picked up Sandburg's *Lincoln*. When he set the book down, his mind was fresh, cleansed as his body had been cleansed.

Start, he told himself, with the flat premise that Hugh Trock had killed Anita. Forget the why of it. Concentrate on the how. He went back to the very beginning, to his first sight of Anita driving up yesterday to Trock Tower in that powerful Italian sports car. Hugh's car? It must have been. Where was her car at that time? And where was Hugh's car last night? Not at Anita's. She had driven him home after the party.

Halliday's mind went back over the party, event by event, remembering Anita's unspoken fear and her constant drinking of the coffee liqueur, remembering the strangely blind fury of Hugh's attack on him. Hughie, Hughie—why did everybody call a man of thirty-five by that childish name? Halliday's mind moved on to the events of this day, beginning with that accusing telephone call from the D.A. Within minutes after Anita's body was found, and even as Halliday had sat at breakfast, they had contrived the scheme to blame him for the suicide. "They"—just who were "they"? Paul Pinkley. Helen Spencer. George Spencer. And Tom Able Trock? Reluctantly Halliday included him. He was the ruler of this valley; he had got Hugh—Hughie—out of the way with that mountain-lion story. They had all been in a desperate hurry to shift attention away from Hughie by blaming Halliday. They couldn't have known positively then that it was murder. But they believed it was. Why?

Halliday shook that off. He was forgetting to concentrate on the how. His mind moved on, through the interrogation in the sheriff's office. On to that curious sparring with Schmidt beside the death car, and their short-lived alliance. On to the car itself, pointed toward the highway, the green plastic hose with one end still thrust into the exhaust tail pipe—the green plastic hose with the brass couplings chopped off both ends. Halliday thought about that for a long time. Then he jumped from the bed, got into his clothes and hurried to his car. He knew, or believed he knew, how the murder had been done.

At the Mara city limit he watched Narrow Jaw make that leisurely U-turn again. Then he settled himself in the seat and drove hard for San Francisco.

It was 8:30 Monday morning when Halliday arrived back in Mara and parked on the courthouse square, opposite the building's main entrance. A closely following car parked beside him. Halliday nodded to its driver, then entered the courthouse. The inquest, he learned, was to be held in the large superior-court room, because a big crowd was expected.

He sought out Schmidt. "Sheriff, Hughie put that red sports car of his in a garage for repairs late on the afternoon of Anita's party. Whose garage?"

"Larry Perigo's. Hey, how'd you know about that? I didn't tell you."

"A guess." Halliday turned away.

"Wait a minute." Schmidt hesitated, lowered his voice and said, "If you've got any reason to think Anita was pregnant, you'd better tell me before the inquest starts."

"Oh? So you put the question to Lois, did you? I didn't say I thought Anita was pregnant. But I think her family is afraid she was. Does that make a difference to you?"

Schmidt looked uncomfortable. "Her own sister's here to testify she tried suicide before and didn't leave a note. I can't go behind that, fellow."

"Sue! She's here?"

"Well, I haven't seen her yet, but she's supposed to be."

Here was the unexpected. Halliday hurried to the third floor. The courtroom was almost full. Sue was not there. He strode back to the stairway just in time to see her reach the top stair and turn toward the district attorney's office.

"Sue!"

She looked at him blankly, her eyes large, her face pale. He had seen that expression on many witnesses just before they testified; it came from a form of shock: the shock of dread anticipation.

"Sue, listen! Don't sign any statement in the D.A.'s office and don't let them use a sound recorder. And insist that they make you the last witness. Sue, are you listening to me?"

She nodded, but he knew she didn't really hear. He went on urgently, "Anita wasn't pregnant. She would have come to you for help if she had been. You know that. The last witness, Sue. Tell them you've got to be the last witness."

She nodded again, saying mechanically, "The last witness," and walked on. Had she really understood? He could only hope. He went back to the courtroom and picked a seat inside the railing where he had a clear view of the witness chair. The table used by defense counsel during trials had been turned into a press table; he recognized two men from San Francisco newspapers. Helen and George Spencer arrived with a solemn Hughie Trock close between them; Halliday had the curious illusion that the Spencers were both supporting and guarding Hughie, as parents might an agitated and unpredictable child. The illusion was quickly gone. But why had it come at all? Helen Spencer gave Halliday a coldly expressionless glance.

Presently Paul Pinkley strode in. The short, brisk man at his side had to hurry to keep up. This was Harmon Shaw, coroner and Mara's leading undertaker. Pinkley moved to his leather easy chair at the prosecution table. Lois Dupree took the chair behind him.

Coroner Shaw climbed behind the bench, waited for a nod from Pinkley and cleared his throat. "This," he announced, "is a coroner's inquiry into the cause of death of one Anita Stillman, occurring in this county on Saturday morning, the twenty-fourth of March, last. It's not a trial, and nobody's got a right to think he's on trial here. . . . That's the law, isn't it, Mr. District Attorney?"

"It is," said Pinkley, not rising.

"The coroner," went on Shaw, "is the sole judge of how this proceeding shall be conducted. He can do all the questioning of witnesses himself, or he can designate somebody to do it for him, or he can let any and all interested parties ask questions. . . . That's also the law, isn't it, Mr. District Attorney?"

"It is."

"That settles that, then. I designate our very able district attorney to do all interrogating. Nobody else asks questions."

Halliday jumped to his feet. "Mr. Coroner, my name is Lee Halliday, and I'm a lawyer. I protest this ——"

He got no farther. The coroner grabbed his gavel and pounded fiercely, yelling between blows, "Sit down, sir! Sit down, sir!" Halliday sat down. The coroner fixed an angry gaze on him. "We don't let smart alecks push us around in this valley, Mr. Lawyer. You try that again, and I'll have you thrown out!" He waited out the approving laughter from the spectators with alternating expressions of embarrassed pleasure and stern judicial tolerance, then addressed himself to Schmidt, "Sheriff, I need six good jurors. How about those six men in the first row left, there? They look like sound solid valley men to me."

The jurors settled themselves. Pinkley came slowly to his feet. "Will Sheriff Schmidt take the stand," he said. The sheriff lumbered forward. Pinkley went on, "While we're waiting for the sheriff to settle himself, I'd like to make one comment for the record, Mr. Coroner. The facts to be developed here will show that a formal inquest was not necessary." Pinkley swung around and put his gaze on Halliday, smiling his dourly triumphant smile. "But because of certain demands and insinuations that appeared in the metropolitan press—not in our own Mara press, I'm happy to say—I asked that this inquest be held. I thought it best that everything be brought out right here in the open, before the good people of Mara Valley, so that no man, however clever he may be at twisting facts, can go back where he belongs and say he was denied his day in court."

Pinkley turned his back to the crowd. "Sheriff, did you have occasion on Saturday last to respond to a telephone call summoning you to the Harvey Stillman place in this county?"

"I did."

"At approximately what hour?"

"Well, I arrived there at about 8:30 in the morning."

"Just tell us in your own words the occasion for going there and what you saw."

Schmidt told his story. Pinkley put a question. "And did you find anything, sheriff, to indicate that this unfortunate girl's death was not a suicide?"

Schmidt hesitated, finally replying, "There wasn't any suicide note."

"Ah, yes. And at first, I take it, you were inclined to attach some significance to the absence of a note?"

"Well, I did, yes."

"But later in the day information came to you which made it quite clear that the absence of a note was to be expected?"

"That's right."

"We'll come back to that information in later testimony. Thank you, sheriff. That's all." Pinkley looked around the courtroom. "I see Dr. John Bailey has arrived. Will you come to the witness chair, doctor?"

A fortyish man came forward. He had the tired, lined face of a man who worked too-long hours.

"Very well. Doctor Bailey, did you have occasion on Saturday last to examine the body of one Anita Stillman?"

"I did."

"State where and at what hour, if you please."

Doctor Bailey nodded toward the bench. "The Shaw undertaking parlors, at approximately ten in the morning."

"And were you informed, prior to the examination, of the probable circumstances under which she met her sad death?"

"I was."

"At that hour of ten o'clock, doctor, how long would you say she had been dead?"

"Approximately eight to twelve hours."

"And you fixed this, of course, by ——"

"The state of *rigor mortis*, yes. It was becoming well defined over the entire body."

"Now, please, doctor, state what your examination indicated as the cause of death."

"Asphyxiation by carbon-monoxide poisoning, beyond question. The lips were a bright cherry red, a classic evidence of this cause of death."

"Thank you. That will be all, doctor. . . . Will Mr. Hugh Trock please take the stand."

TO BE CONTINUED

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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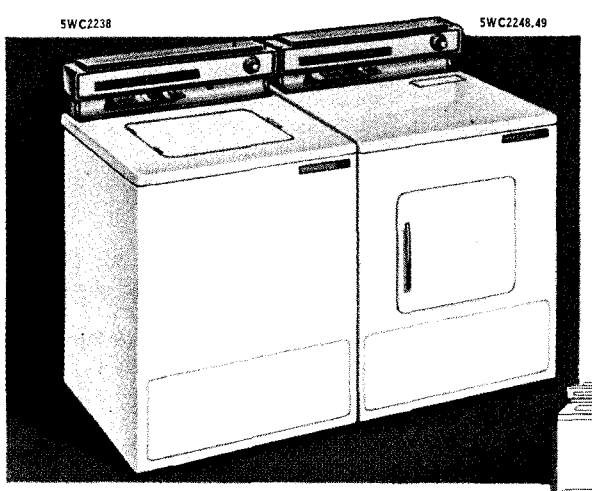

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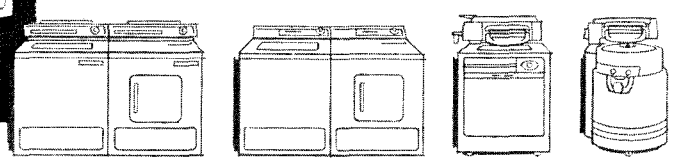

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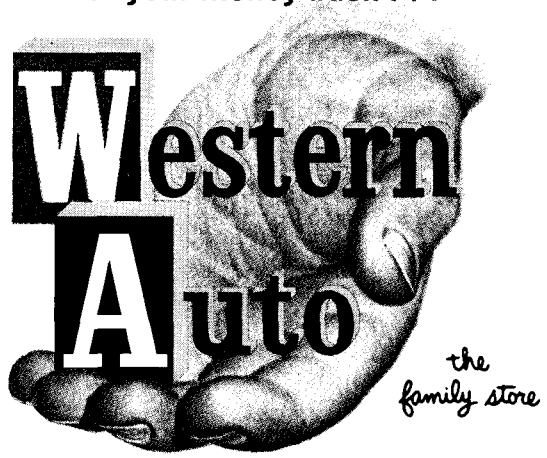

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KRISHNA MENON: The Wasp of New Delhi

By PETER MAAS

India's left-leaning chief delegate to the UN—terrible-tempered, anti-American and prime planner of the Goa invasion.

Last December 17 a crack Indian army division stood poised along the border of the tiny Portuguese colony of Goa on India's west coast. Indian jet fighters were at runway readiness, and cruiser-led Indian naval units deployed smartly off Goa's seaward side.

All three attacked the next day. For a good deal of the world—and particularly the United States, still mesmerized by the memory of Mahatma Gandhi's credo of nonviolence—the invasion of Goa by India was shocking news. It was as if Little Lord Fauntleroy had suddenly turned out to be a juvenile delinquent.

But back in his New Delhi headquarters a man flashed a broad smile. He was V. K. Krishna Menon, India's Minister of Defense and chief delegate to the United Nations. Looking like nothing so much as a balding Mephistopheles, he jauntily flicked telephone extension buttons with a bamboo cane to take call after call while a stream of top-ranking military advisers scurried respectfully in and out with the latest field reports.

Menon had pulled off quite a coup. As long ago as last July, with the approval of Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru, he began fiddling with plans for a Goa takeover. It was an ideal way of unifying Nehru's badly split Congress Party in the face of upcoming elections. It would also provide a much-needed boost in Menon's own campaign to hang on to his parliamentary seat.

And it solved still another problem—reported here for the first time—which had brought matters to a head. Red China, engaged in a tense territorial dispute with India, abruptly raised this issue in the shrouded, bitter infighting between Peking and Moscow for ideological leadership of the Communist world. India, the Chinese charged, was being backed by the "imperialist" West. If Russia also continued to supply India with economic and military help, Peking icily added, it would be clear who had deserted Marxist-Leninist principles.

The Russians were in an awkward position, as Menon well knew. What better way to keep close ties with Moscow while cutting the ground out from under the Chinese, he reasoned, than an attack on hidebound, colonial Portugal, a throwback to nineteenth-century imperialism? Menon calculated perfectly. The entire Afro-Asian bloc hailed India. Red China, neatly boxed in, was forced to send its "resolute support." And shortly thereafter India signed up for more military aid from Moscow.

Nothing is more revealing of Menon's Machiavellian ways than Goa. With, in the sarcastic words of U.S. ambassador to the UN Adlai Stevenson, his "tireless enjoinders" to seek the path of peace, Menon cloaked himself in the robes of the great compromiser. In a message for Americans, he once declared, "I say to you, categorically, that India will not take one step which involves the use of force to alter a situation, even if the legal right is on her side." Yet when Prime Minister Nehru received a firm Washington offer to mediate a peaceful Portuguese exit from Goa if India would hold back for just six months, Menon had a cynical retort. In effect, he told Nehru: "We have no guarantee of U.S. success. This simply puts us on an American timetable instead of our own."

Again, speaking at the tenth anniversary of the United Nations, he referred movingly to the late Gandhi's great lesson that there is no distinction between means and ends. "We cannot," said Menon, "make peace by means of war." But on his way from India to defend the Goa action at the UN, he was asked by a newsman if Gandhi would have sanctioned the attack. Menon irritably shot back, "Well, he's not here, is he?"

At the press conference on his arrival in New York, U.S. television viewers had a chance to witness still another Menon characteristic: his wicked temper. If the occupation of Goa had not been aggression, a reporter asked, "What would you call it then?"

Menon exploded angrily. "I will not put up with such rudeness," he shouted. "Who are you to treat me like this?"

The reporter tried to explain that he meant no offense. Menon cut him short. "Apologize," Menon ordered, "into the microphone." The reporter apologized.

His performance may well have been a canny political play for home consumption. The interview made headlines all over India. Even a newspaper violently hostile to him grudgingly admitted that he had "stood up" for his country.

Such bad manners, intended or not, are by no means reserved for newsmen. At the United Nations, the corridors ring with tales of Menon's outrageous behavior. And they have earned for him, hands down, a sobriquet as the world's most detested diplomat.

Recently he made a typically grand entrance into the main lounge for delegates at the UN. Decked out elegantly in a gray Savile Row suit, he appeared, as always, slightly satanic; long tapered fingers brandished a silver-headed cane, white teeth flashed against coppery skin, dark eyes darted to and fro over the scene. Suddenly an Italian official who has known Menon for years crossed his path. The Italian stopped to say hello. Menon stared through him as if he didn't exist and moved on. "Ah, well," said the Italian philosophically. "My average with Krishna is about one out of ten. I guess this isn't my day."

Menon once pledged that India would never use force. But last year he influenced Nehru's refusal of a U.S. offer to mediate Portugal's peaceful exit from Goa. Instead Defense Minister Menon sent Indian troops across the frontier.

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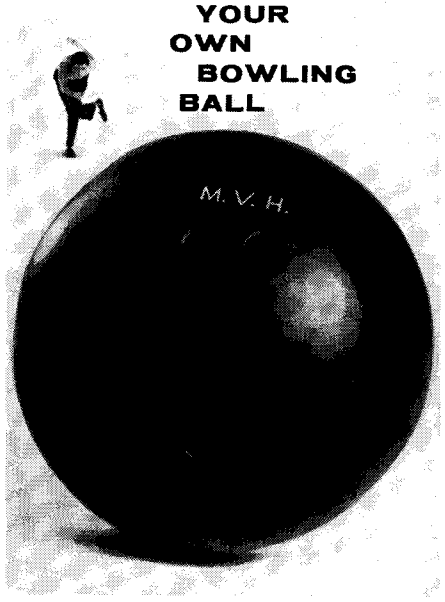

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"UN corridors ring with tales of Menon's outrageous behavior. And they have earned him a sobriquet as the world's most detested diplomat."

A Menon insult is sometimes so lacking in apparent purpose that it leaves its target bewildered. When the No. 2 man in a Western delegation at the UN threw a cocktail party, Menon arrived early, chatted amiably with the host and then excused himself to join the other guests. On leaving an hour later, he stopped by the man in question and said, "I've looked all over for my host, but I can't find him. Good-bye."

Says the perplexed diplomat, "He knew perfectly well I was giving the party. I suppose for some reason he wanted to cut me down a peg or two. I still don't know why."

More often than not, however, Menon is painfully direct. At a dinner party he was seated next to the guest of honor, Bernard Baruch. Halfway through the meal Menon stifled a yawn; soon his head was drooping low over his chest. Another guest at the dinner told me, "Krishna wasn't really asleep. Baruch had said something he considered boring and he went into a sulk. As soon as the conversation got around to something that interested him, he perked right up."

Menon's slumber at the dinner table, either feigned or real, is a common occurrence. An ambassador who observed a similar incident pointedly notes, "Such palpable rudeness makes you feel uneasy. One has the impression that the man will do anything to call attention to himself."

If he feels so inclined, he will lash out like a spoiled child no matter what the setting. A classic example involved mild-mannered Sir Pierson Dixon, Britain's former chief delegate, who had the misfortune to gaze away absently in the midst of a long-winded Menon harangue at the UN. The entire General Assembly gasped in amazement as Menon acidly snapped, "I wish the representative of the United Kingdom would do me the courtesy to listen to what I'm saying. I listen to all his boring speeches. . . ."

In his marathon addresses at the UN, Menon habitually speaks from notes which are brought to the podium in relays by various subordinates. During one memorable discourse he halted momentarily, peered around in exasperation, then snarled into his microphone, "Where are my papers, you idiot?" As a result of such irascibility, other members of the Indian delegation tend to walk around on tiptoes. Recently, when Menon wanted to talk to a UN correspondent, he sent an aide to fetch him. The emissary stepped softly up to the reporter's desk, bent low and whispered, "*He* wants to see you."

While Menon has his apologists, and even admirers, he has shown himself to be no friend of the West in general, or the United States in particular. Within months after he took up his post at the UN in 1952, he left little doubt as to where his sympathies lay. The Korean conflict was in full swing, and Russia, anxious to make propaganda hay, pressed hard for a full airing of Red Chinese charges that the United States had engaged in germ warfare. Menon, voting for India, lined up with Moscow.

When the Communists trundled out a whole new set of accusations—that UN troops had committed atrocities against prisoners of war—Menon was asked if he believed them. He blandly replied that they were "not for me to deny." Then he blamed U.S. Air Force bombings along the Yalu River for the collapse of his proposals for a Korean truce. That was an extraordinary allegation, for Washington had already accepted Menon's proposals, and Moscow had already turned them down.

Menon's preoccupation with nineteenth-century "Western imperialism"—while ignoring its twentieth-century Communist counterpart—reached a notable peak at the 1954 Geneva conference which transformed the former French colony of Indochina into a Communist North and a free South Vietnam. Menon, who pushed through the formula for partition, paid little heed to the fact that all of Southeast Asia would be exposed to further Red expansion. As he himself put it: "The whole purpose is to see the end of imperialism, that is to say, to get the French out of Indochina."

But when Soviet tanks rolled into Budapest to crush the ill-fated Hungarian uprising, Menon sang a different tune. First he maintained that it was all just a civil fight. Then he shifted ground slightly. "All this fuss over Hungary," he decided, was simply to divert attention from the Anglo-French "imperialist" attack against Egypt. Menon, who once told an admiring reporter that the "only way to give advice is to set an example," wound up his performance in sorry fashion. When the UN General Assembly passed a resolution denouncing Russian intervention in Hungary, demanding the withdrawal of Soviet troops and calling for free elections, India—through Menon—was the only non-Communist country to vote against it.

Menon rushed about offering a feeble excuse for his action: What good was a resolution, he whined, which would have no practical effect? Such pragmatism, however, has never prevented him from loudly supporting resolutions banning nuclear tests without any regard to effective inspection and control.

One of Menon's most pernicious public pronouncements came last fall. No sooner had the United States declared its intention of conducting underground atomic tests, following major Soviet explosions in the air, than Menon charged that the aftermath of underground testing was more dangerous than atmospheric fallout because it contaminated the earth. Caught, for once, without a shred of scientific backing, he beat a rare retreat and issued a general disclaimer that all tests were "highly deplorable." Not a peep had been heard from him a few weeks before, however, when the Russians set off the biggest nuclear blast in history.

Despite such behavior, Menon still claims that he doesn't play favorites. "I'm not at the United Nations," he likes to say, "to please the Americans or the Russians." He also said that he would be the "first to complain about misuse of the veto" in UN proceedings. But he has yet to utter a word against any number of flagrantly cynical Russian vetoes, the ninety-ninth of which, coincidentally, shut off general debate over India's occupation of Goa.

Some people comfort themselves with the thought that Menon uses the West as a public punching bag simply to remain an unofficial leader of the Afro-Asian bloc, and that he is really quite a reasonable figure behind closed doors. But one top diplomat, who formerly regarded him as a "rational man from a friendly country," now curtly discusses him as the "Goa constrictor." Menon, in a face-to-face session with him right after the attack on Goa, still blandly maintained that India was forced to act to prevent the Portuguese slaughter of thousands of Goan refugees preparing a peaceful march of liberation back across the border. "What were we to do?" he asked dramatically. "Let the Portuguese shoot our own people?" A Menon enthusiast, who was with him just before Goa, is less modest. He describes the whole operation as "masterfully" conceived. About the refugees, he adds with a cryptic smile: "Of course, I'll never know whether what was feared was really planned."

Even more disturbing to Western leaders today is Menon's cavalier attitude toward the savage assaults on South Vietnam by Communist guerrilla forces. At best, all of Southeast Asia is threatened; at worst, the whole world could be plunged into war.

Yet in a conference with President Kennedy late last fall, hitherto unre-

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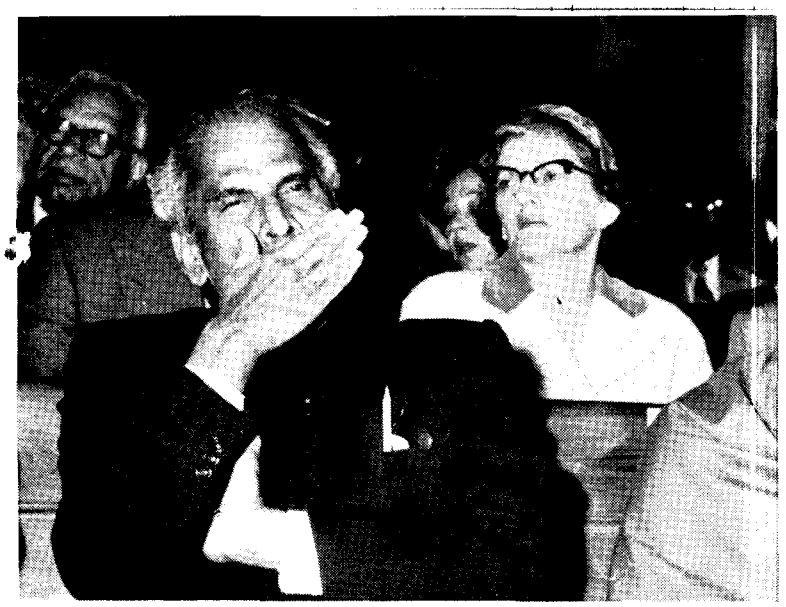


Stifling one of his famous yawns at a public meeting. "The man will do anything," an ambassador says, "to call attention to himself."

ported, Menon airily characterized all the strife as a "popular revolt" against the heavy hand of South Vietnam President Ngo Dinh Diem. President Kennedy patiently agreed that history has seen uprisings of the people against dictatorial rule; but if this revolt was so popular, he asked, why did its success apparently depend on cowing the entire civilian population with daily acts of extortion, pillage and murder by Communist guerrilla cadres trained in North Vietnam?

When Menon huffed that *his* sources in South Vietnam had never sent him any reports of such infiltration, the President pointedly said that U.S. information was based not on hearsay, but fact. Well, Menon replied, he would have to see it himself to believe it. Then he promptly changed the subject.

Menon's bias against the United States was never more clearly revealed than in a recent meeting with a young Indian businessman. The businessman, who both knew and liked Menon, was received cordially. He explained that he had a proposal which he thought would be beneficial to India. It involved, he said, a group of American companies. That was as far as he got. "Young man," Menon interrupted, "when you're older, you will see more clearly that this is just another money-making scheme." With that, he launched into a tirade about "monopolistic exploiters." Says the rueful businessman, "It was like listening to one of Castro's balcony speeches." When it was over, Menon dismissed him, still having no idea what the proposal had been.

Once, when Menon was asked why he had not taken more credit for a particularly slick diplomatic move, he told a newspaperman, "Well, old boy, we are not Americans, you know. We do not have to go around boasting and bragging."

Such hostility was honed to a fine edge during Menon's political education as a young man in England. Notes a student of his career: "He is a product of the Socialist dissenters of the 1920's and '30's—of the British intellectual Left—whose chief characteristic was not idealism but envy and suspicion of the whole fabric of society: anticapitalist, anti-success and, as a result, anti-American."

It is further compounded by his color-consciousness. Menon jealously guards his private life, but for a handful of intimates his accounts of his early days in Western society are laced with mocking references to his "black face." One of them told me, "You can almost hear him thinking, 'O.K., I have a black face, and I was kicked around all the time. Now I'm going to damn well show you that you're dealing with *somebody*.'"

Americans, meanwhile, remain mystified by Menon's relationship with Prime Minister Nehru. Due in large measure to the deft political charm Nehru displays during U.S. visits, as well as his direct accession to the mantle of Gandhi, the feeling somehow persists that everything would be different if only Menon's baleful influence were removed.

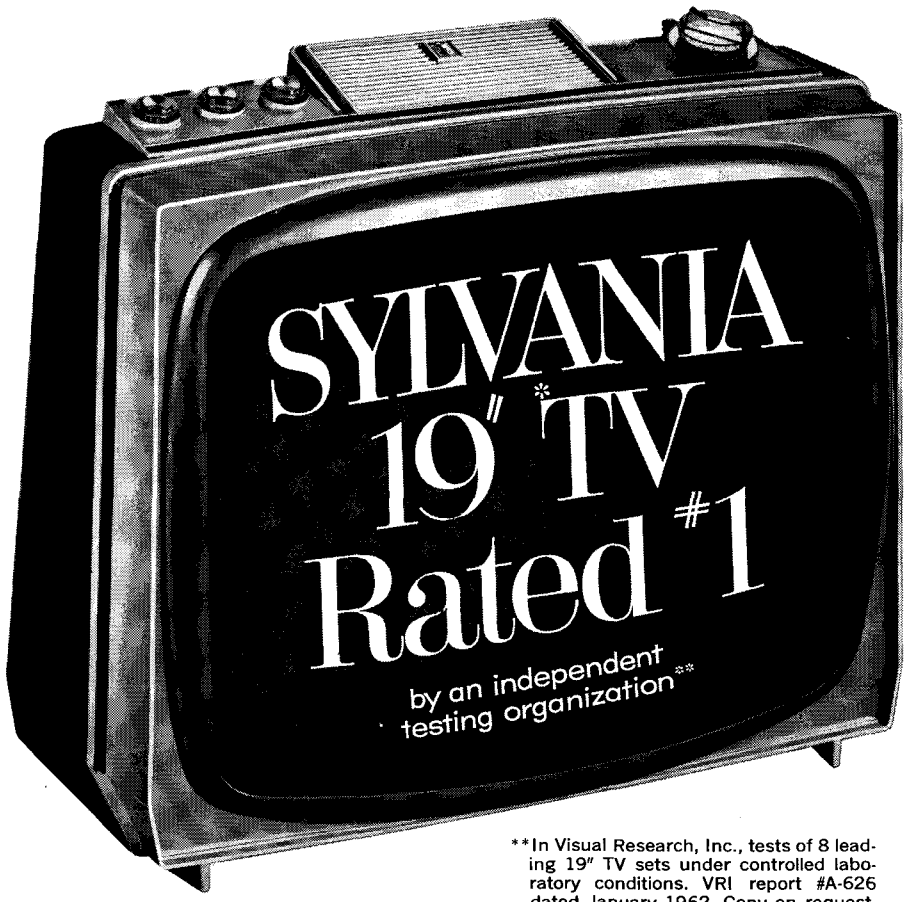
It is wishful thinking. Despite their disarmingly dissimilar exteriors, Menon is and has long been Nehru's alter ego in Indian foreign policy. In 1949, for instance, Nehru could say to his sister, Madame Pandit, whom Menon superseded as chief delegate to the UN, "You're the only one of us who defends the American empire."

In his all-out support for Menon's reelection to parliament in February's national elections, Nehru angrily told a group of anti-Menon Congress Party workers to "go to hell." Addressing a huge rally in Menon's North Bombay constituency, Nehru shouted, "To say we support Mr. Nehru but we oppose Mr. Menon is an insult to my intelligence." And as campaigning drew to a close, he made Menon's reelection a personal matter: "A vote against Mr. Menon is a vote against me!"

Still, even many Indians wonder "what Menon has on Nehru" or "what the Prime Minister can possibly see in that man." Hopeful rumors that Nehru and Menon had fallen out reached their peak in the uproar over Menon's pro-Russian vote in the UN when Nehru was forced to comment publicly that "Mr. Menon doesn't always speak for India." Nehru and Menon, however, were not at all at odds. The day before Menon's vote, Nehru, in a speech in Calcutta, had in fact given only Moscow's version of what was happening in Budapest. But when criticism grew too hot, Menon conveniently took the blame while Nehru smoothed things over.

Menon also plays a key domestic role. Nehru's ruling Congress Party embraces a spectrum of political views stretching from the far left to the feudal right. The stability of India depends on the Congress working out national problems in caucus instead of submitting them to open multiparty elections. Menon's presence in the party holds in line several million extremists on the left who would otherwise break away.

Nehru, moreover, bored by the party hacks he must continually deal with, finds an ever-increasing need for the stimulation of Menon's undeniably quick mind.



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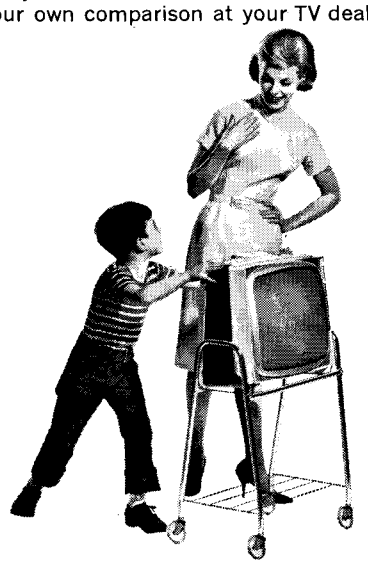

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"Many Indians wonder 'what Menon has on Nehru' or 'what the Prime Minister can see in that man.'"

With an aide at the UN. Here, Menon insists, he is "just Nehru's mouthpiece." But a confidant bluntly says that "Krishna is Nehru's backbone in foreign policy."

Furthermore, both share a near-fanatical devotion to the mystique of India—something that Nehru finds dismayingly absent in the generation which has come of age since India achieved independence in 1947.

But it is in foreign affairs that Menon exercises his greatest voice—and effectiveness—with India's neutralist or so-called "nonalignment" policy. As a career diplomat at the UN, who has come to grips with Menon more than once, told me, "Call him an s.o.b. or whatever you want, he's made it work. What other country in history has managed so great a say in world power politics with so little real power—in the traditional sense—to back it up?"

Who formulates it—Menon or Nehru—is a hotly debated point. Most Indian experts feel that Nehru is still his own foreign minister. One of them says, "To say Menon is some kind of Svengali is a bad mistake." Menon himself publicly insists, "I'm just Nehru's mouthpiece."

One of Menon's few confidants, however, bluntly told me, "Krishna is Nehru's backbone in foreign policy." Another adds, "Remember, Nehru himself has said that if he had ten Menons, he could remake India overnight. Nehru is a matchless politician, but he has trouble making up his mind. Krishna has an uncanny ability to sense what Nehru wants and can articulate it before Nehru is finished weighing all the pros and cons."

The two men, in any case, have worked hand-in-glove for more than twenty-five years. As a result, Nehru brushes off reports of Menon's arrogant ways. "I know Krishna can be a little difficult," he says, "but he doesn't mean any harm. It's just that he is so devoted to our cause."

And as an Indian official dryly points out, "When the Prime Minister is about, Menon is quite correct." Once, in New Delhi with Nehru in earshot, Menon of all people solemnly warned, "It is a great mistake to think that in the United States everyone is against us. . . . We would be throwing the baby out with the bath water if, in the process of criticism, we created a degree of antagonism which we cannot bridge."

Nehru's sister, Madame Pandit, who tangled with Menon and lost, says, "Krishna can be charming—about 20 percent of the time." A woman who knows Menon well insists, "The truth is Krishna wants affection badly. He hungers for it. But he doesn't know how to get it." A secretary who worked for Menon at the UN agrees: "He worries a great deal about what people think of him. He passed me one day when I was talking to a reporter he had insulted. When I arrived back in the office, he immediately said, 'What lies did you hear about me?' He could hardly believe it when I told him we hadn't discussed him at all."

In a moment of rare self-revelation when a public-relations counsel to the Indian delegation suggested that Menon make a round of good-will radio and television appearances, he replied: "It doesn't make any difference. They don't like me." Again, apologizing to an underling for some rude behavior the previous day, he said, "I don't know what happens to me sometimes. I suddenly feel as if I could push my fist through the wall." A UN man, less kind, snaps, "It's this kind of erratic behavior that makes me distrust him. Frankly, I believe he is so vain that he welcomes attacks as much as he does compliments."

The Menon-really-wants-to-be-liked school points to his enormous—and universally acknowledged—fondness for children, who respond with delight to his assortment of mechanical toys and magic tricks. A favorite Menon gambit which children seem to love—while their diplomat-fathers make uneasy comparisons—is to slip the crook of his cane around their necks and draw them close, saying, "Ah, now I've got you!"

Menon has never married. He had a lengthy romance with an English girl he met in the 1930's in Britain while championing the cause of Indian independence. Deciding finally that he could not serve twin gods, he chose India over a wife. People who have known Menon through the years say that that decision was the great turning point in his personal life. One told me, "Krishna does have a warped personality, probably a culmination of many things. But if he had married the girl and had children, I'm sure he would be a completely different person today."

Britain, in any event, did mark Menon forever. Born in South Indian Malabar in 1897, the son of a rebellious lower-middle-class lawyer, Menon's early life was uneventful. Then, while still in his teens, he fell under the influence of Mrs. Annie Besant, an eccentric Englishwoman who agitated for Indian home rule, mothered the Indian Boy Scout movement and spread the word for an offbeat way of life called Theosophy, a mystical mélange of Buddhism, Hinduism, occultism and Fabian socialism. In 1924, when Menon was twenty-seven years old, he went to England to attend an International Boy Scout Jamboree; he stayed twenty-eight years.

For five years he submerged himself in study and at the London School of Economics was exposed to the teachings of socialist Harold Laski. In 1934 he was admitted to the bar, but practiced sporadically. By then a militant Labour Party worker, he had also become secretary of the India League and devoted himself almost completely to independence for India and socialism for Britain.

"It was the personification of the British paradox," says Italian journalist Ruggerio Orlando, who knew Menon at the time. "If he had been in India, he would have been thrown in jail for what he was doing. But he goes to the country of his masters and is even elected a London councilman."

Ignoring existing Tory governments in his crusade for India, Menon shrewdly concentrated on wooing Labour Party support against the day when it would take power. Then in 1935 he met Nehru, who had come to England to seek a publisher for his writings. After Nehru had gone back to India, the two remained in steadfast communication.

Once when Menon was twitted for having been in England instead of India during the struggle for independence, he replied, "My room was just as cold and barren as any jail in India." Then, as now, he did not smoke, was a teetotaler and a strict vegetarian. He lived in grinding poverty and, sustained largely by cups of tea, churned out pamphlets, spoke before every political rally he could get to and, from a Hyde Park soapbox, addressed anyone who would listen.

He gravitated as a matter of course to the far left of the Labour Party. But in 1941 he resigned because the party had decided to drop the cause of Indian independence until after World War II. Although he never actually became a Communist, he now was a regular speaker at their meetings, and Communist Party leaders filled executive posts in the India League. Like them, Menon viewed England's war with Germany as an "imperialist struggle." Asked if he really could see no choice between British and Nazi rule, he retorted, "You might as well ask a fish if it prefers to be fried in butter or margarine." But after Hitler invaded Russia in 1941, Menon flip-flopped and was soon calling for Indian independence as a "tribute to the heroic resistance of the Soviet Union . . . against Fascist aggressors."

In 1946, with freedom only months away, Nehru sent Menon on a tour of European capitals as his personal representative. The next year Menon was made India's first High Commissioner to London. From there, he went to the UN.

Menon reached the pinnacle of his popularity in the United States in 1955, when he engineered the release of four American flyers held captive in Red China. He was also highly effective at the side of the United States during the Egyptian crisis in staving off an Afro-Asian condemnation of Britain, France and Israel, as well as nudging through an acceptable resolution for the withdrawal of Israeli troops from Egypt. On most other issues, as one diplomat notes, "he either comes down on the side of the Communists or almost compulsively comes up with a plan of his own." Comments another, "I don't believe Krishna is a Communist. For one thing, he's got the wrong temperament. But I must say that in the twenty-four years I've known him, I can't think of a single instance where he openly clashed with them."

Because he is as controversial in India as he is elsewhere, Menon's February reelection to India's parliament was in jeopardy. But with the occupation of Goa overshadowing bitter opposition attacks that he was "pro-Communist," Menon won in a landslide.

Thus, after years of relying on Nehru for political support, Menon has emerged as a figure in his own right. But what happens after Nehru, now seventy-two years old? Most experts have always believed that Menon would rapidly sink from sight without Nehru's backing. Some are no longer sure. Menon has been systematically installing his own favorites in Indian military forces. He also has newly found political appeal. For Menon, if his own frail health does not fail him, the combination might prove irresistible in the chaos almost sure to follow Nehru's passing. As one observer of world affairs noted, "Such things have happened before."

THE END

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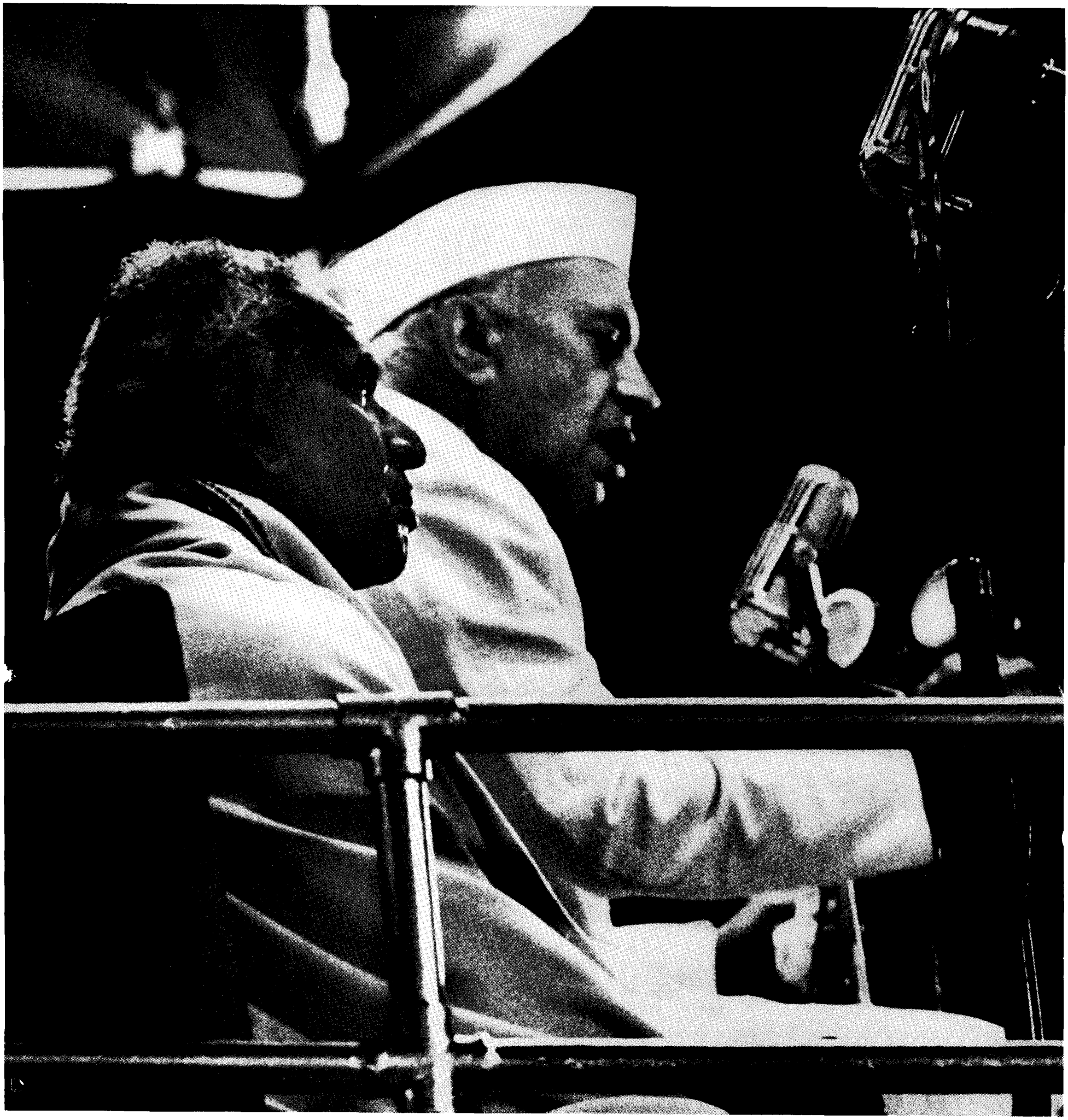

Nehru put his enormous prestige behind Menon's campaign for reelection to parliament in February. He quashed anti-Menon dissension within his own Congress Party and declared, "A vote against Mr. Menon is a vote against me." Menon won in a landslide.

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EDITORIALS

Good News—Who Needs It?

"Doom and gloom," writes a lady from the Midwest. "Doesn't anything pleasant happen anymore? Are all our youngsters delinquents? All our institutions tottering? All our citizens alcoholic, slothful or corrupt? There must be more to America than sex, murder and atomic fallout. Why don't you journalists open your eyes and look?"

The complaint is familiar, but it got us thinking. Does the press neglect good news? Is John Glenn's epochal feat the only good news nowadays? As an experiment, and to comfort the lady, we decided to pull together a batch of good news.

Three small items taken at random:

Neighbors of Joe Kojis of Waterford, Wisconsin, threw a benefit dance, gave the proceeds ($4000) to Joe, who, while operating a corn picker, had lost his left hand and the fingers of his right.

The good news in San Simon, Arizona, is that the high-school basketball team finally won a game after losing fifty-two straight during four sad seasons.

And in Pennsylvania, the Luzerne County government announced that it had wound up 1961 with a cash surplus of $102,649.

Those bright reports may not help much. Regrettably, good news is seldom all good. We were cheered to learn about Joe Kojis's kind neighbors, but sorry to hear of his terrible accident; for us, anyway, the one game won seems only to emphasize the four-year chagrin of the San Simonites; one local government with a surplus just reminds us how many others have the fiscal shakes. And it takes more than penny-ante good news to counteract sex, murder and atomic fallout or help us stop stewing about Berlin and Cuba.

Seeking "bigger" good news, we asked the March of Dimes how many Americans have been spared the horrors of polio, thanks to the Salk vaccine. The answer: If paralytic polio had persisted at the 1949–1954 rate, an additional 100,000 Americans would have fallen victim to it.

From the National Safety Council we learned that the nation set a record for safety in 1961. The total accident death rate—including motor vehicle, home, work and public—dropped to 49.7 per 100,000 population, compared to 62.5 in 1951. Council statisticians estimate that the ten-year reduction has saved 125,000 American lives.

As the lady asked, are all our citizens corrupt? The Better Business Bureau, founded to protect consumers against fraudulent commercial practices, checked its records and concluded that 95 percent of business is honest. Abuses come from a small but damagingly active minority.

The lady mentioned sloth. Consider Kane, Pennsylvania. This city of 5300 suffered a near knockout blow in 1961 when a major employer closed its factory. Townspeople raised $8000 by public subscription, painted and repaired the empty plant with their own labor, lured a new industry to Kane. The enterprise will require about three times as many employees as the old.

Is our democracy "tottering"? An encouraging note from the Department of Justice says the U. S. Communist Party today has fewer than 10,000 members. (Some informed observers place the figure as low as 3000.) The Communists had 80,000 U.S. members in 1944; membership has declined steadily for fifteen years. The FBI now has more employees (13,000) than the party has members.

Public taste may be improving. The American Library Association finds, in a survey of libraries in 100 major cities, that book circulation to adults has gone up 29 percent in the last five years. As for subject matter, the association says that readers are turning away from trivia and toward serious discussions of domestic and foreign problems.

We stopped worrying about good news right there. What the American Library Association discovered statistically, we've noticed informally—a surge of interest in vital problems, a thirst for facts, even grim ones. (One rough indication: Within the past twelve months the number of reader letters commenting on serious *Post* articles has more than tripled.) If the trend is really there—and it seems to be—it could mean that Americans, living in tough times, are growing tough-minded. Instead of shrinking from their world, they try to understand it, even when it threatens them. They want good news when the news is good, but they don't need daily injections of joy to keep them from despair.

If so, that's fine. It has become apparent that in the drawn-out struggle with the Communists there will be many setbacks, few smashing, clear-cut triumphs. Victory may be excruciatingly slow, maddeningly piecemeal. The situation is frustration-fraught; it would be reasonable to expect that great numbers of people would succumb to "bad-news phobia." That this isn't happening—that Americans seem to be developing the psychological stamina for the long haul—is the best news of all.

THE CASE OF THE MISSING BELLHOPS

Along with the more than 100,000 manuscripts that are submitted to *The Post* each year comes a considerable tonnage of paper from the nation's press agents. We have no idea how many "releases" are annually sent to us, but enough to make our mail room, on an average morning, seem a sort of literary Black Hole of Calcutta.

Most such "puffs" go instantly to the wastebasket. Occasionally, though, we pause to marvel at the footwork of some unsung commercial virtuoso. Such is the case with a release perpetrated by Warren Adler, Ltd., in behalf of Julius Epstein.

Mr. E. will soon open a new luxury hotel—the Georgetown Inn—in Washington. Here are—to quote the release—"the unique items Mr. Epstein has planned for the Inn:

"1. A butler will be stationed on each floor, available at a moment's notice to serve continental breakfast, tea or other services normally provided by such servants.

"2. Shoes will be placed outside of the guests' door each evening in typical continental style, to be shined and replaced by morning.

"3. 'Bidets,' a traditional feature of European hotels, will be among the plumbing appliances in each suite.

"4. The Inn will maintain a Rolls-Royce to transport guests.

"5. There will be no bellhops in the hotel. People will be brought to their accommodations by assistant managers."

One question, Mr. Epstein: How come you didn't mention the price?

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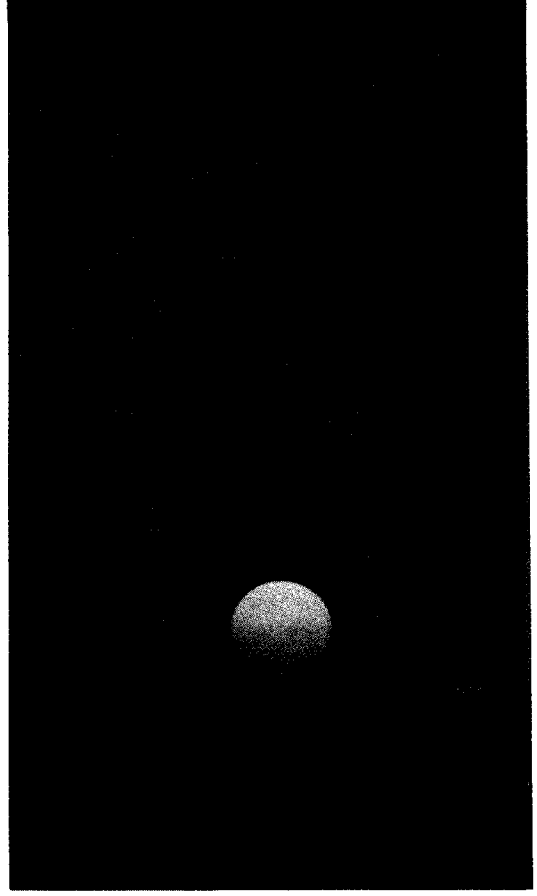
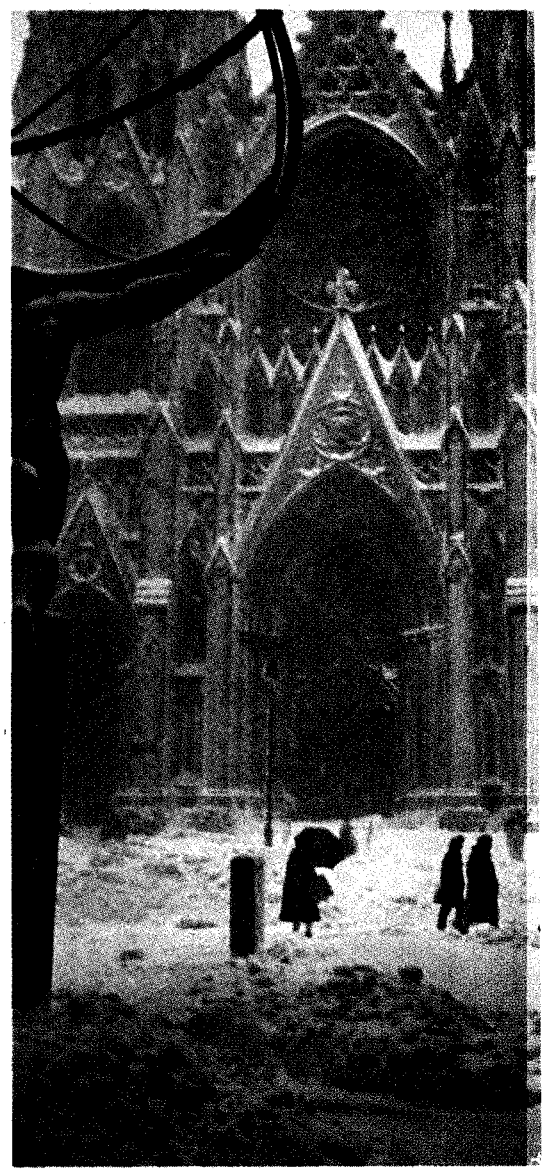
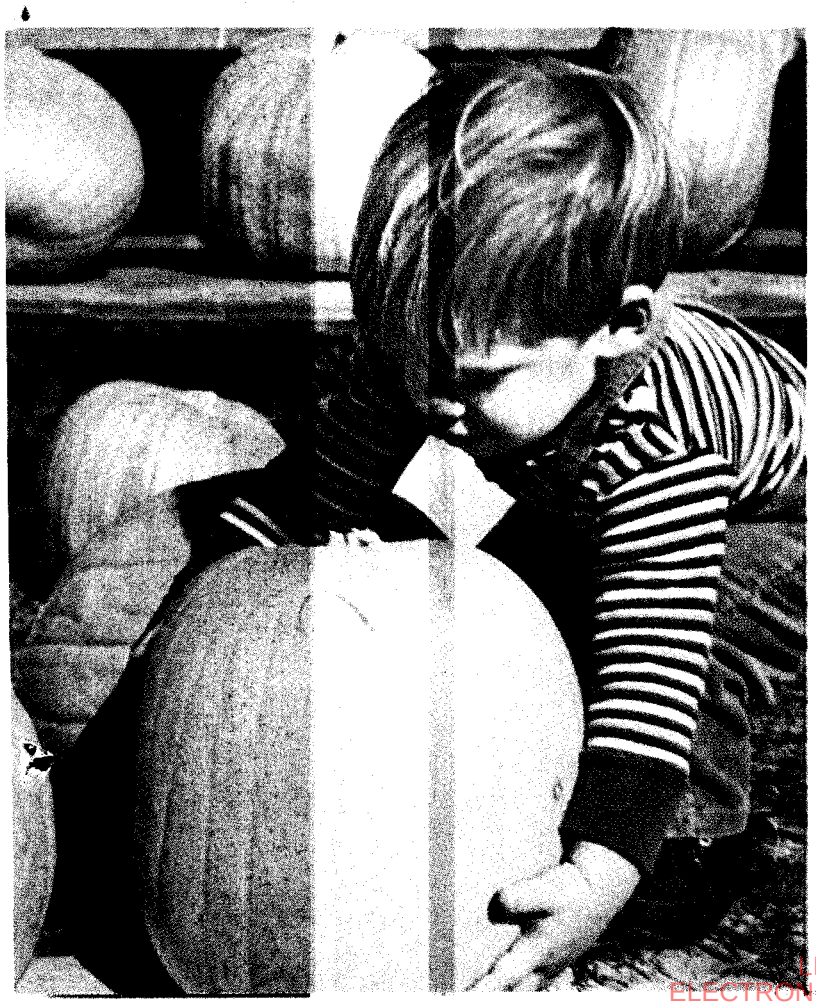


The whole wonderful world of color is yours on new Kodachrome II Film!

All the color in the world—from the gaudy brilliance of a macaw's plumage to the quiet hues of a snow-veiled cathedral—is yours for the taking with new Kodachrome II film. For 27 years Kodachrome film has set the world's standard of excellence in color for both slides and movies. Now this great film is even finer than ever. And it is 2½ times as fast. This means you can capture fleeting moments, swift action, priceless expressions . . . or take remarkable pictures even in shade or in fading light. Try Kodachrome II film soon. You'll find the color slides and movies you show on your screen are even more beautifully true to life!





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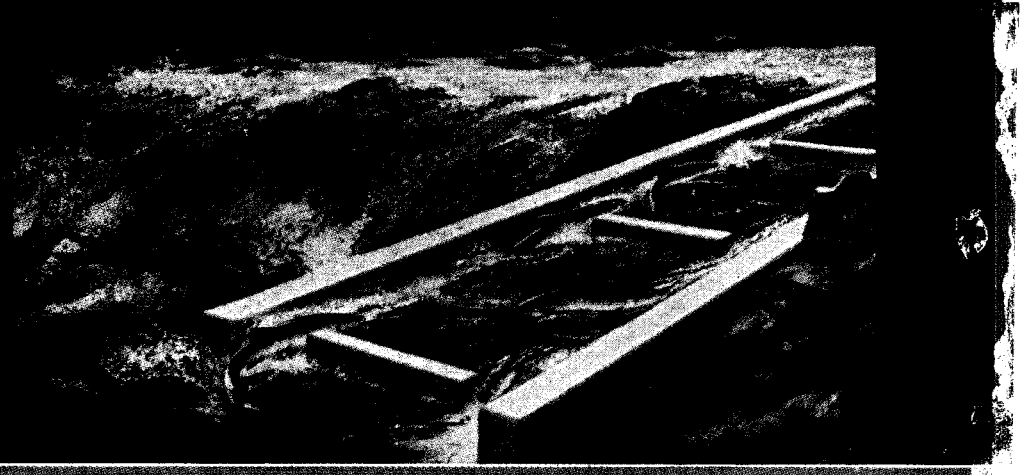

LADDER OF LIFE for America's magnificent food and game fish, these "steps" let salmon swim over dams that block their way to spawning grounds. Thus, conservationists like Dale Schoeneman safeguard a billion-dollar-a-year industry. Dale's a longtime Camel fan. Says he started with other brands but settled on Camel for its rich flavor and easygoing mildness.

Smoking more now but enjoying it less? *Change to Camel!*

Have a real cigarette—CAMEL

Dale Schoeneman

Fisheries biologist with the Washington State Department of Fisheries. Dale pauses along the Deschutes River to enjoy his favorite cigarette — Camel.

The best tobacco makes the best smoke!

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